Serfojee Rajah

THE

WORKS

OF

Samuel Johnſon, LL.D.

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MDCCLXXXVII.

THE TANJORE ... MAHAL

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ERRATA.

Page 267. line 17. *for* ſugies, *read* fugiens.
269. —— 9 *for* canis, *read* curis.
349. —— 28. *for* linguis, *read* linquis.
435. —— 5. *for* vitiaquæ, *read* vitiata quæ.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE

RAMBLER.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.
Hor.

THE RAMBLER.

NUMB. 1. TUESDAY, *March* 20, 1750.

Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus,
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam. JUV.

Why to expatiate in this beaten field,
Why arms, oft us'd in vain, I mean to wield;
If time permit, and candour will attend,
Some satisfaction this essay may lend. ELPHINSTON.

THE difficulty of the first address on any new occasion, is felt by every man in his transactions with the world, and confessed by the settled and regular forms of salutation which necessity has introduced into all languages. Judgment was wearied with the perplexity of being forced upon choice, where there was no motive to preference; and it was found convenient that some easy method of introduction should be established, which, if it wanted the allurement of novelty, might enjoy the security of prescription.

Perhaps few authors have preſented themſelves before the publick, without wiſhing that ſuch ceremonial modes of entrance had been anciently eſtabliſhed, as might have freed them from thoſe dangers which the deſire of pleaſing is certain to produce, and precluded the vain expedients of ſoftening cenſure by apologies, or rouſing attention by abruptneſs.

The epick writers have found the proemial part of the poem ſuch an addition to their undertaking, that they have almoſt unanimouſly adopted the firſt lines of Homer, and the reader needs only be informed of the ſubject, to know in what manner the poem will begin.

But this ſolemn repetition is hitherto the peculiar diſtinction of heroick poetry; it has never been legally extended to the lower orders of literature, but ſeems to be conſidered as an hereditary privilege, to be enjoyed only by thoſe who claim it from their alliance to the genius of Homer.

The rules which the injudicious uſe of this prerogative ſuggeſted to Horace, may indeed be applied to the direction of candidates for inferior fame; it may be proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raiſe expectation which it is not in their power to ſatisfy, and that it is more pleaſing to ſee ſmoke brightening into flame, than flame ſinking into ſmoke.

This precept has been long received, both from regard to the authority of Horace, and its conformity to the general opinion of the world; yet there have been always ſome, that thought it no deviation from modeſty to recommend their own labours,

and imagined themſelves intitled by indiſputable merit to an exemption from general reſtraints, and to elevations not allowed in common life. They, perhaps, believed, that when, like Thucydides, they bequeathed to mankind κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ, *an eſtate for ever*, it was an additional favour to inform them of its value.

It may, indeed, be no leſs dangerous to claim, on certain occaſions, too little than too much. There is ſomething captivating in ſpirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield, as to a reſiſtleſs power; nor can he reaſonably expect the confidence of others, who too apparently diſtruſts himſelf.

Plutarch, in his enumeration of the various occaſions, on which a man may without juſt offence proclaim his own excellencies, has omitted the caſe of an author entering the world; unleſs it may be comprehended under his general poſition, that a man may lawfully praiſe himſelf for thoſe qualities which cannot be known but from his own mouth; as when he is among ſtrangers, and can have no opportunity of an actual exertion of his powers. That the caſe of an author is parallel will ſcarcely be granted, becauſe he neceſſarily diſcovers the degree of his merit to his judges, when he appears at his trial. But it ſhould be remembered, that unleſs his judges are inclined to favour him, they will hardly be perſuaded to hear the cauſe.

In love, the ſtate which fills the heart with a degree of ſolicitude next that of an author, it has been held a maxim, that ſucceſs is moſt eaſily obtained by indirect and unperceived approaches; he who too ſoon profeſſes himſelf a lover, raiſes obſtacles to

his own wiſhes, and thoſe whom diſappointments having taught experience, endeavour to conceal their paſſion till they believe their miſtreſs wiſhes for the diſcovery. The ſame method, if it were practicable to writers, would ſave many complaints of the ſeverity of the age, and the caprices of criticiſm. If a man could glide imperceptibly into the favour of the publick, and only proclaim his pretenſions to literary honours when he is ſure of not being rejected, he might commence author with better hopes, as his failings might eſcape contempt, though he ſhall never attain much regard.

But ſince the world ſuppoſes every man that writes, ambitious of applauſe, as ſome ladies have taught themſelves to believe that every man intends love, who expreſſes civility, the miſcarriage of any endeavour in learning raiſes an unbounded contempt, indulged by moſt minds without ſcruple, as an honeſt triumph over unjuſt claims, and exorbitant expectations. The artifices of thoſe who put themſelves in this hazardous ſtate, have therefore been multiplied in proportion to their fear as well as their ambition; and are to be looked upon with more indulgence, as they are incited at once by the two great movers of the human mind, the deſire of good, and the fear of evil. For who can wonder that, allured on one ſide, and frightened on the other, ſome ſhould endeavour to gain favour by bribing the judge with an appearance of reſpect which they do not feel, to excite compaſſion by confeſſing weakneſs of which they are not convinced, and others to attract regard by a ſhew of openneſs and magnanimity, by a daring profeſſion of their own

deſerts,

deserts, and a publick challenge of honours and rewards.

The ostentatious and haughty display of themselves has been the usual refuge of diurnal writers, in vindication of whose practice it may be said, that what it wants in prudence is supplied by sincerity, and who at least may plead, that if their boasts deceive any into the perusal of their performances, they defraud them of but little time.

—— Quid enim? Concurritur — horæ
Memento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.

The battle join, and, in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conquest, ends the fight. FRANCIS.

The question concerning the merit of the day is soon decided, and we are not condemned to toil through half a folio, to be convinced that the writer has broke his promise.

It is one among many reasons for which I purpose to endeavour the entertainment of my countrymen by a short essay on Tuesday and Saturday, that I hope not much to tire those whom I shall not happen to please; and if I am not commended for the beauty of my works, to be at least pardoned for their brevity. But whether my expectations are most fixed on pardon or praise, I think it not necessary to discover; for having accurately weighed the reasons for arrogance and submission, I find them so nearly equiponderant, that my impatience to try the event of my first performance will not suffer me to attend any longer the trepidations of the balance.

There are, indeed, many conveniencies almoſt peculiar to this method of publication, which may naturally flatter the author, whether he be confident or timorous. The man to whom the extent of his knowledge, or the ſprightlineſs of his imagination, has, in his own opinion, already ſecured the praiſes of the world, willingly takes that way of diſplaying his abilities which will ſooneſt give him an opportunity of hearing the voice of fame; it heightens his alacrity to think in how many places he ſhall hear what he is now writing, read with extaſies to-morrow. He will often pleaſe himſelf with reflecting, that the author of a large treatiſe muſt proceed with anxiety, leſt, before the completion of his work, the attention of the publick may have changed its object; but that he who is confined to no ſingle topick, may follow the national taſte through all its variations, and catch the *Aura popularis*, the gale of favour, from what point ſoever it ſhall blow.

Nor is the proſpect leſs likely to eaſe the doubts of the cautious, and the terrours of the fearful, for to ſuch the ſhortneſs of every ſingle paper is a powerful encouragement. He that queſtions his abilities to arrange the diſſimilar parts of an extenſive plan, or fears to be loſt in a complicated ſyſtem, may yet hope to adjuſt a few pages without perplexity; and if, when he turns over the repoſitories of his memory, he finds his collection too ſmall for a volume, he may yet have enough to furniſh out an eſſay. He that would fear to lay out too much time upon an experiment of which he knows not the event, perſuades himſelf that

a few

a few days will ſhew him what he is to expect from his learning and his genius. If he thinks his own judgment not ſufficiently enlightened, he may, by attending the remarks which every paper will produce, rectify his opinions. If he ſhould with too little premeditation encumber himſelf by an unwieldy ſubject, he can quit it without confeſſing his ignorance, and paſs to other topicks leſs dangerous, or more tractable. And if he finds, with all his induſtry, and all his artifices, that he cannot deſerve regard, or cannot attain it, he may let the deſign fall at once, and, without injury to others or himſelf, retire to amuſements of greater pleaſure, or to ſtudies of better proſpect.

NUMB. 2. SATURDAY, *March* 24, 1750.

Stare loco neſcit, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

STATIUS.

Th' impatient courſer pants in every vein,
And pawing ſeems to beat the diſtant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſt,
And ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt. POPE.

THAT the mind of man is never ſatisfied with the objects immediately before it, but is always breaking away from the preſent moment, and loſing itſelf in ſchemes of future felicity; and that

we forget the proper uſe of the time now in our power, to provide for the enjoyment of that which, perhaps, may never be granted us, has been frequently remarked; and as this practice is a commodious ſubject of raillery to the gay, and of declamation to the ſerious, it has been ridiculed, with all the pleaſantry of wit, and exaggerated with all the amplifications of rhetorick. Every inſtance, by which its abſurdity might appear moſt flagrant, has been ſtudiouſly collected; it has been marked with every epithet of contempt, and all the tropes and figures have been called forth againſt it.

Cenſure is willingly indulged, becauſe it always implies ſome ſuperiority; men pleaſe themſelves with imagining that they have made a deeper ſearch, or wider ſurvey, than others, and detected faults and follies, which eſcape vulgar obſervation. And the pleaſure of wantoning in common topicks is ſo tempting to a writer, that he cannot eaſily reſign it; a train of ſentiments generally received enables him to ſhine without labour, and to conquer without a conteſt. It is ſo eaſy to laugh at the folly of him who lives only in idea, refuſes immediate eaſe for diſtant pleaſures, and, inſtead of enjoying the bleſſings of life, lets life glide away in preparations to enjoy them; it affords ſuch opportunities of triumphant exultation, to exemplify the uncertainty of the human ſtate, to rouſe mortals from their dream, and inform them of the ſilent celerity of time, that we may believe authors willing rather to tranſmit than examine ſo advantageous a principle, and more inclined to purſue a track ſo ſmooth

and ſo flowery, than attentively to conſider whether it leads to truth.

This quality of looking forward into futurity ſeems the unavoidable condition of a being, whoſe motions are gradual, and whoſe life is progreſſive: as his powers are limited, he muſt uſe means for the attainment of his ends, and intend firſt what he performs laſt; as by continual advances from his firſt ſtage of exiſtence, he is perpetually varying the horizon of his proſpects, he muſt always diſcover new motives of action, new excitements of fear, and allurements of deſire.

The end therefore which at preſent calls forth our efforts, will be found, when it is once gained, to be only one of the means to ſome remoter end. The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleaſure to pleaſure, but from hope to hope.

He that directs his ſteps to a certain point, muſt frequently turn his eyes to that place which he ſtrives to reach; he that undergoes the fatigue of labour, muſt ſolace his wearineſs with the contemplation of its reward. In agriculture, one of the moſt ſimple and neceſſary employments, no man turns up the ground but becauſe he thinks of the harveſt, that harveſt which blights may intercept, which inundations may ſweep away, or which death or calamity may hinder him from reaping.

Yet as few maxims are widely received or long retained but for ſome conformity with truth and nature, it muſt be confeſſed, that this caution againſt keeping our view too intent upon remote advantages is not without its propriety or uſefulneſs, though it may have been recited with too much levity,

levity, or enforced with too little diftinction: for, not to fpeak of that vehemence of defire which preffes through right and wrong to its gratification, or that anxious inquietude which is juftly chargeable with diftruft of heaven, fubjects too folemn for my prefent purpofe; it frequently happens that, by indulging early the raptures of fuccefs, we forget the meafures neceffary to fecure it, and fuffer the imagination to riot in the fruition of fome poffible good, till the time of obtaining it has flipped away.

There would however be few enterprizes of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we perfuade ourfelves to expect from them. When the knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to fignalize himfelf in fuch a manner that he fhall be fummoned to the fupport of empires, folicited to accept the heirefs of the crown which he has preferved, have honours and riches to fcatter about him, and an ifland to beftow on his worthy fquire, very few readers, amidft their mirth or pity, can deny that they have admitted vifions of the fame kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally ftrange, or by means equally inadequate. When we pity him, we reflect on our own difappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us that he is not more ridiculous than ourfelves, except that he tells what we have only thought.

The underftanding of a man, naturally fanguine, may, indeed, be eafily vitiated by the luxurious indulgence of hope, however neceffary to the pro-

duction

duction of every thing great or excellent, as some plants are destroyed by too open exposure to that sun which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Perhaps no class of the human species requires more to be cautioned against this anticipation of happiness, than those that aspire to the name of authors. A man of lively fancy no sooner finds a hint moving in his mind, than he makes momentaneous excursions to the press, and to the world, and, with a little encouragement from flattery, pushes forward into future ages, and prognosticates the honours to be paid him, when envy is extinct, and faction forgotten, and those, whom partiality now suffers to obscure him, shall have given way to the triflers of as short duration as themselves.

Those, who have proceeded so far as to appeal to the tribunal of succeeding times, are not likely to be cured of their infatuation; but all endeavours ought to be used for the prevention of a disease, for which, when it has attained its height, perhaps no remedy will be found in the gardens of philosophy, however she may boast her physick of the mind, her catharticks of vice, or lenitives of passion.

I shall, therefore, while I am yet but lightly touched with the symptoms of the writer's malady, endeavour to fortify myself against the infection, not without some weak hope, that my preservatives may extend their virtue to others, whose employment exposes them to the same danger:

Laudis amore tumes? Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

Is fame your passion? Wisdom's powerful charm,
If thrice read over, shall its force disarm. FRANCIS.

It

It is the ſage advice of Epictetus, that a man ſhould accuſtom himſelf often to think of what is moſt ſhocking and terrible, that by ſuch reflections he may be preſerved from too ardent wiſhes for ſeeming good, and from too much dejection in real evil.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect, compared with which reproach, hatred, and oppoſition, are names of happineſs; yet this worſt, this meaneſt fate, every one who dares to write has reaſon to fear.

I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros.

Go now, and meditate thy tuneful lays. ELPHINSTON.

It may not be unfit for him who makes a new entrance into the lettered world, ſo far to ſuſpect his own powers, as to believe that he poſſibly may deſerve neglect; that nature may not have qualified him much to enlarge or embelliſh knowledge, nor ſent him forth intitled by indiſputable ſuperiority to regulate the conduct of the reſt of mankind; that, though the world muſt be granted to be yet in ignorance, he is not deſtined to diſpel the cloud, nor to ſhine out as one of the luminaries of life. For this ſuſpicion, every catalogue of a library will furniſh ſufficient reaſon; as he will find it crowded with names of men, who, though now forgotten, were once no leſs enterpriſing or confident than himſelf, equally pleaſed with their own productions, equally careſſed by their patrons, and flattered by their friends.

But though it ſhould happen that an author is capable of excelling, yet his merit may paſs without notice, huddled in the variety of things, and thrown

into the general miſcellany of life. He that endeavours after fame by writing, ſolicits the regard of a multitude fluctuating in meaſures, or immerſed in buſineſs, without time for intellectual amuſements; he appeals to judges prepoſſeſſed by paſſions, or corrupted by prejudices, which preclude their approbation of any new performance. Some are too indolent to read any thing, till its reputation is eſtabliſhed; others too envious to promote that fame which gives them pain by its increaſe. What is new is oppoſed, becauſe moſt are unwilling to be taught; and what is known is rejected, becauſe it is not ſufficiently conſidered, that men more frequently require to be reminded than informed. The learned are afraid to declare their opinion early, leſt they ſhould put their reputation in hazard; the ignorant always imagine themſelves giving ſome proof of delicacy, when they refuſe to be pleaſed: and he that finds his way to reputation through all theſe obſtructions, muſt acknowledge that he is indebted to other cauſes beſides his induſtry, his learning, or his wit.

NUMB. 3. TUESDAY, *March* 27, 1750.

VIRTUS, *repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,*
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

Undiſappointed in deſigns,
With native honours virtue ſhines;
Nor takes up pow'r, nor lays it down,
As giddy rabbles ſmile or frown. ELPHINSTON.

THE taſk of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light in upon the mind, and open new ſcenes to the proſpect, or to vary the dreſs and ſituation of common objects, ſo as to give them freſh grace and more powerful attractions, to ſpread ſuch flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progreſs, as may tempt it to return, and take a ſecond view of things haſtily paſſed over or negligently regarded.

Either of theſe labours is very difficult, becauſe that they may not be fruitleſs, men muſt not only be perſuaded of their errors, but reconciled to their guide; they muſt not only confeſs their ignorance, but, what is ſtill leſs pleaſing, muſt allow that he from whom they are to learn is more knowing than themſelves.

It might be imagined that ſuch an employment was in itſelf ſufficiently irkſome and hazardous;

that

that none would be found ſo malevolent as wantonly to add weight to the ſtone of Siſyphus; and that few endeavours would be uſed to obſtruct thoſe advances to reputation, which muſt be made at ſuch an expence of time and thought, with ſo great hazard in the miſcarriage, and with ſo little advantage from the ſucceſs.

Yet there is a certain race of men, that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amuſement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius, who ſtand as centinels in the avenues of fame, and value themſelves upon giving IGNORANCE and ENVY the firſt notice of a prey.

To theſe men, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by the appellation of CRITICKS, it is neceſſary for a new author to find ſome means of recommendation. It is probable, that the moſt malignant of theſe perſecutors might be ſomewhat ſoftened, and prevailed on, for a ſhort time, to remit their fury. Having for this purpoſe conſidered many expedients, I find in the records of ancient times, that ARGUS was lulled by muſick, and CERBERUS quieted with a ſop; and am, therefore, inclined to believe that modern criticks, who, if they have not the eyes, have the watchfulneſs of ARGUS, and can bark as loud as CERBERUS, though, perhaps, they cannot bite with equal force, might be ſubdued by methods of the ſame kind. I have heard how ſome have been pacified with claret and a ſupper, and others laid aſleep with the ſoft notes of flattery.

Though the nature of my undertaking gives me ſufficient reaſon to dread the united attacks of this

virulent

virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto persuaded myself to take any measures for flight or treaty. For I am in doubt whether they can act against me by lawful authority, and suspect that they have presumed upon a forged commission, stiled themselves the ministers of CRITICISM, without any authentick evidence of delegation, and uttered their own determinations as the decrees of a higher judicature.

CRITICISM, from whom they derive their claim to decide the fate of writers, was the eldest daughter of LABOUR and of TRUTH: she was, at her birth, committed to the care of JUSTICE, and brought up by her in the palace of WISDOM. Being soon distinguished by the celestials, for her uncommon qualities, she was appointed the governess of FANCY, and impowered to beat time to the chorus of the MUSES, when they sung before the throne of JUPITER.

When the MUSES condescended to visit this lower world, they came accompanied by CRITICISM, to whom, upon her descent from her native regions, JUSTICE gave a sceptre, to be carried aloft in her right hand, one end of which was tinctured with ambrosia, and inwreathed with a golden foliage of amaranths and bays; the other end was incircled with cypress and poppies, and dipped in the waters of oblivion. In her left hand, she bore an unextinguishable torch, manufactured by LABOUR, and lighted by TRUTH, of which it was the particular quality immediately to shew every thing in its true form, however it might be disguised to common eyes. Whatever ART could complicate,

plicate, or FOLLY could confound, was, upon the firſt gleam of the torch of TRUTH, exhibited in its diſtinct parts and original ſimplicity; it darted through the labyrinths of ſophiſtry, and ſhewed at once all the abſurdities to which they ſerved for refuge; it pierced through the robes, which rhetorick often ſold to falſehood, and detected the diſproportion of parts, which artificial veils had been contrived to cover.

Thus furniſhed for the execution of her office, CRITICISM came down to ſurvey the performances of thoſe who profeſſed themſelves the votaries of the MUSES. Whatever was brought before her, ſhe beheld by the ſteady light of the torch of TRUTH, and when her examination had convinced her, that the laws of juſt writing had been obſerved, ſhe touched it with the amaranthine end of the ſcepter, and conſigned it over to immortality.

But it more frequently happened, that in the works, which required her inſpection, there was ſome impoſture attempted; that falſe colours were laboriouſly laid; that ſome ſecret inequality was found between the words and ſentiments, or ſome diſſimilitude of the ideas and the original objects; that incongruities were linked together, or that ſome parts were of no uſe but to enlarge the appearance of the whole, without contributing to its beauty, ſolidity, or uſefulneſs.

Wherever ſuch diſcoveries were made, and they were made whenever theſe faults were committed, CRITICISM refuſed the touch which conferred the ſanction of immortality, and, when the errors were frequent and groſs, reverſed the ſcepter, and let

drops of lethe diftil from the poppies and cyprefs, a fatal mildew, which immediately began to wafte the work away, till it was at laft totally deftroyed.

There were fome compofitions brought to the teft, in which, when the ftrongeft light was thrown upon them, their beauties and faults appeared fo equally mingled, that CRITICISM ftood with her fcepter poifed in her hand, in doubt whether to fhed lethe, or ambrofia, upon them. Thefe at laft increafed to fo great a number, that fhe was weary of attending fuch doubtful claims, and, for fear of ufing improperly the fcepter of JUSTICE, referred the caufe to be confidered by TIME.

The proceedings of TIME, though very dilatory, were, fome few caprices excepted, conformable to juftice: and many who thought themfelves fecure by a fhort forbearance, have funk under his fcythe, as they were pofting down with their volumes in triumph to futurity. It was obfervable that fome were deftroyed by little and little, and others crufhed for ever by a fingle blow.

CRITICISM having long kept her eye fixed fteadily upon TIME, was at laft fo well fatisfied with his conduct, that fhe withdrew from the earth with her patronefs ASTREA, and left PREJUDICE and FALSE TASTE to ravage at large as the affociates of FRAUD and MISCHIEF; contenting herfelf thenceforth to fhed her influence from afar upon fome felect minds, fitted for its reception by learning and by virtue.

Before her departure fhe broke her fcepter, of which the fhivers, that formed the ambrofial end, were caught up by FLATTERY, and thofe that had

been infected with the waters of lethe were, with equal haſte, ſeized by MALEVOLENCE. The followers of FLATTERY, to whom ſhe diſtributed her part of the ſcepter, neither had nor deſired light, but touched indiſcriminately whatever POWER or INTEREST happened to exhibit. The companions of MALEVOLENCE were ſupplied by the FURIES with a torch, which had this quality peculiar to infernal luſtre, that its light fell only upon faults.

> No light, but rather darkneſs viſible,
> Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe.

With theſe fragments of authority, the ſlaves of FLATTERY and MALEVOLENCE marched out, at the command of their miſtreſſes, to confer immortality, or condemn to oblivion. But the ſcepter had now loſt its power; and TIME paſſes his ſentence at leiſure, without any regard to their determinations.

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NUMB. 4. SATURDAY, *March* 31, 1750.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere Vitæ. HOR.

And join both profit and delight in one. CREECH.

THE works of fiction, with which the present generation seems more particularly delighted, are such as exhibit life in its true state, diversified only by accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by passions and qualities which are really to be found in conversing with mankind.

This kind of writing may be termed not improperly the comedy of romance, and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comick poetry. Its province is to bring about natural events by easy means, and to keep up curiosity without the help of wonder: it is therefore precluded from the machines and expedients of the heroick romance, and can neither employ giants to snatch away a lady from the nuptial rites, nor knights to bring her back from captivity; it can neither bewilder its personages in deserts, nor lodge them in imaginary castles.

I remember a remark made by Scaliger upon Pontanus, that all his writings are filled with the same images; and that if you take from him his lilies and his roses, his satyrs and his dryads, he will have nothing left that can be called poetry. In like manner, almost all the fictions of the last age

will

will vaniſh, if you deprive them of a hermit and a wood, a battle and a ſhipwreck.

Why this wild ſtrain of imagination found reception ſo long, in polite and learned ages, it is not eaſy to conceive; but we cannot wonder that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it; for when a man had by practice gained ſome fluency of language, he had no further care than to retire to his cloſet, let looſe his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities; a book was thus produced without fear of criticiſm, without the toil of ſtudy, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.

The taſk of our preſent writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by ſolitary diligence, but muſt ariſe from general converſe and accurate obſervation of the living world. Their performances have, as Horace expreſſes it, *plus oneris quantum veniæ minus*, little indulgence, and therefore more difficulty. They are engaged in portraits of which every one knows the original, and can detect any deviation from exactneſs of reſemblance. Other writings are ſafe, except from the malice of learning, but theſe are in danger from every common reader; as the ſlipper ill executed was cenſured by a ſhoemaker who happened to ſtop in his way at the Venus of Apelles.

But the fear of not being approved as juſt copiers of human manners, is not the moſt important concern that an author of this ſort ought to have before him. Theſe books are written chiefly to

the young, the ignorant, and the idle, to whom they ſerve as lectures of conduct, and introductions into life. They are the entertainment of minds unfurniſhed with ideas, and therefore eaſily ſuſceptible of impreſſions; not fixed by principles, and therefore eaſily following the current of fancy; not informed by experience, and conſequently open to every falſe ſuggeſtion and partial account.

That the higheſt degree of reverence ſhould be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent ſhould be ſuffered to approach their eyes or ears; are precepts extorted by ſenſe and virtue from an ancient writer, by no means eminent for chaſtity of thought. The ſame kind, though not the ſame degree of caution, is required in every thing which is laid before them, to ſecure them from unjuſt prejudices, perverſe opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

In the romances formerly written, every tranſaction and ſentiment was ſo remote from all that paſſes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any applications to himſelf; the virtues and crimes were equally beyond his ſphere of activity; and he amuſed himſelf with heroes and with traitors, deliverers and perſecutors, as with beings of another ſpecies, whoſe actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and who had neither faults nor excellencies in common with himſelf.

But when an adventurer is levelled with the reſt of the world, and acts in ſuch ſcenes of the univerſal drama, as may be the lot of any other man; young ſpectators fix their eyes upon him with

cloſer

closer attention, and hope, by observing his behaviour and success, to regulate their own practices, when they shall be engaged in the like part.

For this reason these familiar histories may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is so great, as to take possession of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almost without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken, that, when the choice is unrestrained, the best examples only should be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate so strongly, should not be mischievous or uncertain in its effects.

The chief advantage which these fictions have over real life is, that their authors are at liberty, though not to invent, yet to select objects, and to cull from the mass of mankind, those individuals upon which the attention ought most to be employed; as a diamond, though it cannot be made, may be polished by art, and placed in such a situation, as to display that lustre which before was buried among common stones.

It is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it is necessary to distinguish those parts of nature, which are most proper for imitation: greater care is still required in representing life, which is so often discoloured by passion, or deformed by wickedness. If the world be promiscuously described, I cannot see of what use it can be to read the account: or why it may not be as safe to turn the eye immediately upon mankind as

upon a mirrour which ſhows all that preſents itſelf without diſcrimination.

It is therefore not a ſufficient vindication of a character, that it is drawn as it appears, for many characters ought never to be drawn; nor of a narrative, that the train of events is agreeable to obſervation and experience, for that obſervation which is called knowledge of the world will be found much more frequently to make men cunning than good. The purpoſe of theſe writings is ſurely not only to ſhow mankind, but to provide that they may be ſeen hereafter with leſs hazard; to teach the means of avoiding the ſnares which are laid by Treachery for Innocence, without infuſing any wiſh for that ſuperiority with which the betrayer flatters his vanity; to give the power of counteracting fraud, without the temptation to practiſe it; to initiate youth by mock encounters in the art of neceſſary defence, and to encreaſe prudence without impairing virtue.

Many writers, for the ſake of following nature, ſo mingle good and bad qualities in their principal perſonages, that they are both equally conſpicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to intereſt ourſelves in their favour, we loſe the abhorrence of their faults, becauſe they do not hinder our pleaſure, or, perhaps, regard them with ſome kindneſs for being united with ſo much merit.

There have been men indeed ſplendidly wicked, whoſe endowments threw a brightneſs on their crimes, and whom ſcarce any villany made perfectly deteſtable, becauſe they never could be

wholly

wholly diveſted of their excellencies; but ſuch have been in all ages the great corrupters of the world, and their reſemblance ought no more to be preſerved, than the art of murdering without pain.

Some have advanced, without due attention to the conſequences of this notion, that certain virtues have their correſpondent faults, and therefore that to exhibit either apart is to deviate from probability. Thus men are obſerved by Swift to be "grateful in the ſame degree as they are reſentful." This principle, with others of the ſame kind, ſuppoſes man to act from a brute impulſe, and purſue a certain degree of inclination, without any choice of the object; for, otherwiſe, though it ſhould be allowed that gratitude and reſentment ariſe from the ſame conſtitution of the paſſions, it follows not that they will be equally indulged when reaſon is conſulted; yet unleſs that conſequence be admitted, this ſagacious maxim becomes an empty ſound, without any relation to practice or to life.

Nor is it evident, that even the firſt motions to theſe effects are always in the ſame proportion. For pride, which produces quickneſs of reſentment, will obſtruct gratitude, by unwillingneſs to admit that inferiority which obligation implies; and it is very unlikely, that he who cannot think he receives a favour, will acknowledge or repay it.

It is of the utmoſt importance to mankind, that poſitions of this tendency ſhould be laid open and confuted; for while men conſider good and evil as ſpringing from the ſame root, they will ſpare the one for the ſake of the other, and in judging, if not of others at leaſt of themſelves, will be apt

to

to eſtimate their virtues by their vices. To this fatal error all thoſe will contribute, who confound the colours of right and wrong, and, inſtead of helping to ſettle their boundaries, mix them with ſo much art, that no common mind is able to diſunite them.

In narratives, where hiſtorical veracity has no place, I cannot diſcover why there ſhould not be exhibited the moſt perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor above probability, for what we cannot credit we ſhall never imitate, but the higheſt and pureſt that humanity can reach, which, exerciſed in ſuch trials as the various revolutions of things ſhall bring upon it, may, by conquering ſome calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is neceſſary to be ſhewn, ſhould always diſguſt; nor ſhould the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be ſo united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it ſhould raiſe hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanneſs of its ſtratagems; for while it is ſupported by either parts or ſpirit, it will be ſeldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thouſands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It is therefore to be ſteadily inculcated, that virtue is the higheſt proof of underſtanding, and the only ſolid baſis of greatneſs; and that vice is the natural conſequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in miſtake, and ends in ignominy.

NUMB. 5. TUESDAY, *April* 3, 1750.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent ſilvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus. VIRG.

Now ev'ry field, now ev'ry tree is green;
Now genial nature's faireſt face is ſeen. ELPHINSTON.

EVERY man is ſufficiently diſcontented with ſome circumſtances of his preſent ſtate, to ſuffer his imagination to range more or leſs in queſt of future happineſs, and to fix upon ſome point of time, in which, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or acquiſition of the advantage which he at preſent wants, he ſhall find the condition of his life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at laſt arrives, it generally comes without the bleſſing for which it was deſired; but we ſolace ourſelves with ſome new proſpect, and preſs forward again with equal eagerneſs.

It is lucky for a man, in whom this temper prevails, when he turns his hopes upon things wholly out of his own power; ſince he forbears then to precipitate his affairs, for the ſake of the great event that is to complete his felicity, and waits for the bliſsful hour with leſs neglect of the meaſures neceſſary to be taken in the mean time.

I have

I have long known a perſon of this temper, who indulged his dream of happineſs with leſs hurt to himſelf than ſuch chimerical wiſhes commonly produce, and adjuſted his ſcheme with ſuch addreſs, that his hopes were in full bloom three parts of the year, and in the other part never wholly blaſted. Many, perhaps, would be deſirous of learning by what means he procured to himſelf ſuch a cheap and laſting ſatisfaction. It was gained by a conſtant practice of referring the removal of all his uneaſineſs to the coming of the next ſpring; if his health was impaired, the ſpring would reſtore it; if what he wanted was at a high price, it would fall its value in the ſpring.

The ſpring indeed did often come without any of theſe effects, but he was always certain that the next would be more propitious; nor was ever convinced, that the preſent ſpring would fail him before the middle of ſummer; for he always talked of the ſpring as coming till it was paſt, and when it was once paſt, every one agreed with him that it was coming.

By long converſe with this man, I am, perhaps, brought to feel immoderate pleaſure in the contemplation of this delightful ſeaſon; but I have the ſatisfaction of finding many, whom it can be no ſhame to reſemble, infected with the ſame enthuſiaſm; for there is, I believe, ſcarce any poet of eminence, who has not left ſome teſtimony of his fondneſs for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of the ſpring. Nor has the moſt luxuriant imagination been able to deſcribe the ſerenity and

happineſs of the golden age, otherwiſe than by giving a perpetual ſpring, as the higheſt reward of uncorrupted innocence.

There is, indeed, ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new diſplay of the treaſures of nature. The cold and darkneſs of winter, with the naked deformity of every object on which we turn our eyes, make us rejoice at the ſucceeding ſeaſon, as well for what we have eſcaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower, which a warm ſituation brings early to our view, is conſidered by us as a meſſenger to notify the approach of more joyous days.

The SPRING affords to a mind, ſo free from the diſturbance of cares or paſſions as to be vacant to calm amuſements, almoſt every thing that our preſent ſtate makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the ſucceſſion of grateful odours, the voice of pleaſure pouring out its notes on every ſide, with the gladneſs apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gaiety, ſignificantly expreſſed by the ſmile of nature.

Yet there are men to whom theſe ſcenes are able to give no delight, and who hurry away from all the varieties of rural beauty, to loſe their hours and divert their thoughts by cards, or aſſemblies, a tavern dinner, or the prattle of the day.

It may be laid down as a poſition which will ſeldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company there is ſomething wrong. He muſt fly

from

from himſelf, either becauſe he feels a tedioufneſs in life from the equipoiſe of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion more than another but as it is impelled by ſome external power, muſt always have recourſe to foreign objects; or he muſt be afraid of the intruſion of ſome unpleaſing ideas, and, perhaps, is ſtruggling to eſcape from the remembrance of a loſs, the fear of a calamity, or ſome other thought of greater horror.

Thoſe whom ſorrow incapacitates to enjoy the pleaſures of contemplation, may properly apply to ſuch diverſions, provided they are innocent, as lay ſtrong hold on the attention; and thoſe, whom fear of any future affliction chains down to miſery, muſt endeavour to obviate the danger.

My conſiderations ſhall, on this occaſion, be turned on ſuch as are burdenſome to themſelves merely becauſe they want ſubjects for reflection, and to whom the volume of nature is thrown open, without affording them pleaſure or inſtruction, becauſe they never learned to read the characters.

A French author has advanced this ſeeming paradox, that *very few men know how to take a walk*; and, indeed, it is true, that few know how to take a walk with a proſpect of any other pleaſure, than the ſame company would have afforded them at home.

There are animals that borrow their colour from the neighbouring body, and conſequently vary their hue as they happen to change their place. In like manner it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him;

him; for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point. The mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and so far disengaged from the predominance of particular thoughts as easily to accommodate itself to occasional entertainment.

A man that has formed this habit of turning every new object to his entertainment, finds in the productions of nature an inexhaustible stock of materials upon which he can employ himself, without any temptations to envy or malevolence; faults, perhaps, seldom totally avoided by those, whose judgment is much exercised upon the works of art. He has always a certain prospect of discovering new reasons for adoring the sovereign Author of the universe, and probable hopes of making some discovery of benefit to others, or of profit to himself. There is no doubt but many vegetables and animals have qualities that might be of great use, to the knowledge of which there is not required much force of penetration, or fatigue of study, but only frequent experiments, and close attention. What is said by the chemists of their darling mercury, is, perhaps, true of every body through the whole creation, that, if a thousand lives should be spent upon it, all its properties would not be found out.

Mankind must necessarily be diversified by various tastes, since life affords and requires such multiplicity of employments, and a nation of naturalists is neither to be hoped, or desired; but it is surely not improper to point out a fresh amusement to

thoſe who languiſh in health, and repine in plenty, for want of ſome ſource of diverſion that may be leſs eaſily exhauſted, and to inform the multitudes of both ſexes, who are burthened with every new day, that there are many ſhows which they have not ſeen.

He that enlarges his curioſity after the works of nature, demonſtrably multiplies the inlets to happineſs; and, therefore, the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal ſpeculation, muſt excuſe me for calling upon them, to make uſe at once of the ſpring of the year, and the ſpring of life; to acquire, while their minds may be yet impreſſed with new images, a love of innocent pleaſures, and an ardour for uſeful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted ſpring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.

[library stamp]

NUMB. 6. SATURDAY, *April* 7, 1750.

Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic eſt;
Eſt Ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus. HOR.

Active in indolence, abroad we roam
In queſt of happineſs which dwells at home:
With vain purſuits fatigu'd, at length you'll find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind. ELPHINSTON.

THAT man ſhould never ſuffer his happineſs to depend upon external circumſtances, is one of the chief precepts of the Stoical philoſophy; a precept, indeed, which that lofty ſect has extended beyond the condition of human life, and in which ſome of them ſeem to have compriſed an utter excluſion of all corporal pain and pleaſure from the regard or attention of a wiſe man.

Such *ſapientia inſaniens*, as Horace calls the doctrine of another ſect, ſuch extravagance of philoſophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation: it is overthrown by the experience of every hour, and the powers of nature riſe up againſt it. But we may very properly enquire, how near to this exalted ſtate it is in our power to approach, how far we can exempt ourſelves from outward influences, and ſecure to our minds a ſtate of tranquillity: for, though the boaſt of abſolute independence is ridiculous and vain, yet a mean flexi-

bility to every impulſe, and a patient ſubmiſſion to the tyranny of caſual troubles, is below the dignity of that mind, which, however depraved or weakened, boaſts its derivation from a celeſtial original, and hopes for an union with infinite goodneſs, and unvariable felicity.

Ni vitiis pejora fovens
Proprium deſerat ortum.

Unleſs the ſoul, to vice a thrall,
Deſert her own original.

The neceſſity of erecting ourſelves to ſome degree of intellectual dignity, and of preſerving reſources of pleaſure, which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon thoſe whom fortune has let looſe to their own conduct; who, not being chained down by their condition to a regular and ſtated allotment of their hours, are obliged to find themſelves buſineſs or diverſion, and having nothing within that can entertain or employ them, are compelled to try all the arts of deſtroying time.

The numberleſs expedients practiſed by this claſs of mortals to alleviate the burthen of life, is not leſs ſhameful, nor, perhaps, much leſs pitiable, than thoſe to which a trader on the edge of bankruptcy is reduced. I have ſeen melancholy overſpread a whole family at the diſappointment of a party for cards; and when, after the propoſal of a thouſand ſchemes, and the diſpatch of the footmen upon a hundred meſſages, they have ſubmitted, with gloomy

reſigna-

resignation, to the misfortune of passing one evening in conversation with each other; on a sudden, such are the revolutions of the world, an unexpected visitor has brought them relief, acceptable as provision to a starving city, and enabled them to hold out till the next day.

The general remedy of those, who are uneasy without knowing the cause, is change of place; they are willing to imagine that their pain is the consequence of some local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it, as children from their shadows; always hoping for some more satisfactory delight from every new scene, and always returning home with disappointment and complaints.

Who can look upon this kind of infatuation, without reflecting on those that suffer under the dreadful symptom of canine madness, termed by physicians the *dread of water?* These miserable wretches, unable to drink, though burning with thirst, are sometimes known to try various contortions, or inclinations of the body, flattering themselves that they can swallow in one posture that liquor, which they find in another to repel their lips.

Yet such folly is not peculiar to the thoughtless or ignorant, but sometimes seizes those minds which seem most exempted from it, by the variety of attainments, quickness of penetration, or severity of judgment; and, indeed, the pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified by finding that they confer no security against the common errors, which mislead the weakest and meanest of mankind.

These reflections arose in my mind upon the remembrance of a passage in Cowley's preface to his poems, where, however exalted by genius, and enlarged by study, he informs us of a scheme of happiness to which the imagination of a girl upon the loss of her first lover, could have scarcely given way; but which he seems to have indulged, till he had totally forgotten its absurdity, and would probably have put in execution, had he been hindered only by his reason.

'My desire,' says he, 'has been for some years 'past, though the execution has been accidentally 'diverted, and does still vehemently continue, to 'retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with 'the traffick of those parts, which is the end of 'most men that travel thither; but to forsake this 'world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations 'of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat, but not without the consolation of letters and 'philosophy.'

Such was the chimerical provision which Cowley had made, in his own mind, for the quiet of his remaining life, and which he seems to recommend to posterity, since there is no other reason for disclosing it. Surely no stronger instance can be given of a persuasion that content was the inhabitant of particular regions, and that a man might set sail with a fair wind, and leave behind him all his cares, incumbrances, and calamities.

If he travelled so far with no other purpose than to *bury himself in some obscure retreat*, he might have found, in his own country, innumerable coverts

sufficiently

ſufficiently dark to have concealed the genius of Cowley; for whatever might be his opinion of the importunity with which he might be ſummoned back into publick life, a ſhort experience would have convinced him, that privation is eaſier than acquiſition, and that it would require little continuance to free himſelf from the intruſion of the world. There is pride enough in the human heart to prevent much deſire of acquaintance with a man, by whom we are ſure to be neglected, however his reputation for ſcience or virtue may excite our curioſity or eſteem; ſo that the lover of retirement needs not be afraid leſt the reſpect of ſtrangers ſhould overwhelm him with viſits. Even thoſe to whom he has formerly been known will very patiently ſupport his abſence when they have tried a little to live without him, and found new diverſions for thoſe moments which his company contributed to exhilarate.

It was, perhaps, ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyranniſing over one another, that no individual ſhould be of ſuch importance, as to cauſe, by his retirement or death, any chaſm in the world. And Cowley had converſed to little purpoſe with mankind, if he had never remarked, how ſoon the uſeful friend, the gay companion, and the favoured lover, when once they are removed from before the ſight, give way to the ſucceſſion of new objects.

The privacy, therefore, of his hermitage might have been ſafe enough from violation, though he had choſen it within the limits of his native iſland; he might have found here preſervatives againſt the

vanities and *vexations* of the world, not lefs efficacious than thofe which the woods or fields of America could afford him: but having once his mind imbittered with difguft, he conceived it impoffible to be far enough from the caufe of his uneafinefs; and was pofting away with the expedition of a coward, who, for want of venturing to look behind him, thinks the enemy perpetually at his heels.

When he was interrupted by company, or fatigued with bufinefs, he fo ftrongly imaged to himfelf the happinefs of leifure and retreat, that he determined to enjoy them for the future without interruption, and to exclude for ever all that could deprive him of his darling fatisfaction. He forgot, in the vehemence of defire, that folitude and quiet owe their pleafures to thofe miferies, which he was fo ftudious to obviate; for fuch are the viciffitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labour and reft, hurry and retirement, endear each other; fuch are the changes that keep the mind in action; we defire, we purfue, we obtain, we are fatiated; we defire fomething elfe, and begin a new purfuit.

If he had proceeded in his project, and fixed his habitation in the moft delightful part of the new world, it may be doubted, whether his diftance from the *vanities* of life would have enabled him to keep away the *vexations*. It is common for a man, who feels pain, to fancy that he could bear it better in any other part. Cowley having known the troubles and perplexities of a particular condition, readily perfuaded himfelf that nothing worfe was to

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be ſound, and that every alteration would bring ſome improvement; he never ſuſpected that the cauſe of his unhappineſs was within, that his own paſſions were not ſufficiently regulated, and that he was haraſſed by his own impatience, which could never be without ſomething to awaken it, would accompany him over the ſea, and find its way to his American elyſium. He would, upon the trial, have been ſoon convinced, that the fountain of content muſt ſpring up in the mind; and that he, who has ſo little knowledge of human nature, as to ſeek happineſs by changing any thing but his own diſpoſitions, will waſte his life in fruitleſs efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purpoſes to remove.

NUMB. 7. TUESDAY, *April* 10, 1750.

O qui perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum cœlique sator! ——
Disjice terrenæ nebulas & pondera molis,
Atque tuo splendore mica! Tu namque serenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere, finis,
Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus, idem. BOETHIUS.

O thou whose pow'r o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And chear the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

THE love of RETIREMENT has, in all ages, adhered closely to those minds, which have been most enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Those who enjoyed every thing generally supposed to confer happiness, have been forced to seek it in the shades of privacy. Though they possessed both power and riches, and were, therefore, surrounded by men, who considered it as their chief interest to remove from them every thing that might offend their ease, or interrupt their pleasure, they have soon felt the languors of satiety, and found themselves unable to pursue the race of life without frequent respirations of intermediate solitude.

To produce this difpofition nothing appears requifite but quick fenfibility, and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue, or fcience, the man, whofe faculties enable him to make ready comparifons of the prefent with the paft, will find fuch a conftant recurrence of the fame pleafures and troubles, the fame expectations and difappointments, that he will gladly fnatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and feek for that variety in his own ideas, which the objects of fenfe cannot afford him.

Nor will greatnefs, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this defire, fince, if he is born to think, he cannot reftrain himfelf from a thoufand enquiries and fpeculations, which he muft purfue by his own reafon, and which the fplendour of his condition can only hinder; for thofe who are moft exalted above dependance or controul, are yet condemned to pay fo large a tribute of their time to cuftom, ceremony, and popularity, that, according to the *Greek* proverb, no man in the houfe is more a flave than the mafter.

When a king afked Euclid the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner? he was anfwered, That there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be feized by might, or purchafed with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by ftudy, and ftudy to be profecuted only in retirement.

Thefe are fome of the motives which have had power to fequefter kings and heroes from the crowds that foothed them with flatteries, or infpirited them with acclamations; but their efficacy feems confined

fined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common claſſes of mankind, to whoſe conceptions the preſent aſſemblage of things is adequate, and who ſeldom range beyond thoſe entertainments and vexations, which ſolicit their attention by preſſing on their ſenſes.

But there is an univerſal reaſon for ſome ſtated intervals of ſolitude, which the inſtitutions of the church call upon me, now eſpecially to mention; a reaſon, which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future ſtate; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; ſince none can imagine themſelves not comprehended in its obligation, but ſuch as determine to ſet their Maker at defiance by obſtinate wickedneſs, or whoſe enthuſiaſtick ſecurity of his approbation places them above external ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great taſk of him, who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the preſent, to impreſs upon his mind ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promiſed to virtue, and the terrors of the puniſhment denounced againſt crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and ſorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and puſh forward at another againſt the threats of calamity.

It is not without reaſon that the apoſtle repreſents our paſſage through this ſtage of our exiſtence by images

images drawn from the alarms and ſolicitude of a military life; for we are placed in ſuch a ſtate, that almoſt every thing about us conſpires againſt our chief intereſt. We are in danger from whatever can get poſſeſſion of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleaſure has a tendency to obſtruct the way that leads to happineſs, and either to turn us aſide, or retard our progreſs.

Our ſenſes, our appetites, and our paſſions, are our lawful and faithful guides, in moſt things that relate ſolely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly neceſſity of conſulting them, we gradually ſink into an implicit ſubmiſſion, and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a ſecond compliance, every new ſtep towards depravity is made with leſs reluctance than the former, and thus the deſcent to life merely ſenſual is perpetually accelerated.

The ſenſes have not only that advantage over conſcience, which things neceſſary muſt always have over things choſen, but they have likewiſe a kind of preſcription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the ſenſations of pleaſure, before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early eſtabliſhed, and inceſſantly increaſing, it muſt be remembered, that almoſt every man has, in ſome part of his life, added new ſtrength by a voluntary or negligent ſubjection of himſelf; for who is there that has not inſtigated his appetites by indulgence, or ſuffered them by an unreſiſting neutrality to enlarge their dominion, and multiply their demands?

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From the neceſſity of diſpoſſeſſing the ſenſitive faculties of the influence which they muſt naturally gain by this preoccupation of the ſoul, ariſes that conflict between oppoſite deſires, in the firſt endeavours after a religious life; which, however enthuſiaſtically it may have been deſcribed, or however contemptuouſly ridiculed, will naturally be felt in ſome degree, though varied without end, by different tempers of mind, and innumerable circumſtances of health or condition, greater or leſs fervour, more or fewer temptations to relapſe.

From the perpetual neceſſity of conſulting the animal faculties, in our proviſion for the preſent life, ariſes the difficulty of withſtanding their impulſes, even in caſes where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of ſenſe are inſtantaneous, its objects ſtrike unſought, we are accuſtomed to follow its directions, and therefore often ſubmit to the ſentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philoſophical eſtimate, that, ſuppoſing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoiſe between the pleaſures of this life, and the hopes of futurity, preſent objects falling more frequently into the ſcale would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an inviſible ſtate would grow every moment weaker, till at laſt it would loſe all its activity, and become abſolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our own hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either ſide. The motives to a life of holineſs are infinite, not leſs than the favour or anger of omnipotence, not leſs than eternity of happineſs or miſery. But theſe can only influence our con-

duct as they gain our attention, which the business, or diversions, of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rites of religion seem to be instituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its necessity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the standing principles of action, and the test by which every thing proposed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

To facilitate this change of our affections, it is necessary that we weaken the temptations of the world, by retiring at certain seasons from it; for its influence arising only from its presence, is much lessened when it becomes the object of solitary meditation. A constant residence amidst noise and pleasure, inevitably obliterates the impressions of piety, and a frequent abstraction of ourselves into a state, where this life, like the next, operates only upon the reason, will reinstate religion in its just authority, even without those irradiations from above, the hope of which I have no intention to withdraw from the sincere and the diligent.

This is that conquest of the world and of ourselves, which has been always considered as the perfection of human nature; and this is only to be obtained by fervent prayer, steady resolutions, and frequent retirement from folly and vanity, from the

cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance, from the lulling ſounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting ſight of proſperous wickedneſs.

NUMB. 8. SATURDAY, *April* 14, 1750.

——Patitur pœnas peccandi ſola voluntas;
Nam ſcelus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet. JUV.

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault. CREECH.

IF the moſt active and induſtrious of mankind was able, at the cloſe of life, to recollect diſtinctly his paſt moments, and diſtribute them, in a regular account, according to the manner in which they have been ſpent, it is ſcarcely to be imagined how few would be marked out to the mind, by any permanent or viſible effects, how ſmall a proportion his real action would bear to his ſeeming poſſibilities of action, how many chaſms he would find of wide and continued vacuity, and how many interſtitial ſpaces unfilled, even in the moſt tumultuous hurries of buſineſs, and the moſt eager vehemence of purſuit.

It is ſaid by modern philoſophers, that not only the great globes of matter are thinly ſcattered through the univerſe, but the hardeſt bodies are ſo porous, that, if all matter were compreſſed to per-

fect ſolidity, it might be contained in a cube of a few feet. In like manner, if all the employment of life were crowded into the time which it really occupied, perhaps a few weeks, days, or hours, would be ſufficient for its accompliſhment, ſo far as the mind was engaged in the performance. For ſuch is the inequality of our corporeal to our intellectual faculties, that we contrive in minutes what we execute in years, and the ſoul often ſtands an idle ſpectator of the labour of the hands, and expedition of the feet.

For this reaſon, the ancient generals often found themſelves at leiſure to purſue the ſtudy of philoſophy in the camp; and Lucan, with hiſtorical veracity, makes Cæſar relate of himſelf, that he noted the revolutions of the ſtars in the midſt of preparations for battle.

——*Media inter prælia ſemper*
Sideribus, cæliqne plagis, ſuperiſque vacavi.

Amid the ſtorms of war, with curious eyes
I trace the planets and ſurvey the ſkies.

That the ſoul always exerts her peculiar powers, with greater or leſs force, is very probable, though the common occaſions of our preſent condition require but a ſmall part of that inceſſant cogitation; and by the natural frame of our bodies, and general combination of the world, we are ſo frequently condemned to inactivity, that as through all our time we are thinking, ſo for a great part of our time we can only think.

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Left a power so restless should be either unprofitably or hurtfully employed, and the superfluities of intellect run to waste, it is no vain speculation to consider how we may govern our thoughts, restrain them from irregular motions, or confine them from boundless dissipation.

How the understanding is best conducted to the knowledge of science, by what steps it is to be led forwards in its pursuit, how it is to be cured of its defects, and habituated to new studies, has been the inquiry of many acute and learned men, whose observations I shall not either adopt or censure; my purpose being to consider the moral discipline of the mind, and to promote the increase of virtue rather than of learning.

This inquiry seems to have been neglected for want of remembering that all action has its origin in the mind, and that therefore to suffer the thoughts to be vitiated, is to poison the fountains of morality: Irregular desires will produce licentious practices; what men allow themselves to wish they will soon believe, and will be at last incited to execute what they please themselves with contriving.

For this reason the casuists of the Romish church, who gain, by confession, great opportunities of knowing human nature, have generally determined that what it is a crime to do, it is a crime to think. Since by revolving with pleasure the facility, safety, or advantage of a wicked deed, a man soon begins to find his constancy relax, and his detestation soften; the happiness of success glittering before him, withdraws his attention from the atrociousness of the guilt,

guilt, and acts are at laſt confidently perpetrated, of which the firſt conception only crept into the mind, diſguiſed in pleaſing complications, and permitted rather than invited.

No man has ever been drawn to crimes by love or jealouſy, envy or hatred, but he can tell how eaſily he might at firſt have repelled the temptation, how readily his mind would have obeyed a call to any other object, and how weak his paſſion has been after ſome caſual avocation, till he has recalled it again to his heart, and revived the viper by too warm a fondneſs.

Such, therefore, is the importance of keeping reaſon a conſtant guard over imagination, that we have otherwiſe no ſecurity for our own virtue, but may corrupt our hearts in the moſt recluſe ſolitude, with more pernicious and tyrannical appetites and wiſhes than the commerce of the world will generally produce; for we are eaſily ſhocked by crimes which appear at once in their full magnitude, but the gradual growth of our own wickedneſs, endeared by intereſt, and palliated by all the artifices of ſelf-deceit, gives us time to form diſtinctions in our own favour, and reaſon by degrees ſubmits to abſurdity, as the eye is in time accommodated to darkneſs.

In this diſeaſe of the ſoul, it is of the utmoſt importance to apply remedies at the beginning; and therefore I ſhall endeavour to ſhew what thoughts are to be rejected or improved, as they regard the paſt, preſent, or future; in hopes that ſome may be awakened to caution and vigilance, who, perhaps,

indulge themſelves in dangerous dreams, ſo much the more dangerous, becauſe being yet only dreams, they are concluded innocent.

The recollection of the paſt is only uſeful by way of proviſion for the future; and therefore, in reviewing all occurrences that fall under a religious conſideration, it is proper that a man ſtop at the firſt thoughts, to remark how he was led thither, and why he continues the reflection. If he is dwelling with delight upon a ſtratagem of ſucceſsful fraud, a night of licentious riot, or an intrigue of guilty pleaſure, let him ſummon off his imagination as from an unlawful purſuit, expel thoſe paſſages from his remembrance, of which, though he cannot ſeriouſly approve them, the pleaſure overpowers the guilt, and refer them to a future hour, when they may be conſidered with greater ſafety. Such an hour will certainly come; for the impreſſions of paſt pleaſure are always leſſening, but the ſenſe of guilt, which reſpects futurity, continues the ſame.

The ſerious and impartial retroſpect of our conduct is indiſputably neceſſary to the confirmation or recovery of virtue, and is, therefore, recommended under the name of ſelf-examination, by divines, as the firſt act previous to repentance. It is, indeed, of ſo great uſe, that without it we ſhould always be to begin life, be ſeduced for ever by the ſame allurements, and miſled by the ſame fallacies. But in order that we may not loſe the advantage of our experience, we muſt endeavour to ſee every thing in its proper form, and excite in ourſelves

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thoſe ſentiments which the great Author of nature has decreed the concomitants or followers of good or bad actions.

> Μηδ᾽ ὕπνον μαλακοῖσιν ἐπ᾽ ὄμμασι προσδέξασθαι,
> Πρὶν τῶν ἡμερινῶν ἔργων τρὶς ἕκαστον ἐπελθεῖν·
> Πῆ παρέβην; τί δ᾽ ἔρεξα; τί μοι δέον οὐκ ἐτελέσθη;
> Ἀρξάμενος δ᾽ ἀπὸ πρώτου ἐπέξιθι· καὶ μετέπειτα,
> Δειλὰ μὲν ἐκπρήξας, ἐπιπλήσσεο, χρηστὰ δὲ, τέρπου.

Let not ſleep, ſays Pythagoras, *fall upon thy eyes till thou haſt thrice reviewed the tranſactions of the paſt day. Where have I turned aſide from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the firſt act, and proceed; and in concluſion, at the ill which thou haſt done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.*

Our thoughts on preſent things being determined by the objects before us, fall not under thoſe indulgences, or excurſions, which I am now conſidering. But I cannot forbear, under this head, to caution pious and tender minds, that are diſturbed by the irruptions of wicked imaginations, againſt too great dejection, and too anxious alarms; for thoughts are only criminal, when they are firſt choſen, and then voluntarily continued.

> Evil into the mind of god or man
> May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
> No ſpot or ſtain behind. MILTON.

In futurity chiefly are the ſnares lodged, by which the imagination is intangled. Futurity is the proper abode of hope and fear, with all their train and progeny of ſubordinate apprehenſions and deſires. In futurity events and chances are yet floating at large, without apparent connexion with their cauſes,

and we therefore eaſily indulge the liberty of gratifying ourſelves with a pleaſing choice. To pick and cull among poſſible advantages is, as the civil law terms it, *in vacuum venire*, to take what belongs to nobody; but it has this hazard in it, that we ſhall be unwilling to quit what we have ſeized, though an owner ſhould be found. It is eaſy to think on that which may be gained, till at laſt we reſolve to gain it, and to image the happineſs of particular conditions till we can be eaſy in no other. We ought, at leaſt, to let our deſires fix upon nothing in another's power for the ſake of our quiet, or in another's poſſeſſion for the ſake of our innocence. When a man finds himſelf led, though by a train of honeſt ſentiments, to wiſh for that to which he has no right, he ſhould ſtart back as from a pitfal covered with flowers. He that fancies he ſhould benefit the publick more in a great ſtation than the man that fills it, will in time imagine it an act of virtue to ſupplant him; and as oppoſition readily kindles into hatred, his eagerneſs to do that good, to which he is not called, will betray him to crimes, which in his original ſcheme were never propoſed.

He therefore that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, muſt regulate his thoughts by thoſe of reaſon; he muſt keep guilt from the receſſes of his heart, and remember that the pleaſures of fancy, and the emotions of deſire, are more dangerous as they are more hidden, ſince they eſcape the awe of obſervation, and operate equally in every ſituation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.

Numb. 9. Tuesday, *April* 17, 1750.

Quod ſis eſſe velis, nihilque malis. Mart.

Chuſe what you are; no other ſtate prefer. Elphinston.

IT is juſtly remarked by Horace, that howſoever every man may complain occaſionally of the hardſhips of his condition, he is ſeldom willing to change it for any other on the ſame level: for whether it be that he, who follows an employment, made choice of it at firſt on account of its ſuitableneſs to his inclination; or that when accident, or the determination of others, have placed him in a particular ſtation, he, by endeavouring to reconcile himſelf to it, gets the cuſtom of viewing it only on the faireſt ſide; or whether every man thinks that claſs to which he belongs the moſt illuſtrious, merely becauſe he has honoured it with his name; it is certain that, whatever be the reaſon, moſt men have a very ſtrong and active prejudice in favour of their own vocation, always working upon their minds, and influencing their behaviour.

This partiality is ſufficiently viſible in every rank of the human ſpecies; but it exerts itſelf more frequently and with greater force among thoſe who have never learned to conceal their ſentiments for reaſons of policy, or to model their expreſſions by the laws of politeneſs; and therefore the chief conteſts of wit among artificers and handicraftſmen ariſe

from a mutual endeavour to exalt one trade by depreciating another.

From the ſame principles are derived many conſolations to alleviate the inconveniencies to which every calling is peculiarly expoſed. A blackſmith was lately pleaſing himſelf at his anvil, with obſerving that, though his trade was hot and ſooty, laborious and unhealthy, yet he had the honour of living by his hammer, he got his bread like a man, and if his ſon ſhould riſe in the world, and keep his coach, nobody could reproach him that his father was a tailor.

A man, truly zealous for his fraternity, is never ſo irreſiſtibly flattered, as when ſome rival calling is mentioned with contempt. Upon this principle a linen-draper boaſted that he had got a new cuſtomer, whom he could ſafely truſt, for he could have no doubt of his honeſty, ſince it was known, from unqueſtionable authority, that he was now filing a bill in chancery to delay payment for the clothes which he had worn the laſt ſeven years; and he himſelf had heard him declare, in a publick coffee-houſe, that he looked upon the whole generation of woollen-drapers to be ſuch deſpicable wretches, that no gentleman ought to pay them.

It has been obſerved that phyſicians and lawyers are no friends to religion; and many conjectures have been formed to diſcover the reaſon of ſuch a combination between men who agree in nothing elſe, and who ſeem leſs to be affected, in their own provinces, by religious opinions, than any other part of the community. The truth is, very few of them have thought about religion; but they have all ſeen

a parſon;

a parſon; ſeen him in a habit different from their own, and therefore declared war againſt him. A young ſtudent from the inns of court, who has often attacked the curate of his father's pariſh with ſuch arguments as his acquaintances could furniſh, and returned to town without ſucceſs, is now gone down with a reſolution to deſtroy him; for he has learned at laſt how to manage a prig, and if he pretends to hold him again to ſyllogiſm, he has a catch in reſerve, which neither logick nor metaphyſicks can reſiſt.

> I laugh to think how your unſhaken *Cato*
> Will look aghaſt, when unforeſeen deſtruction
> Pours in upon him thus.

The malignity of ſoldiers and ſailors againſt each other has been often experienced at the coſt of their country; and, perhaps, no orders of men have an enmity of more acrimony, or longer continuance. When, upon our late ſucceſſes at ſea, ſome new regulations were concerted for eſtabliſhing the rank of the naval commanders, a captain of foot very acutely remarked, that nothing was more abſurd than to give any honorary rewards to ſeamen, "for honour," ſays he, "ought only to be won by bravery, and all the world knows that in a ſea-fight there is no danger, and therefore no evidence of courage."

But although this general deſire of aggrandizing themſelves by raiſing their profeſſion, betrays men to a thouſand ridiculous and miſchievous acts of ſupplantation and detraction, yet as almoſt all paſſions have their good as well as bad effects, it like-

wiſe excites ingenuity, and ſometimes raiſes an honeſt and uſeful emulation of diligence. It may be obſerved in general, that no trade had ever reached the excellence to which it is now improved, had its profeſſors looked upon it with the eyes of indifferent ſpectators; the advances, from the firſt rude eſſays, muſt have been made by men who valued themſelves for performances, for which ſcarce any other would be perſuaded to eſteem them.

It is pleaſing to contemplate a manufacture riſing gradually from its firſt mean ſtate by the ſucceſſive labours of innumerable minds; to conſider the firſt hollow trunk of an oak, in which, perhaps, the ſhepherd could ſcarce venture to croſs a brook ſwelled with a ſhower, enlarged at laſt into a ſhip of war, attacking fortreſſes, terrifying nations, ſetting ſtorms and billows at defiance, and viſiting the remoteſt parts of the globe. And it might contribute to diſpoſe us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to conſider from what unpromiſing beginnings the moſt uſeful productions of art have probably ariſen. Who, when he ſaw the firſt ſand or aſhes, by a caſual intenſeneſs of heat melted into a metalline form, rugged with excreſcences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this ſhapeleſs lump lay concealed ſo many conveniencies of life, as would in time conſtitute a great part of the happineſs of the world? Yet by ſome ſuch fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree ſolid and tranſparent, which might admit the light of the ſun, and exclude the violence

violence of the wind; which might extend the ſight of the philoſopher to new ranges of exiſtence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endleſs ſubordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might ſupply the decays of nature, and ſuccour old age with ſubſidiary ſight. Thus was the firſt artificer in glaſs employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of ſcience, and conferring the higheſt and moſt laſting pleaſures; he was enabling the ſtudent to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herſelf.

This paſſion for the honour of a profeſſion, like that for the grandeur of our own country, is to be regulated, not extinguiſhed. Every man, from the higheſt to the loweſt ſtation, ought to warm his heart, and animate his endeavours with the hopes of being uſeful to the world, by advancing the art which it is his lot to exerciſe; and for that end he muſt neceſſarily conſider the whole extent of its application, and the whole weight of its importance. But let him not too readily imagine that another is ill employed, becauſe, for want of fuller knowledge of his buſineſs, he is not able to comprehend its dignity. Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raiſing himſelf, and enjoy the pleaſure of his own ſuperiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the ſame felicity. The philoſopher may very juſtly be delighted with the extent of his views, and

the

the artificer with the readineſs of his hands; but let the one remember, that, without mechanical performances, refined ſpeculation is an empty dream, and the other, that, without theoretical reaſoning, dexterity is little more than a brute inſtinct.

NUMB. 10. SATURDAY, *April* 21, 1750.

Poſthabui tamen illorum mea ſeria ludo. VIRG.

For trifling ſports I quitted grave affairs.

THE number of correſpondents which increaſes every day upon me, ſhews that my paper is at leaſt diſtinguiſhed from the common productions of the preſs. It is no leſs a proof of eminence to have many enemies than many friends, and I look upon every letter, whether it contains encomiums or reproaches, as an equal atteſtation of riſing credit. The only pain, which I can feel from my correſpondence, is the fear of diſguſting thoſe, whoſe letters I ſhall neglect; and therefore I take this opportunity of reminding them, that in diſapproving their attempts, whenever it may happen, I only return the treatment which I often receive. Beſides, many particular motives influence a writer, known only to himſelf, or his private friends; and it may be juſtly concluded, that, not all letters which are poſtponed are rejected, nor all that are rejected, critically condemned.

Having

Having thus eaſed my heart of the only apprehenſion that ſat heavy on it, I can pleaſe myſelf with the candour of Benevolus, who encourages me to proceed, without ſinking under the anger of Flirtilla, who quarrels with me for being old and ugly, and for wanting both activity of body, and ſprightlineſs of mind; feeds her monkey with my lucubrations, and refuſes any reconciliation, till I have appeared in vindication of maſquerades. That ſhe may not however imagine me without ſupport, and left to reſt wholly upon my own fortitude, I ſhall now publiſh ſome letters which I have received from men as well dreſſed, and as handſome, as her favourite; and others from ladies, whom I ſincerely believe as young, as rich, as gay, as pretty, as faſhionable, and as often toaſted and treated as herſelf.

"A SET of candid readers ſend their re-
" ſpects to the Rambler, and acknowledge
" his merit in ſo well beginning a work that may
" be of publick benefit. But, ſuperior as his ge-
" nius is to the impertinences of a trifling age,
" they cannot help a wiſh, that he would conde-
" ſcend to the weakneſs of minds ſoftened by
" perpetual amuſements, and now and then throw
" in, like his predeceſſor, ſome papers of a gay
" and humorous turn. Too fair a field now
" lies open, with too plentiful a harveſt of follies!
" let the cheerful Thalia put in her ſickle, and,
" ſinging at her work, deck her hair with red and
" blue."

A LADY

“ A LADY ſends her compliments to the
“ Rambler, and deſires to know by what
“ other name ſhe may direct to him; what are
“ his ſet of friends, his amuſements; what his
“ way of thinking, with regard to the living world,
“ and its ways; in ſhort, whether he is a perſon
“ now alive, and in town? If he be, ſhe will do
“ herſelf the honour to write to him pretty often,
“ and hopes, from time to time, to be the better
“ for his advice and animadverſions; for his ani-
“ madverſions on her neighbours at leaſt. But, if
“ he is a mere eſſayiſt, and troubles not himſelf
“ with the manners of the age, ſhe is ſorry to tell
“ him, that even the genius and correctneſs of an
“ Addiſon will not ſecure him from neglect.”

No man is ſo much abſtracted from common life, as not to feel a particular pleaſure from the regard of the female world; the candid writers of the firſt billet will not be offended, that my haſte to ſatisfy a lady has hurried their addreſs too ſoon out of my mind, and that I refer them for a reply to ſome future paper, in order to tell this curious inquirer after my other name, the anſwer of a philoſopher to a man, who, meeting him in the ſtreet, deſired to ſee what he carried under his cloak; *I carry it there*, ſays he, *that you may not ſee it*. But, though ſhe is never to know my name, ſhe may often ſee my face; for I am of her opinion, that a diurnal writer ought to view the world, and that he who neglects his cotemporaries, may be, with juſtice, neglected by them.

"LADY Racket sends compliments to the
"Rambler, and lets him know, she shall
"have cards at her house, every Sunday, the
"remainder of the season, where he will be sure
"of meeting all the good company in town.
"By this means she hopes to see his papers inter-
"spersed with living characters. She longs to
"see the torch of truth produced at an assembly,
"and to admire the charming lustre it will
"throw on the jewels, complexions, and behaviour
"of every dear creature there."

It is a rule with me to receive every offer with the same civility as it is made; and, therefore, though lady Racket may have had some reason to guess, that I seldom frequent card-tables on Sundays, I shall not insist upon an exception, which may to her appear of so little force. My business has been to view, as opportunity was offered, every place in which mankind was to be seen; but at card-tables, however brilliant, I have always thought my visit lost, for I could know nothing of the company, but their clothes and their faces. I saw their looks clouded at the beginning of every game with an uniform solicitude, now and then in its progress varied with a short triumph, at one time wrinkled with cunning, at another deadened with despondency, or by accident flushed with rage at the unskilful or unlucky play of a partner. From such assemblies, in whatever humour I happened to enter them, I was quickly forced to retire; they were too trifling for me,

me, when I was grave, and too dull, when I was cheerful.

Yet I cannot but value myſelf upon this token of regard from a lady who is not afraid to ſtand before the torch of truth. Let her not, however, conſult her curioſity more than her prudence; but reflect a moment on the fate of Semele, who might have lived the favourite of Jupiter, if ſhe could have been content without his thunder. It is dangerous for mortal beauty, or terreſtrial virtue, to be examined by too ſtrong a light. The torch of truth ſhows much that we cannot, and all that we would not ſee. In a face dimpled with ſmiles, it has often diſcovered malevolence and envy, and detected, under jewels and brocade, the frightful forms of poverty and diſtreſs. A fine hand of cards have changed before it into a thouſand ſpectres of ſickneſs, miſery, and vexation; and immenſe ſums of money, while the winner counted them with tranſport, have at the firſt glimpſe of this unwelcome luſtre vaniſhed from before him. If her ladyſhip therefore deſigns to continue her aſſembly, I would adviſe her to ſhun ſuch dangerous experiments, to ſatisfy herſelf with common appearances, and to light up her apartments rather with myrtle than the torch of truth.

" A MODEST young man ſends his ſervice
" to the author of the Rambler, and will
" be very willing to aſſiſt him in his work, but is
" ſadly afraid of being diſcouraged by having his
" firſt eſſay rejected, a diſgrace he has woefully ex-
" perienced

"perienced in every offer he had made of it to every "new writer of every new paper; but he com"forts himself by thinking, without vanity, that "this has been from a peculiar favour of the muses, "who saved his performance from being buried in "trash, and reserved it to appear with lustre in the "Rambler."

I am equally a friend to modesty and enterprize; and therefore shall think it an honour to correspond with a young man who possesses both in so eminent a degree. Youth is, indeed, the time in which these qualities ought chiefly to be found; modesty suits well with inexperience, and enterprize with health and vigour, and an extensive prospect of life. One of my predecessors has justly observed, that, though modesty has an amiable and winning appearance, it ought not to hinder the exertion of the active powers, but that a man should show under his blushes a latent resolution. This point of perfection, nice as it is, my correspondent seems to have attained. That he is modest, his own declaration may evince; and, I think, the *latent resolution* may be discovered in his letter by an acute observer. I will advise him, since he so well deserves my precepts, not to be discouraged, though the Rambler should prove equally envious, or tasteless, with the rest of this fraternity. If his paper is refused, the presses of England are open, let him try the judgment of the publick. If, as it has sometimes happened in general combinations against merit, he cannot persuade the world to buy his works, he may present

present them to his friends; and if his friends are seized with the epidemical infatuation, and cannot find his genius, or will not confess it, let him then refer his cause to posterity, and reserve his labours for a wiser age.

Thus have I dispatched some of my correspondents in the usual manner, with fair words, and general civility. But to Flirtilla, the gay Flirtilla, what shall I reply? Unable as I am to fly, at her command, over land and seas, or to supply her, from week to week, with the fashions of Paris, or the intrigues of Madrid, I am yet not willing to incur her further displeasure, and would save my papers from her monkey on any reasonable terms. By what propitiation, therefore, may I atone for my former gravity, and open, without trembling, the future letters of this sprightly persecutor? To write in defence of masquerades is no easy task; yet something difficult and daring may well be required, as the price of so important an approbation. I therefore consulted, in this great emergency, a man of high reputation in gay life, who having added, to his other accomplishments, no mean proficiency in the minute philosophy, after the fifth perusal of her letter, broke out with rapture into these words: ‘ And can you, Mr. Rambler, stand out against ‘ this charming creature? Let her know, at least, ‘ that from this moment Nigrinus devotes his life ‘ and his labours to her service. Is there any stub- ‘ born prejudice of education, that stands between ‘ thee and the most amiable of mankind? Behold, ‘ Flirtilla, at thy feet, a man grown grey in the ‘ study of those noble arts by which right and

'wrong may be confounded; by which reason 'may be blinded, when we have a mind to escape 'from her inspection; and caprice and appetite 'instated in uncontrouled command, and boundless 'dominion! Such a casuist may surely engage, 'with certainty of success, in vindication of an 'entertainment, which in an instant gives confi-'dence to the timorous, and kindles ardour in the 'cold; an entertainment where the vigilance of 'jealousy has so often been eluded, and the virgin 'is set free from the necessity of languishing in 'silence; where all the outworks of chastity are 'at once demolished; where the heart is laid open 'without a blush; where bashfulness may survive 'virtue, and no wish is crushed under the frown of 'modesty. Far weaker influence than Flirtilla's 'might gain over an advocate for such amusements. 'It was declared by Pompey, that, if the common-'wealth was violated, he could stamp with his foot, 'and raise an army out of the ground; if the rights 'of pleasure are again invaded, let but Flirtilla 'crack her fan, neither pens, nor swords, shall be 'wanting at the summons; the wit and the colonel 'shall march out at her command, and neither law 'nor reason shall stand before us.'

NUMB. 11. TUESDAY, *April* 24, 1750.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem ſacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Triſtes ut iræ. —— HOR.

Yet O! remember, nor the god of wine,
Nor *Pythian Phœbus* from his inmoſt ſhrine,
Nor *Dindymene*, nor her prieſts poſſeſt,
Can with their ſounding cymbals ſhake the breaſt,
Like furious anger. FRANCIS.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the ſeven ſages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was χόλȣ κράτει, *Be maſter of thy anger.* He conſidered anger as the great diſturber of human life, the chief enemy both of publick happineſs and private tranquillity, and thought that he could not lay on poſterity a ſtronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a ſalutary caution againſt this outrageous paſſion.

To what latitude Periander might extend the word, the brevity of his precept will ſcarce allow us to conjecture. From anger, in its full import, protracted into malevolence, and exerted in revenge, ariſe, indeed, many of the evils to which the life of man is expoſed. By anger operating upon power

power are produced the ſubverſion of cities, the deſolation of countries, the maſſacre of nations, and all thoſe dreadful and aſtoniſhing calamities which fill the hiſtories of the world, and which could not be read at any diſtant point of time, when the paſſions ſtand neutral, and every motive and principle is left to its natural force, without ſome doubt of the truth of the relation, did we not ſee the ſame cauſes ſtill tending to the ſame effects, and only acting with leſs vigour for want of the ſame concurrent opportunities.

But this g gantick and enormous ſpecies of anger falls not properly under the animadverſion of a writer, whoſe chief end is the regulation of common life, and whoſe precepts are to recommend themſelves by their general uſe. Nor is this eſſay intended to expoſe the tragical or fatal effects even of private malignity. The anger which I propoſe now for my ſubject is ſuch as makes thoſe who indulge it more troubleſome than formidable, and ranks them rather with hornets and waſps, than with baſiliſks and lions.. I have, therefore, prefixed a motto, which characteriſes this paſſion, not ſo much by the miſchief that it cauſes, as by the noiſe that it utters.

There is in the world a certain claſs of mortals, known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of *paſſionate men*, who imagine themſelves entitled by that diſtinction to be provoked on every ſlight occaſion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces and licentious reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the moſt part, fumes away in outcries of injury, and

proteſtations of vengeance, and ſeldom proceeds to actual violence, unleſs a drawer or linkboy falls in their way; but they interrupt the quiet of thoſe that happen to be within the reach of their clamours, obſtruct the courſe of converſation, and diſturb the enjoyment of ſociety.

Men of this kind are ſometimes not without underſtanding or virtue, and are, therefore, not always treated with the ſeverity which their neglect of the eaſe of all about them might juſtly provoke; they have obtained a kind of preſcription for their folly, and are conſidered by their companions as under a predominant influence that leaves them not maſters of their conduct or language, as acting without conſciouſneſs, and ruſhing into miſchief with a miſt before their eyes; they are therefore pitied rather than cenſured, and their ſallies are paſſed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the ſpaſms of a convulſion.

It is ſurely not to be obſerved without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be ſatisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without ſhame, and without regret, conſider themſelves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exerciſing their patience, and boaſting their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger; but pride, like every other paſſion, if it once breaks looſe from reaſon, counteracts its own purpoſes. A paſſionate man, upon the review of his day, will

have

have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has confidered how his outrages were caufed, why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at laft.

Thofe fudden burfts of rage generally break out upon fmall occafions; for life, unhappy as it is, cannot fupply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks it fit to be enraged; therefore the firft reflection upon his violence muft fhow him that he is mean enough to be driven from his poft by every petty incident, that he is the mere flave of cafualty, and that his reafon and virtue are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of thefe loud extravagancies, which a man is careful to conceal from others, and does not always difcover to himfelf. He that finds his knowledge narrow, and his arguments weak, and by confequence his fuffrage not much regarded, is fometimes in hope of gaining that attention by his clamours, which he cannot otherwife obtain, and is pleafed with remembering that at leaft he made himfelf heard, that he had the power to interrupt thofe whom he could not confute, and fufpend the decifion which he could not guide.

Of this kind is the fury to which many men give way among their fervants and domefticks; they feel their own ignorance, they fee their own infignificance; and, therefore, they endeavour, by their fury, to fright away contempt from before them, when they know it muft follow them behind; and think themfelves eminently mafters, when they fee one folly tamely complied with, only left refufal or delay fhould provoke them to a greater.

These temptations cannot but be owned to have some force. It is so little pleasing to any man to see himself wholly overlooked in the mass of things, that he may be allowed to try a few expedients for procuring some kind of supplemental dignity, and use some endeavour to add weight, by the violence of his temper, to the lightness of his other powers. But this has now been long practised, and found, upon the most exact estimate, not to produce advantages equal to its inconveniencies; for it appears not that a man can by uproar, tumult, and bluster, alter any one's opinion of his understanding, or gain influence except over those whom fortune or nature have made his dependents. He may, by a steady perseverance in his ferocity, fright his children, and harass his servants, but the rest of the world will look on and laugh; and he will have the comfort at last of thinking, that he lives only to raise contempt and hatred, emotions to which wisdom and virtue would be always unwilling to give occasion. He has contrived only to make those fear him, whom every reasonable being is endeavouring to endear by kindness, and must content himself with the pleasure of a triumph obtained by trampling on them who could not resist. He must perceive that the apprehension which his presence causes is not the awe of his virtue, but the dread of his brutality, and that he has given up the felicity of being loved, without gaining the honour of being reverenced.

But this is not the only ill consequence of the frequent indulgence of this blustering passion, which a man, by often calling to his assistance, will teach,

in a ſhort time, to intrude before the ſummons, to ruſh upon him with reſiſtleſs violence, and without any previous notice of its approach. He will find himſelf liable to be inflamed at the firſt touch of provocation, and unable to retain his reſentment, till he has a full conviction of the offence, to proportion his anger to the cauſe, or to regulate it by prudence or by duty. When a man has once ſuffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the moſt hateful and unhappy beings. He can give no ſecurity to himſelf that he ſhall not, at the next interview, alienate by ſome ſudden tranſport his deareſt friend; or break out, upon ſome ſlight contradiction, into ſuch terms of rudeneſs as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converſes with him, lives with the ſuſpicion and ſolicitude of a man that plays with a tame tiger, always under a neceſſity of watching the moment in which the capricious ſavage ſhall begin to growl.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyrick on the Duke of Dorſet, that his ſervants uſed to put themſelves in his way when he was angry, becauſe he was ſure to recompenſe them for any indignities which he made them ſuffer. This is the round of a paſſionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to diſcharge at the return of reaſon. He ſpends his time in outrage and acknowledgement, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himſelf in oppreſſion, and juſtifies the wrong, becauſe he has done it, his inſenſibility can make ſmall part of his praiſe, or his happineſs; he only adds deliberate to haſty folly, aggravates petu-

lance by contumacy, and deſtroys the only plea that he can offer for the tenderneſs and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, becauſe it ſeldom wants a puniſhment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more deſpicable or more miſerable than the old age of a paſſionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amuſements pall with frequent repetition, his occaſional rage ſinks by decay of ſtrength into peeviſhneſs; that peeviſhneſs, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him, and he is left, as Homer expreſſes it, φθινύθων φίλον κῆρ, to devour his own heart in ſolitude and contempt.

NUMB. 12. SATURDAY, *April* 28, 1750.

—— Miserum parvâ stipe focilat, ut pudibundos
Exercere sales inter convivia possit.——
——Tu mitis, & acri
Asperitate carens, positoque per omnia fastu,
Inter ut æquales unus numeraris amicos,
Obsequiumque doces, & amorem quæris amando.

Lucanus *ad* Pisonem.

Unlike the ribald whose licentious jest
Pollutes his banquet, and insults his guest;
From wealth and grandeur easy to descend,
Thou joy'st to lose the master in the friend:
We round thy board the cheerful menials see,
Gay with the smile of bland equality;
No social care the gracious lord disdains;
Love prompts to love, and rev'rence rev'rence gains.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you seem to have devoted your labours to virtue, I cannot forbear to inform you of one species of cruelty with which the life of a man of letters perhaps does not often make him acquainted; and which, as it seems to produce no other advantage to those that practise it than a short gratification of thoughtless vanity, may become less common when it has been once exposed in its various forms, and its full magnitude.

I am the daughter of a country gentleman, whose family is numerous, and whose estate, not at first

sufficient

ſufficient to ſupply us with affluence, has been lately ſo much impaired by an unſucceſsful law-ſuit, that all the younger children are obliged to try ſuch means as their education affords them, for procuring the neceſſaries of life. Diſtreſs and curioſity concurred to bring me to London, where I was received by a relation with the coldneſs which misfortune generally finds. A week, a long week, I lived with my couſin, before the moſt vigilant enquiry could procure us the leaſt hopes of a place, in which time I was much better qualified to bear all the vexations of ſervitude. The firſt two days ſhe was content to pity me, and only wiſhed I had not been quite ſo well-bred; but people muſt comply with their circumſtances. This lenity, however, was ſoon at an end; and, for the remaining part of the week, I heard every hour of the pride of my family, the obſtinacy of my father, and of people better born than myſelf that were common ſervants.

At laſt, on Saturday noon, ſhe told me, with very viſible ſatisfaction, that Mrs. Bombaſine, the great ſilk-mercer's lady, wanted a maid, and a fine place it would be, for there would be nothing to do but to clean my miſtreſs's room, get up her linen, dreſs the young ladies, wait at tea in the morning, take care of a little miſs juſt come from nurſe, and then ſit down to my needle. But madam was a woman of great ſpirit, and would not be contradicted, and therefore I ſhould take care, for good places were not eaſily to be got.

With theſe cautions I waited on madam Bombaſine, of whom the firſt ſight gave me no raviſhing ideas. She was two yards round the waiſt, her voice

was

was at once loud and ſqueaking, and her face brought to my mind the picture of the full moon. Are you the young woman, ſays ſhe, that are come to offer yourſelf? It is ſtrange when people of ſubſtance want a ſervant, how ſoon it is the town-talk. But they know they ſhall have a belly-full that live with me. Not like people at the other end of the town, we dine at one o'clock. But I never take any body without a character; what friends do you come of? I then told her that my father was a gentleman, and that we had been unfortunate.—A great misfortune, indeed, to come to me, and have three meals a-day! – So your father was a gentleman, and you are a gentlewoman I ſuppoſe—ſuch gentlewomen!—Madam, I did not mean to claim any exemptions, I only anſwered your enquiry—Such gentlewomen! people ſhould ſet their children to good trades, and keep them off the pariſh. Pray go to the other end of the town, there are gentlewomen, if they would pay their debts: I am ſure we have loſt enough by gentlewomen. Upon this, her broad face grew broader with triumph, and I was afraid ſhe would have taken me for the pleaſure of continuing her inſult; but happily the next word was, Pray, Mrs. gentlewoman, troop down ſtairs. You may believe I obeyed her.

I returned and met with a better reception from my couſin than I expected; for while I was out, ſhe had heard that Mrs. Standiſh, whoſe huſband had lately been raiſed from a clerk in an office, to be commiſſioner of the exciſe, had taken a fine houſe, and wanted a maid.

To

To Mrs. Standiſh I went, and, after having waited ſix hours, was at laſt admitted to the top of the ſtairs, when ſhe came out of her room, with two of her company. There was a ſmell of punch. So, young woman, you want a place; whence do you come?—From the country, madam.—Yes, they all come out of the country. And what brought you to town, a baſtard? Where do you lodge? At the Seven-Dials? What, you never heard of the foundling-houſe! Upon this, they all laughed ſo obſtreperouſly, that I took the opportunity of ſneaking off in the tumult.

I then heard of a place at an elderly lady's. She was at cards; but in two hours, I was told, ſhe would ſpeak to me. She aſked me if I could keep an account, and ordered me to write. I wrote two lines out of ſome book that lay by her. She wondered what people meant, to breed up poor girls to write at that rate. I ſuppoſe, Mrs. Flirt, if I was to ſee your work, it would be fine ſtuff!—You may walk. I will not have love-letters written from my houſe to every young fellow in the ſtreet.

Two days after, I went on the ſame purſuit to Lady Lofty, dreſſed, as I was directed, in what little ornaments I had, becauſe ſhe had lately got a place at court. Upon the firſt ſight of me, ſhe turns to the woman that ſhowed me in, Is this the lady that wants a place? Pray what place wou'd you have, miſs? a maid of honour's place? Servants now-a-days!—Madam, I heard you wanted—Wanted what? Somebody finer than myſelf! A pretty ſervant indeed—I ſhould be afraid to ſpeak

to

to her—I ſuppoſe, Mrs. Minx, theſe fine hands cannot bear wetting—A ſervant indeed! Pray move off—I am reſolved to be the head perſon in this houſe—You are ready dreſs'd, the taverns will be open.

I went to enquire for the next place in a clean linen gown, and heard the ſervant tell his lady, there was a young woman, but he ſaw ſhe would not do. I was brought up, however. Are you the trollop that has the impudence to come for my place? What, you have hired that naſty gown, and are come to ſteal a better—Madam, I have another, but being obliged to walk—Then theſe are your manners, with your bluſhes, and your courteſies, to come to me in your worſt gown. Madam, give me leave to wait upon you in my other. Wait on me, you ſaucy ſlut! Then you are ſure of coming—I could not let ſuch a drab come near me—Here, you girl, that came up with her, have you touched her? If you have, waſh your hands before you dreſs me—Such trollops! Get you down. What, whimpering? Pray walk.

I went away with tears; for my couſin had loſt all patience. However, ſhe told me, that having a reſpect for my relations, ſhe was willing to keep me out of the ſtreet, and would let me have another week.

The firſt day of this week I ſaw two places. At one I was aſked where I had lived? And upon my anſwer, was told by the lady, that people ſhould qualify themſelves in ordinary places, for ſhe ſhould never have done if ſhe was to follow girls about. At the other houſe I was a ſmirking huſſy, and that

ſweet face I might make money of—For her part, it was a rule with her never to take any creature that thought herſelf handſome.

The three next days were ſpent in lady Bluff's entry, where I waited ſix hours every day for the pleaſure of ſeeing the ſervants peep at me, and go away laughing.—Madam will ſtretch her ſmall ſhanks in the entry; ſhe will know the houſe again.—At ſun-ſet the two firſt days I was told, that my lady would ſee me to-morrow, and on the third, that her woman ſtaid.

My week was now near its end, and I had no hopes of a place. My relation, who always laid upon me the blame of every miſcarriage, told me that I muſt learn to humble myſelf, and that all great ladies had particular ways; that if I went on in that manner, ſhe could not tell who would keep me; ſhe had known many that had refuſed places, ſell their clothes, and beg in the ſtreets.

It was to no purpoſe that the refuſal was declared by me to be never on my ſide; I was reaſoning againſt intereſt, and againſt ſtupidity; and therefore I comforted myſelf with the hope of ſucceeding better in my next attempt, and went to Mrs. Courtly, a very fine lady, who had routes at her houſe, and ſaw the beſt company in town.

I had not waited two hours before I was called up, and found Mr. Courtly and his lady at piquet, in the height of good humour. This I looked on as a favourable ſign, and ſtood at the lower end of the room, in expectation of the common queſtions. At laſt Mr. Courtly called out, after a whiſper, Stand facing the light, that one may ſee you. I

chang'd my place, and bluſh'd. They frequently turn'd their eyes upon me, and ſeem'd to diſcover many ſubjects of merriment; for at every look they whiſper'd, and laugh'd with the moſt violent agitations of delight. At laſt Mr. Courtly cried out, Is that colour your own, child? Yes, ſays the lady, if ſhe has not robb'd the kitchen hearth. This was ſo happy a conceit, that it renew'd the ſtorm of laughter, and they threw down their cards in hopes of better ſport. The lady then called me to her, and began with an affected gravity to enquire what I could do? But firſt turn about, and let us ſee your fine ſhape: Well, what are you fit for, Mrs. Mum? You would find your tongue, I ſuppoſe, in the kitchen. No, no, ſays Mr. Courtly, the girl's a good girl yet, but I am afraid a briſk young fellow, with fine tags on his ſhoulder—— Come, child, hold up your head; what? you have ſtole nothing.——Not yet, ſays the lady, but ſhe hopes to ſteal your heart quickly.—Here was a laugh of happineſs and triumph, prolonged by the confuſion which I could no longer repreſs. At laſt the lady recollected herſelf: Stole? no—but if I had her, I ſhould watch her; for that downcaſt eye—Why cannot you look people in the face? Steal! ſays her huſband, ſhe would ſteal nothing but, perhaps, a few ribbands before they were left off by her lady. Sir, anſwer'd I, why ſhould you, by ſuppoſing me a thief, inſult one from whom you have received no injury? Inſult, ſays the lady; are you come here to be a ſervant, you ſaucy baggage, and talk of inſulting? What will this world come to, if a gentleman may not jeſt with a ſervant? Well,

ſuch

ſuch ſervants! pray be gone, and ſee when you will have the honour to be ſo inſulted again. Servants inſulted—a fine time—Inſulted! Get down ſtairs, you ſlut, or the footman ſhall inſult you.

The laſt day of the laſt week was now coming, and my kind couſin talked of ſending me down in the waggon to preſerve me from bad courſes. But in the morning ſhe came and told me that ſhe had one trial more for me; Euphemia wanted a maid, and perhaps I might do for her; for, like me, ſhe muſt fall her creſt, being forced to lay down her chariot upon the loſs of half her fortune by bad ſecurities, and with her way of giving her money to every body that pretended to want it, ſhe could have little beforehand; therefore I might ſerve her; for, with all her fine ſenſe, ſhe muſt not pretend to be nice.

I went immediately, and met at the door a young gentlewoman, who told me ſhe had herſelf been hired that morning, but that ſhe was ordered to bring any that offered up ſtairs. I was accordingly introduced to Euphemia, who, when I came in, laid down her book, and told me, that ſhe ſent for me not to gratify an idle curioſity, but leſt my diſappointment might be made ſtill more grating by incivility; that ſhe was in pain to deny any thing, much more what was no favour; that ſhe ſaw nothing in my appearance which did not make her wiſh for my company; but that another, whoſe claims might perhaps be equal, had come before me. The thought of being ſo near to ſuch a place, and miſſing it, brought tears into my eyes, and my ſobs hinder'd me from returning my acknowledgements. She roſe up

up confufed, and fuppofing by my concern that I was diftreffed, placed me by her, and made me tell her my ftory; which when fhe had heard, fhe put two guineas in my hand, ordering me to lodge near her, and make ufe of her table till fhe could provide for me. I am now under her protection, and know not how to fhew my gratitude better than by giving this account to the RAMBLER.

ZOSIMA.

NUMB. 13. TUESDAY, *May* 1, 1750.

Commiffumque teges & vino tortus & irâ. HOR.

And let not wine or anger wreft
Th' intrufted fecret from your breaft. FRANCIS.

IT is related by Quintus Curtius, that the Perfians always conceived an invincible contempt of a man, who had violated the laws of fecrecy; for they thought, that, however he might be deficient in the qualities requifite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at leaft were in his power, and though he perhaps could not fpeak well if he was to try, it was ftill eafy for him not to fpeak.

In forming this opinion of the eafinefs of fecrecy they feem to have confidered it as oppofed, not to treachery, but loquacity, and to have conceived the man, whom they thus cenfured, not frighted by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promifes to betray,

 but

but incited by the mere pleaſure of talking, or ſome other motive equally trifling, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew ſlip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether, by their ſettled and avowed ſcorn of thoughtleſs talkers, the Perſians were able to diffuſe to any great extent the virtue of taciturnity, we are hindered by the diſtance of thoſe times from being able to diſcover, there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of Perſepolis, nor any diſtinct accounts handed down to us of their office clerks, their ladies of the bed-chamber, their attorneys, their chamber-maids, or their footmen.

In theſe latter ages, though the old animoſity againſt a prattler is ſtill retained, it appears wholly to have loſt its effect upon the conduct of mankind; for ſecrets are ſo ſeldom kept, that it may with ſome reaſon be doubted, whether the ancients were not miſtaken in their firſt poſtulate, whether the quality of retention be ſo generally beſtowed, and whether a ſecret has not ſome ſubtle volatility, by which it eſcapes imperceptibly at the ſmalleſt vent, or ſome power of fermentation, by which it expands itſelf ſo as to burſt the heart that will not give it way.

Thoſe that ſtudy either the body or the mind of man, very often find the moſt ſpecious and pleaſing theory falling under the weight of contrary experience; and inſtead of gratifying their vanity by inferring effects from cauſes, they are always reduced at laſt to conjecture cauſes from effects. That it is eaſy to be ſecret, the ſpeculatiſt can demonſtrate in his retreat, and therefore thinks himſelf juſtified in placing confidence; the man of the world knows, that,

that, whether difficult or not, it is uncommon, and therefore finds himſelf rather inclined to ſearch after the reaſon of this univerſal failure in one of the moſt important duties of ſociety.

The vanity of being known to be truſted with a ſecret is generally one of the chief motives to diſcloſe it; for however abſurd it may be thought to boaſt an honour by an act which ſhews that it was conferred without merit, yet moſt men ſeem rather inclined to confeſs the want of virtue than of importance, and more willingly ſhew their influence, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life with no other pleaſure than the private conſciouſneſs of fidelity; which, while it is preſerved, muſt be without praiſe, except from the ſingle perſon who tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a ſecret, by which a man exempts himſelf from the reproaches of his conſcience, and gratifies his pride, without ſuffering himſelf to believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the private affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to thoſe from whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them to thoſe, who have no temptation to betray the truſt, or with a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friendſhip, if he diſcovers that they become publick.

Secrets are very frequently told in the firſt ardour of kindneſs, or of love, for the ſake of proving, by ſo important a ſacrifice, ſincerity, or tenderneſs; but with this motive, though it be ſtrong in itſelf, vanity concurs, ſince every man deſires to be moſt eſteemed by thoſe whom he loves, or with whom he converſes, with whom he paſſes his hours of pleaſure,

ſure, and to whom he retires from buſineſs and from care.

When the diſcovery of ſecrets is under conſideration, there is always a diſtinction carefully to be made between our own and thoſe of another; thoſe of which we are fully maſters, as they affect only our own intereſt, and thoſe which are repoſited with us in truſt, and involve the happineſs or convenience of ſuch as we have no right to expoſe to hazard. To tell our own ſecrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate thoſe with which we are intruſted is always treachery, and treachery for the moſt part combined with folly.

There have, indeed, been ſome enthuſiaſtick and irrational zealots for friendſhip, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in poſſeſſion of another; and that therefore it is a violation of kindneſs to exempt any ſecret from this boundleſs confidence. Accordingly a late female miniſter of ſtate has been ſhameleſs enough to inform the world, that ſhe uſed, when ſhe wanted to extract any thing from her ſovereign, to remind her of Montaigne's reaſoning, who has determined, that to tell a ſecret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, becauſe the number of perſons truſted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the ſame.

That ſuch a fallacy could be impoſed upon any human underſtanding, or that an author could have advanced a poſition ſo remote from truth and reaſon, any other ways than as a declaimer, to ſhew to what extent he could ſtretch his imagination, and with what ſtrength he could preſs his principle, would ſcarcely have been credible, had not this lady kindly

ſhewn

ſhewn us how far weakneſs may be deluded, or indolence amuſed. But ſince it appears, that even this ſophiſtry has been able, with the help of a ſtrong deſire, to repoſe in quiet upon the underſtanding of another, to miſlead honeſt intentions, and an underſtanding not contemptible, it may not be ſuperfluous to remark, that thoſe things which are common among friends are only ſuch as either poſſeſſes in his own right, and can alienate or deſtroy without injury to any other perſon. Without this limitation, confidence muſt run on without end, the ſecond perſon may tell the ſecret to the third, upon the ſame principle as he received it from the firſt, and the third may hand it forward to a fourth, till at laſt it is told in the round of friendſhip to them from whom it was the firſt intention to conceal it.

The confidence which Caius has of the faithfulneſs of Titius is nothing more than an opinion which himſelf cannot know to be true, and which Claudius, who firſt tells his ſecret to Caius, may know to be falſe; and therefore the truſt is transferred by Caius, if he reveal what has been told him, to one from whom the perſon originally concerned would have withheld it; and whatever may be the event, Caius has hazarded the happineſs of his friend, without neceſſity and without permiſſion, and has put that truſt in the hand of fortune which was given only to virtue.

All the arguments upon which a man who is telling the private affairs of another may ground his confidence of ſecurity, he muſt upon reflection know to be uncertain, becauſe he finds them without effect upon himſelf. When he is imagining that

Titius will be cautious from a regard to his intereſt, his reputation, or his duty, he ought to reflect that he is himſelf at that inſtant acting in oppoſition to all theſe reaſons, and revealing what intereſt, reputation, and duty direct him to conceal.

Every one feels that in his own caſe he ſhould conſider the man incapable of truſt, who believed himſelf at liberty to tell whatever he knew to the firſt whom he ſhould conclude deſerving of his confidence; therefore Caius, in admitting Titius to the affairs imparted only to himſelf, muſt know that he violates his faith, ſince he acts contrary to the intention of Claudius, to whom that faith was given. For promiſes of friendſhip are, like all others, uſeleſs and vain, unleſs they are made in ſome known ſenſe, adjuſted and acknowledged by both parties.

I am not ignorant that many queſtions may be ſtarted relating to the duty of ſecrecy, where the affairs are of publick concern; where ſubſequent reaſons may ariſe to alter the appearance and nature of the truſt; that the manner in which the ſecret was told may change the degree of obligation; and that the principles upon which a man is choſen for a confident may not always equally conſtrain him. But theſe ſcruples, if not too intricate, are of too extenſive conſideration for my preſent purpoſe, nor are they ſuch as generally occur in common life; and though caſuiſtical knowledge be uſeful in proper hands, yet it ought by no means to be careleſsly expoſed, ſince moſt will uſe it rather to lull than awaken their own conſciences; and the threads of reaſoning, on which truth is ſuſpended, are frequently drawn to ſuch ſubtility, that common eyes

cannot

cannot perceive, and common ſenſibility cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine, as well as practice of ſecrecy, is ſo perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is compelled to truſt, I think him unhappy who is choſen to be truſted; for he is often involved in ſcruples without the liberty of calling in the help of any other underſtanding; he is frequently drawn into guilt, under the appearance of friendſhip and honeſty; and ſometimes ſubjected to ſuſpicion by the treachery of others, who are engaged without his knowledge in the ſame ſchemes; for he that has one confident has generally more, and when he is at laſt betrayed, is in doubt on whom he ſhall fix the crime.

The rules therefore that I ſhall propoſe concerning ſecrecy, and from which I think it not ſafe to deviate, without long and exact deliberation, are—Never to ſolicit the knowledge of a ſecret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept ſuch confidence when it is offered. When a ſecret is once admitted, to conſider the truſt as of a very high nature, important as ſociety, and ſacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or ſlight appearance of contrary fitneſs.

NUMB. 14. SATURDAY, *May* 5, 1750.

——— Nil fuit unquam
Sic diſpar ſibi —— HOR.

Sure ſuch a various creature ne'er was known. FRANCIS.

AMONG the many inconſiſtencies which folly produces, or infirmity ſuffers in the human mind, there has often been obſerved a manifeſt and ſtriking contrariety between the life of an author and his writings; and Milton, in a letter to a learned ſtranger, by whom he had been viſited, with great reaſon congratulates himſelf upon the conſciouſneſs of being found equal to his own character, and having preſerved, in a private and familiar interview, that reputation which his works had procured him.

Thoſe whom the appearance of virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer in whoſe performances they may be found, have indeed had frequent reaſon to repent their curioſity; the bubble that ſparkled before them has become common water at the touch; the phantom of perfection has vaniſhed when they wiſhed to preſs it to their boſom. They have loſt the pleaſure of imagining how far humanity may be exalted, and, perhaps, felt themſelves leſs inclined to toil up the ſteeps of virtue, when they obſerve thoſe who ſeem beſt able to point the way,

way, loitering below, as either afraid of the labour, or doubtful of the reward.

It has been long the cuſtom of the oriental monarchs to hide themſelves in gardens and palaces, to avoid the converſation of mankind, and to be known to their ſubjects only by their edicts. The ſame policy is no leſs neceſſary to him that writes, than to him that governs; for men would not more patiently ſubmit to be taught, than commanded, by one known to have the ſame follies and weakneſſes with themſelves. A ſudden intruder into the cloſet of an author would perhaps feel equal indignation with the officer, who having long ſolicited admiſſion into the preſence of Sardanapalus, ſaw him not conſulting upon laws, enquiring into grievances, or modelling armies, but employed in feminine amuſements, and directing the ladies in their work.

It is not difficult to conceive, however, that for many reaſons a man writes much better than he lives. For without entering into refined ſpeculations, it may be ſhewn much eaſier to deſign than to perform. A man propoſes his ſchemes of life in a ſtate of abſtraction and diſengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the ſolicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depreſſions of fear, and is in the ſame ſtate with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the ſea is always ſmooth, and the wind always proſperous.

The mathematicians are well acquainted with the difference between pure ſcience, which has to do only with ideas, and the application of its laws

to

to the ufe of life, in which they are conftrained to fubmit to the imperfection of matter and the influence of accidents. Thus, in moral difcuffions, it is to be remembered that many impediments obftruct our practice, which very eafily give way to theory. The fpeculatift is only in danger of erroneous reafoning, but the man involved in life has his own paffions, and thofe of others, to encounter, and is embarraffed with a thoufand inconveniencies, which confound him with variety of impulfe, and either perplex or obftruct his way. He is forced to act without deliberation, and obliged to chufe before he can examine; he is furprifed by fudden alterations of the ftate of things, and changes his meafures according to fuperficial appearances; he is led by others, either becaufe he is indolent, or becaufe he is timorous; he is fometimes afraid to know what is right, and fometimes finds friends or enemies diligent to deceive him.

We are, therefore, not to wonder that moft fail, amidft tumult, and fnares, and danger, in the obfervance of thofe precepts, which they lay down in folitude, fafety, and tranquillity, with a mind unbiaffed, and with liberty unobftructed. It is the condition of our prefent ftate to fee more than we can attain; the exacteft vigilance and caution can never maintain a fingle day of unmingled innocence, much lefs can the utmoft efforts of incorporated mind reach the fummits of fpeculative virtue.

It is, however, neceffary for the idea of perfection to be propofed, that we may have fome object to which our endeavours are to be directed; and he that is moft deficient in the duties of life, makes

ſome atonement for his faults, if he warns others againſt his own failings, and hinders, by the ſalubrity of his admonitions, the contagion of his example.

Nothing is more unjuſt, however common, than to charge with hypocriſy him that expreſſes zeal for thoſe virtues which he neglects to practiſe; ſince he may be ſincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his paſſions, without having yet obtained the victory, as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage, or a journey, without having courage or induſtry to undertake it, and may honeſtly recommend to others, thoſe attempts which he neglects himſelf.

The intereſt which the corrupt part of mankind have in hardening themſelves againſt every motive to amendment, has diſpoſed them to give to theſe contradictions, when they can be produced againſt the cauſe of virtue, that weight which they will not allow them in any other caſe. They ſee men act in oppoſition to their intereſt, without ſuppoſing, that they do not know it; thoſe who give way to the ſudden violence of paſſion, and forſake the moſt important purſuits for petty pleaſures, are not ſuppoſed to have changed their opinions, or to approve their own conduct. In moral or religious queſtions alone they determine the ſentiments by the actions, and charge every man with endeavouring to impoſe upon the world, whoſe writings are not confirmed by his life. They never conſider that themſelves neglect or practiſe ſomething every day, inconſiſtently with their own ſettled judgment, nor diſcover that the conduct of the advocates

advocates for virtue can little increaſe, or leſſen, the obligations of their dictates; argument is to be invalidated only by argument, and is in itſelf of the ſame force, whether or not it convinces him by whom it is propoſed.

Yet ſince this prejudice, however unreaſonable, is always likely to have ſome prevalence, it is the duty of every man to take care leſt he ſhould hinder the efficacy of his own inſtructions. When he deſires to gain the belief of others, he ſhould ſhew that he believes himſelf; and when he teaches the fitneſs of virtue by his reaſonings, he ſhould, by his example, prove its poſſibility: Thus much at leaſt may be required of him, that he ſhall not act worſe than others becauſe he writes better, nor imagine that, by the merit of his genius, he may claim indulgence beyond mortals of the lower claſſes, and be excuſed for want of prudence, or neglect of virtue.

Bacon, in his hiſtory of the winds, after having offered ſomething to the imagination as deſirable, often propoſes lower advantages in its place to the reaſon as attainable. The ſame method may be ſometimes purſued in moral endeavours, which this philoſopher has obſerved in natural enquiries; having firſt ſet poſitive and abſolute excellence before us, we may be pardoned though we ſink down to humbler virtue, trying, however, to keep our point always in view, and ſtruggling not to loſe ground, though we cannot gain it.

It is recorded of Sir Matthew Hale, that he, for a long time, concealed the conſecration of himſelf to the ſtricter duties of religion, leſt, by ſome flagitious and ſhameful action, he ſhould bring piety

into diſgrace. For the ſame reaſon it may be prudent for a writer, who apprehends that he ſhall not inforce his own maxims by his domeſtick character, to conceal his name, that he may not injure them.

There are, indeed, a great number whoſe curioſity to gain a more familiar knowledge of ſucceſsful writers, is not ſo much prompted by an opinion of their power to improve as to delight, and who expect from them not arguments againſt vice, or diſſertations on temperance or juſtice, but flights of wit, and ſallies of pleaſantry, or, at leaſt, acute remarks, nice diſtinctions, juſtneſs of ſentiment, and elegance of diction.

This expectation is, indeed, ſpecious and probable, and yet, ſuch is the fate of all human hopes, that it is very often fruſtrated, and thoſe who raiſe admiration by their books, diſguſt by their company. A man of letters for the moſt part ſpends, in the privacies of ſtudy, that ſeaſon of life in which the manners are to be ſoftened into eaſe, and poliſhed into elegance; and, when he has gained knowledge enough to be reſpected, has neglected the minuter acts by which he might have pleaſed. When he enters life, if his temper be ſoft and timorous, he is diffident and baſhful, from the knowledge of his defects; or if he was born with ſpirit and reſolution, he is ferocious and arrogant, from the conſciouſneſs of his merit: he is either diſſipated by the awe of company, and unable to recollect his reading, and arrange his arguments; or he is hot and dogmatical, quick in oppoſition, and tenacious in defence, diſabled by his own violence, and confuſed by his haſte to triumph.

The

The graces of writing and converſation are of different kinds, and though he who excels in one might have been with opportunities and application equally ſucceſsful in the other, yet as many pleaſe by extemporary talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate method, and more laboured beauties, which compoſition requires; ſo it is very poſſible that men, wholly accuſtomed to works of ſtudy, may be without that readineſs of conception, and affluence of language, always neceſſary to colloquial entertainment. They may want addreſs to watch the hints which converſation offers for the diſplay of their particular attainments, or they may be ſo much unfurniſhed with matter on common ſubjects, that diſcourſe not profeſſedly literary glides over them as heterogeneous bodies, without admitting their conceptions to mix in the circulation.

A tranſition from an author's book to his converſation, is too often like an entrance into a large city, after a diſtant proſpect. Remotely, we ſee nothing but ſpires of temples, and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the reſidence of ſplendor, grandeur, and magnificence; but, when we have paſſed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow paſſages, diſgraced with deſpicable cottages, embarraſſed with obſtructions, and clouded with ſmoke.

NUMB. 15. TUESDAY, *May* 8, 1750.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? Quando
Major avaritiæ patuit ſinus? Alea quando
Hos animos? JUV.

What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown?
DRYDEN.

THERE is no grievance, publick or private, of which, ſince I took upon me the office of a periodical monitor, I have received ſo many, or ſo earneſt complaints, as of the predominance of play; of a fatal paſſion for cards and dice, which ſeems to have overturned, not only the ambition of excellence, but the deſire of pleaſure; to have extinguiſhed the flames of the lover, as well as of the patriot; and threatens, in its further progreſs, to deſtroy all diſtinctions, both of rank and ſex, to cruſh all emulation but that of fraud, to corrupt all thoſe claſſes of our people, whoſe anceſtors have, by their virtue, their induſtry, or their parſimony, given them the power of living in extravagance, idleneſs, and vice, and to leave them without knowledge, but of the modiſh games, and without wiſhes, but for lucky hands.

I have found by long experience, that there are few enterpriſes ſo hopeleſs as conteſts with the faſhion, in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers, and ſtrong by their union,

union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagonift, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean converfation, and narrow fortune, who envies the elevations which he cannot reach, who would gladly imbitter the happinefs which his inelegance or indigence deny him to partake, and who has no other end in his advice, than to revenge his own mortification by hindering thofe whom their birth and tafte have fet above him, from the enjoyment of their fuperiority, and bringing them down to a level with himfelf.

Though I have never found myfelf much affected by this formidable cenfure, which I have incurred often enough to be acquainted with its full force, yet I fhall, in fome meafure, obviate it on this occafion, by offering very little in my own name, either of argument or intreaty, fince thofe who fuffer by this general infatuation may be fuppofed beft able to relate its effects.

SIR,

THERE feems to be fo little knowledge left in the world, and fo little of that reflection practifed, by which knowledge is to be gained, that I am in doubt, whether I fhall be underftood, when I complain of want of opportunity for thinking; or whether a condemnation, which at prefent feems irreverfible, to perpetual ignorance, will raife any compaffion, either in you, or your readers: yet I will venture to lay my ftate before you, becaufe, I believe, it is natural, to moft minds, to take fome pleafure in complaining

ing of evils, of which they have no reaſon to be aſhamed.

I am the daughter of a man of great fortune, whoſe diffidence of mankind, and, perhaps, the pleaſure of continual accumulation, incline him to reſide upon his own eſtate, and to educate his children in his own houſe, where I was bred, if not with the moſt brilliant examples of virtue before my eyes, at leaſt remote enough from any incitements to vice; and wanting neither leiſure nor books, nor the acquaintance of ſome perſons of learning in the neighbourhood, I endeavoured to acquire ſuch knowledge as might moſt recommend me to eſteem, and thought myſelf able to ſupport a converſation upon moſt of the ſubjects, which my ſex and condition made it proper for me to underſtand.

I had, beſides my knowledge, as my mamma and my maid told me, a very fine face, and elegant ſhape, and with all theſe advantages had been ſeventeen months the reigning toaſt for twelve miles round, and never came to the monthly aſſembly, but I heard the old ladies that ſat by wiſhing that *it might end well*, and their daughters criticiſing my air, my features, or my dreſs.

You know, Mr. Rambler, that ambition is natural to youth, and curioſity to underſtanding, and therefore will hear, without wonder, that I was deſirous to extend my victories over thoſe who might give more honour to the conqueror; and that I found in a country life a continual re-

 petition

petition of the ſame pleaſures, which was not ſufficient to fill up the mind for the preſent, or raiſe any expectations of the future; and I will confeſs to you, that I was impatient for a ſight of the town, and filled my thoughts with the diſcoveries which I ſhould make, the triumphs that I ſhould obtain, and the praiſes that I ſhould receive.

At laſt the time came. My aunt, whoſe huſband has a ſeat in parliament, and a place at court, buried her only child, and ſent for me to ſupply the loſs. The hope that I ſhould ſo far inſinuate myſelf into their favour, as to obtain a conſiderable augmentation of my fortune, procured me every convenience for my departure, with great expedition; and I could not, amidſt all my tranſports, forbear ſome indignation to ſee with what readineſs the natural guardians of my virtue ſold me to a ſtate, which they thought more hazardous than it really was, as ſoon as a new acceſſion of fortune glittered in their eyes.

Three days I was upon the road, and on the fourth morning my heart danced at the ſight of London. I was ſet down at my aunt's, and entered upon the ſcene of action. I expected now, from the age and experience of my aunt, ſome prudential leſſons; but, after the firſt civilities and firſt tears were over, was told what pity it was to have kept ſo fine a girl ſo long in the country; for the people who did not begin young, ſeldom dealt their cards handſomely or played them tolerably.

Young

Young perfons are commonly inclined to flight the remarks and counfels of their elders. I fmiled, perhaps, with too much contempt, and was upon the point of telling her, that my time had not been paft in fuch trivial attainments. But I foon found that things are to be eftimated, not by the importance of their effects, but the frequency of their ufe.

A few days after, my aunt gave me notice, that fome company, which fhe had been fix weeks in collecting, was to meet that evening, and fhe expected a finer affembly than had been feen all the winter. She expreffed this in the jargon of a gamefter, and, when I afked an explication of her terms of art, wondered where I had lived. I had already found my aunt fo incapable of any rational conclufion, and fo ignorant of every thing, whether great or little, that I had loft all regard to her opinion, and dreffed myfelf with great expectations of an opportunity to difplay my charms among rivals, whofe competition would not difhonour me. The company came in, and after the curfory compliments of falutation, alike eafy to the loweft and the higheft underftanding, what was the refult? The cards were broke open, the parties were formed, the whole night paffed in a game, upon which the young and old were equally employed; nor was I able to attract an eye, or gain an ear, but being compelled to play without fkill, I perpetually embarraffed my partner, and foon perceived the contempt of the whole table gathering upon me.

I cannot but ſuſpect, Sir, that this odious faſhion is produced by a conſpiracy of the old, the ugly, and the ignorant, againſt the young and beautiful, the witty and the gay, as a contrivance to level all diſtinctions of nature and of art, to confound the world in a chaos of folly, to take from thoſe, who could outſhine them, all the advantages of mind and body, to withhold youth from its natural pleaſures, deprive wit of its influence, and beauty of its charms, to fix thoſe hearts upon money, to which love has hitherto been entitled, to ſink life into a tedious uniformity, and to allow it no other hopes or fears, but thoſe of robbing, and being robbed.

Be pleaſed, Sir, to inform thoſe of my ſex, who have minds capable of nobler ſentiments, that, if they will unite in vindication of their pleaſures and their prerogatives, they may fix a time, at which cards ſhall ceaſe to be in faſhion, or be left only to thoſe who have neither beauty to be loved, nor ſpirit to be feared; neither knowledge to teach, nor modeſty to learn; and who, having paſſed their youth in vice, are juſtly condemned to ſpend their age in folly.

I am, SIR, &c.

CLEORA.

SIR,

VEXATION will burſt my heart, if I do not give it vent. As you publiſh a paper, I inſiſt upon it, that you inſert this in your next, as ever you hope for the kindneſs and encouragement of any woman of taſte, ſpirit, and virtue. I would

I would have it publiſhed to the world, how deſerving wives are uſed by imperious coxcombs, that henceforth no woman may marry, who has not the patience of Grizzel. Nay, if even Grizzel had been married to a gameſter, her temper would never have held out. A wretch that loſes his good-humour and humanity along with his money, and will not allow enough from his own extravagances to ſupport a woman of faſhion in the neceſſary amuſements of life!—Why does not he employ his wiſe head to make a figure in parliament, raiſe an eſtate, and get a title? That would be fitter for the maſter of a family, than rattling a noiſy dice-box; and then he might indulge his wife in a few ſlight expences and elegant diverſions.

What if I was unfortunate at Brag?—Should he not have ſtayed to ſee how luck would turn another time? Inſtead of that, what does he do, but picks a quarrel, upbraids me with loſs of beauty, abuſes my acquaintance, ridicules my play, and inſults my underſtanding; ſays, forſooth, that women have not heads enough to play with any thing but dolls, and that they ſhould be employed in things proportionable to their underſtanding, keep at home, and mind family affairs.

I do ſtay at home, Sir, and all the world knows I am at home every Sunday. I have had ſix routes this winter, and ſent out ten packs of cards in invitations to private parties. As for management, I am ſure he cannot call me extravagant, or ſay I

do not mind my family. The children are out at nurſe in villages as cheap as any two little brats can be kept, nor have I ever ſeen them ſince; ſo he has no trouble about them. The ſervants live at board wages. My own dinners come from the Thatch'd Houſe; and I have never paid a penny for any thing I have bought ſince I was married. As for play, I do think I may, indeed, indulge in that, now I am my own miſtreſs. Papa made me drudge at whiſt till I was tired of it; and, far from wanting a head, Mr. Hoyle, when he had not given me above forty leſſons, ſaid I was one of his beſt ſcholars. I thought then with myſelf, that, if once I was at liberty, I would leave play, and take to reading romances, things ſo forbidden at our houſe, and ſo railed at, that it was impoſſible not to fancy them very charming. Moſt unfortunately, to ſave me from abſolute undutifulneſs, juſt as I was married, came dear Brag into faſhion, and ever ſince it has been the joy of my life; ſo eaſy, ſo cheerful and careleſs, ſo void of thought, and ſo genteel! Who can help loving it? Yet the perfidious thing has uſed me very ill of late, and to-morrow I ſhould have changed it for Faro. But, oh! this deteſtable to-morrow, a thing always expected, and never found.——Within theſe few hours muſt I be dragged into the country. The wretch, Sir, left me in a fit, which his threatenings had occaſioned, and unmercifully ordered a poſt-chaiſe. Stay I cannot, for money I have none, and credit I cannot get.——But I will make the monkey

play

play with me at picquet upon the road for all I want. I am almoſt ſure to beat him, and his debts of honour I know he will pay. Then who can tell but I may ſtill come back and conquer lady Packer? Sir, you need not print this laſt ſcheme, and, upon ſecond thoughts, you may.——Oh diſtraction! the poſt-chaiſe is at the door. Sir, publiſh what you will, only let it be printed without a name.

Numb. 16. Saturday, *May* 12, 1750.

—— *Multis dicendi copia torrens,*
Et ſua mortifera eſt facundia—— Juv.

Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd. Dryden.

SIR,

I AM the modeſt young man whom you favoured with your advice, in a late paper; and, as I am very far from ſuſpecting that you foreſaw the numberleſs inconveniencies which I have, by following it, brought upon myſelf, I will lay my condition open before you, for you ſeem bound to extricate me from the perplexities, in which your counſel, however innocent in the intention, has contributed to involve me.

You told me, as you thought, to my comfort, that a writer might eaſily find means of introducing his genius to the world, for the *preſſes of England* *were*

were open. This I have now fatally experienced; the preſs is, indeed, open.

> ——*Facilis deſcenſus Averni,*
> *Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.* VIRG.
>
> The gates of hell are open night and day;
> Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way. DRYDEN.

The means of doing hurt to ourſelves are always at hand. I immediately ſent to a printer, and contracted with him for an impreſſion of ſeveral thouſands of my pamphlet. While it was at the preſs, I was ſeldom abſent from the printing-houſe, and continually urged the workmen to haſte, by ſolicitations, promiſes, and rewards. From the day all other pleaſures were excluded, by the delightful employment of correcting the ſheets; and from the night ſleep generally was baniſhed, by anticipations of the happineſs which every hour was bringing nearer.

At laſt the time of publication approached, and my heart beat with the raptures of an author. I was above all little precautions, and, in defiance of envy or of criticiſm, ſet my name upon the title, without ſufficiently conſidering, that what has once paſſed the preſs is irrevocable, and that though the printing-houſe may properly be compared to the infernal regions, for the facility of its entrance, and the difficulty with which authors return from it; yet there is this difference, that a great genius can never return to his former ſtate, by a happy draught of the waters of oblivion.

I am

I am now, Mr. Rambler, known to be an author, and am condemned, irreverſibly condemned, to all the miſeries of high reputation. The firſt morning after publication my friends aſſembled about me; I preſented each, as is uſual, with a copy of my book. They looked into the firſt pages, but were hindered, by their admiration, from reading further. The firſt pages are, indeed, very elaborate. Some paſſages they particularly dwelt upon, as more eminently beautiful than the reſt; and ſome delicate ſtrokes, and ſecret elegancies, I pointed out to them, which had eſcaped their obſervation. I then begged of them to forbear their compliments, and invited them, I could do no leſs, to dine with me at a tavern. After dinner, the book was reſumed; but their praiſes very often ſo much overpowered my modeſty, that I was forced to put about the glaſs, and had often no means of repreſſing the clamours of their admiration, but by thundering to the drawer for another bottle.

Next morning another ſet of my acquaintance congratulated me upon my performance, with ſuch importunity of praiſe, that I was again forced to obviate their civilities by a treat. On the third day I had yet a greater number of applauders to put to ſilence in the ſame manner; and, on the fourth, thoſe whom I had entertained the firſt day came again, having, in the peruſal of the remaining part of the book, diſcovered ſo many forcible ſentences and maſterly touches, that it was impoſſible for me to bear the repetition of their commendations. I, therefore, perſuaded them once more to adjourn to the tavern, and chuſe ſome other ſubject, on which I might

might ſhare in the converſation. But it was not in their power to withhold their attention from my performance, which had ſo entirely taken poſſeſſion of their minds, that no entreaties of mine could change their topick, and I was obliged to ſtifle, with claret, that praiſe, which neither my modeſty could hinder, nor my uneaſineſs repreſs.

The whole week was thus ſpent in a kind of literary revel, and I have now found that nothing is ſo expenſive as great abilities, unleſs there is joined with them an inſatiable eagerneſs of praiſe; for to eſcape from the pain of hearing myſelf exalted above the greateſt names dead and living of the learned world, it has already coſt me two hogſheads of port, fifteen gallons of arrack, ten dozen of claret, and five and forty bottles of champagne.

I was reſolved to ſtay at home no longer, and, therefore, roſe early and went to the coffee-houſe; but found that I had now made myſelf too eminent for happineſs, and that I was no longer to enjoy the pleaſure of mixing, upon equal terms, with the reſt of the world. As ſoon as I enter the room, I ſee part of the company raging with envy, which they endeavour to conceal, ſometimes with the appearance of laughter, and ſometimes with that of contempt; but the diſguiſe is ſuch that I can diſcover the ſecret rancour of their hearts, and as envy is deſervedly its own puniſhment, I frequently indulge myſelf in tormenting them with my preſence.

But though there may be ſome ſlight ſatisfaction received from the mortification of my enemies, yet my benevolence will not ſuffer me to take any pleaſure in the terrors of my friends. I have been

cautious,

cautious, ſince the appearance of my work, not to give myſelf more premeditated airs of ſuperiority, than the moſt rigid humility might allow. It is, indeed, not impoſſible that I may ſometimes have laid down my opinion, in a manner that ſhewed a conſciouſneſs of my ability to maintain it, or interrupted the converſation, when I ſaw its tendency, without ſuffering the ſpeaker to waſte his time in explaining his ſentiments; and, indeed, I did indulge myſelf for two days in a cuſtom of drumming with my fingers, when the company began to loſe themſelves in abſurdities, or to encroach upon ſubjects which I knew them unqualified to diſcuſs. But I generally acted with great appearance of reſpect, even to thoſe whoſe ſtupidity I pitied in my heart. Yet, notwithſtanding this exemplary moderation, ſo univerſal is the dread of uncommon powers, and ſuch the unwillingneſs of mankind to be made wiſer, that I have now for ſome days found myſelf ſhunned by all my acquaintance. If I knock at a door, no body is at home; if I enter a coffee-houſe, I have the box to myſelf. I live in the town like a lion in his deſert, or an eagle on his rock, too great for friendſhip or ſociety, and condemned to ſolitude, by unhappy elevation, and dreaded aſcendency.

Nor is my character only formidable to others, but burdenſome to myſelf. I naturally love to talk without much thinking, to ſcatter my merriment at random, and to relax my thoughts with ludicrous remarks and fanciful images; but ſuch is now the importance of my opinion, that I am afraid to offer it, leſt, by being eſtabliſhed too haſtily into a maxim,

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it ſhould be the occaſion of error to half the nation; and ſuch is the expectation with which I am attended, when I am going to ſpeak, that I frequently pauſe to reflect whether what I am about to utter is worthy of myſelf.

This, Sir, is ſufficiently miſerable; but there are ſtill greater calamities behind. You muſt have read in Pope and Swift how men of parts have had their cloſets rifled, and their cabinets broke open, at the inſtigation of piratical bookſellers, for the profit of their works; and it is apparent, that there are many prints now ſold in the ſhops, of men whom you cannot ſuſpect of ſitting for that purpoſe, and whoſe likeneſſes muſt have been certainly ſtolen when their names made their faces vendible. Theſe conſiderations at firſt put me on my guard, and I have, indeed, found ſufficient reaſon for my caution, for I have diſcovered many people examining my countenance, with a curioſity that ſhewed their intention to draw it; I immediately left the houſe, but find the ſame behaviour in another.

Others may be perſecuted, but I am haunted; I have good reaſon to believe that eleven painters are now dogging me, for they know that he who can get my face firſt will make his fortune. I often change my wig, and wear my hat over my eyes, by which I hope ſomewhat to confound them; for you know it is not fair to ſell my face, without admitting me to ſhare the profit.

I am, however, not ſo much in pain for my face as for my papers, which I dare neither carry with me nor leave behind. I have, indeed, taken ſome meaſures for their preſervation, having put them in

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an iron cheſt, and fixed a padlock upon my cloſet. I change my lodgings five times a week, and always remove at the dead of night.

Thus I live, in conſequence of having given too great proofs of a predominant genius, in the ſolitude of a hermit, with the anxiety of a miſer, and the caution of an outlaw; afraid to ſhew my face leſt it ſhould be copied; afraid to ſpeak, leſt I ſhould injure my character; and to write, leſt my correſpondents ſhould publiſh my letters; always uneaſy leſt my ſervants ſhould ſteal my papers for the ſake of money, or my friends for that of the publick. This it is to ſoar above the reſt of mankind; and this repreſentation I lay before you, that I may be informed how to diveſt myſelf of the laurels which are ſo cumberſome to the wearer, and deſcend to the enjoyment of that quiet from which I find a writer of the firſt claſs ſo fatally debarred.

MISELLUS.

NUMB. 17. TUESDAY, *May* 15, 1750.

——*Me non oracula certum,*
Sed mors certa facit. LUCAN.

Let those weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling priests for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fixt, my certain soul from doubt has freed. ROWE.

IT is recorded of some eastern monarch, that he kept an officer in his house, whose employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a stated hour, *Remember, prince, that thou shalt die.* And the contemplation of the frailness and uncertainty of our present state appeared of so much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages; *Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life.*

A frequent and attentive prospect of that moment, which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is indeed of the utmost efficacy to the just and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him who should begin every day with a serious reflection that he is born to die.

The disturbers of our happiness, in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our fears, and to all these, the consideration of mortality is a certain

and adequate remedy. Think, ſays Epictetus, frequently on poverty, baniſhment, and death, and thou wilt then never indulge violent deſires, or give up thy heart to mean ſentiments, ȣδὲν ȣ̓δεποτε ταπεινὸν ἐνθυμηση, ȣ̓̎τε ἄγαν ἐπιθυμησεις τινός.

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on juſt obſervation will eaſily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerneſs after the common objects of purſuit is kindled in our minds. We repreſent to ourſelves the pleaſures of ſome future poſſeſſion, and ſuffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engroſſed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happineſs but its attainment, or any miſery but its loſs; every other ſatisfaction which the bounty of providence has ſcattered over life is neglected as inconſiderable, in compariſon of the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as ſtanding in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when a ſharp or tedious ſickneſs has ſet death before his eyes. The extenſive influence of greatneſs, the glitter of wealth, the praiſes of admirers, and the attendance of ſupplicants, have appeared vain and empty things, when the laſt hour ſeemed to be approaching; and the ſame appearance they would always have, if the ſame thought was always predominant. We ſhould then find the abſurdity of ſtretching out our arms inceſſantly to graſp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabrick of ambition, when the foundation itſelf

itſelf is ſhaking, and the ground on which it ſtands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to deſire; we are uneaſy at the attainments of another, according as we think our own happineſs would be advanced by the addition of that which he withholds from us; and therefore whatever depreſſes immoderate wiſhes, will, at the ſame time, ſet the heart free from the corroſion of envy, and exempt us from that vice which is, above moſt others, tormenting to ourſelves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices, and ſordid projects. He that conſiders how ſoon he muſt cloſe his life, will find nothing of ſo much importance as to cloſe it well; and will, therefore, look with indifference upon whatever is uſeleſs to that purpoſe. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out, that the ſtate of others is not more permanent, and that what can confer nothing on himſelf very deſirable, cannot ſo much improve the condition of a rival, as to make him much ſuperior to thoſe from whom he has carried the prize, a prize too mean to deſerve a very obſtinate oppoſition.

Even grief, that paſſion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly ſubject, will be obviated or alleviated, by the ſame thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the bleſſings of our condition are enjoyed with a conſtant ſenſe of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we poſſeſs is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little which our moſt lively hopes can promiſe us, may be made leſs, by ten thouſand accidents; we ſhall not much repine at a loſs, of which we cannot eſtimate

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the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the leaſt amount, we know, with ſufficient certainty, the greateſt, and are convinced that the greateſt is not much to be regretted.

But, if any paſſion has ſo much uſurped our underſtanding, as not to ſuffer us to enjoy advantages with the moderation preſcribed by reaſon, it is not too late to apply this remedy, when we find ourſelves ſinking under ſorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vaniſhed. We may then uſefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that from which, if it had ſtayed a little longer, we ſhould ourſelves have been taken away.

With regard to the ſharpeſt and moſt melting ſorrow, that which ariſes from the loſs of thoſe whom we have loved with tenderneſs, it may be obſerved, that friendſhip between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one muſt ſome time mourn for the other's death: And this grief will always yield to the ſurvivor one conſolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himſelf feels, his friend has eſcaped.

Nor is fear, the moſt overbearing and reſiſtleſs of all our paſſions, leſs to be temperated by this univerſal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it ſhows the vanity of all human good, diſcovers likewiſe the lightneſs of all terreſtrial evil, which certainly can laſt no longer than the ſubject upon which it acts; and according to the old obſervation, muſt be ſhorter, as it is more violent. The moſt cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, muſt, by the neceſſity of nature, be quickly at an

an end. The ſoul cannot long be held in priſon, but will fly away, and leave a lifeleſs body to human malice.

——*Ridetque ſui ludibria trunci.*

And ſoaring mocks the broken frame below.

The utmoſt that we can threaten to one another is that death, which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard, and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wiſe man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue, ſince he knows not how ſmall a portion of time he can purchaſe, but knows, that, whether ſhort or long, it will be made leſs valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is ſure that he deſtroys his happineſs, but is not ſure that he lengthens his life.

The known ſhortneſs of life, as it ought to moderate our paſſions, may likewiſe, with equal propriety, contract our deſigns. There is not time for the moſt forcible genius, and moſt active induſtry, to extend its effects beyond a certain ſphere. To project the conqueſt of the world, is the madneſs of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in every ſcience, has been the folly of literary heroes; and both have found at laſt, that they have panted for a height of eminence denied to humanity, and have loſt many opportunities of making themſelves uſeful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a ſpecies of honour, which the eternal laws of providence have placed beyond the reach of man.

The miſcarriages of the great deſigns of princes are recorded in the hiſtories of the world, but are of little

little uſe to the bulk of mankind, who ſeem very little intereſted in admonitions againſt errors which they cannot commit. But the fate of learned ambition is a proper ſubject for every ſcholar to conſider; for who has not had occaſion to regret the diſſipation of great abilities in a boundleſs multiplicity of purſuits, to lament the ſudden deſertion of excellent deſigns, upon the offer of ſome other ſubject made inviting by its novelty, and to obſerve the inaccuracy and deficiencies of works left unfiniſhed by too great an extenſion of the plan?

It is always pleaſing to obſerve, how much more our minds can conceive, than our bodies can perform; yet it is our duty, while we continue in this complicated ſtate, to regulate one part of our compoſition by ſome regard to the other. We are not to indulge our corporeal appetites with pleaſures that impair our intellectual vigour, nor gratify our minds with ſchemes which we know our lives muſt fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to ſet bounds to our deſigns, and add incitements to our induſtry; and when we find ourſelves inclined either to immenſity in our ſchemes, or ſluggiſhneſs in our endeavours, we may either check, or animate, ourſelves, by recollecting, with the father of phyſick, *that art is long, and life is ſhort.*

THE ... MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ... TANJORE ...

Numb. 18. Saturday, *May* 19, 1750.

Illic matre carentibus,
Privignis muliere temperat innocens,
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero:
Dos eſt magna parentum
Virtus, et metuens alterius tori
Certo fœdere caſtitas. HORACE.

Not there the guiltleſs ſtep-dame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compoſe;
No wife high-portion'd rules her ſpouſe,
Or truſts her eſſenc'd lover's faithleſs vows:
The lovers there for dow'ry claim
The father's virtue, and the ſpotleſs fame
Which dares not break the nuptial tie. FRANCIS.

THERE is no obſervation more frequently made by ſuch as employ themſelves in ſurveying the conduct of mankind, than that marriage, though the dictate of nature, and the inſtitution of providence, is yet very often the cauſe of miſery, and that thoſe who enter into that ſtate can ſeldom forbear to expreſs their repentance, and their envy of thoſe whom either chance or caution hath withheld from it.

This general unhappineſs has given occaſion to many ſage maxims among the ſerious, and ſmart remarks among the gay; the moraliſt and the writer of epigrams have equally ſhown their abilities upon it; ſome have lamented, and ſome have ridiculed

it; but as the faculty of writing has been chiefly a maſculine endowment, the reproach of making the world miſerable has been always thrown upon the women, and the grave and the merry have equally thought themſelves at liberty to conclude either with declamatory complaints, or ſatirical cenſures, of female folly or fickleneſs, ambition or cruelty, extravagance or luſt.

Led by ſuch number of examples, and incited by my ſhare in the common intereſt, I ſometimes venture to conſider this univerſal grievance, having endeavoured to diveſt my heart of all partiality, and place myſelf as a kind of neutral being between the ſexes, whoſe clamours, being equally vented on both ſides with all the vehemence of diſtreſs, all the apparent confidence of juſtice, and all the indignation of injured virtue, ſeem intitled to equal regard. The men have, indeed, by their ſuperiority of writing, been able to collect the evidence of many ages, and raiſe prejudices in their favour by the venerable teſtimonies of philoſophers, hiſtorians, and poets; but the pleas of the ladies appeal to paſſions of more forcible operation than the reverence of antiquity. If they have not ſo great names on their ſide, they have ſtronger arguments; it is to little purpoſe, that Socrates, or Euripides, are produced againſt the ſighs of ſoftneſs, and the tears of beauty. The moſt frigid and inexorable judge would, at leaſt, ſtand ſuſpended between equal powers, as Lucan was perplexed in the determination of the cauſe, where the deities were on one ſide, and Cato on the other.

But I, who have long ſtudied the ſevereſt and moſt abſtracted philoſophy, have now, in the cool maturity of life, arrived at ſuch command over my paſſions, that I can hear the vociferations of either ſex without catching any of the fire from thoſe that utter them. For I have found, by long experience, that a man will ſometimes rage at his wife, when in reality his miſtreſs has offended him; and a lady complain of the cruelty of her huſband, when ſhe has no other enemy than bad cards. I do not ſuffer myſelf to be any longer impoſed upon by oaths on one ſide, or fits on the other; nor when the huſband haſtens to the tavern, and the lady retires to her cloſet, am I always confident that they are driven by their miſeries; ſince I have ſometimes reaſon to believe, that they purpoſe not ſo much to ſooth their ſorrows, as to animate their fury. But how little credit ſoever may be given to particular accuſations, the general accumulation of the charge ſhews, with too much evidence, that married perſons are not very often advanced in felicity; and, therefore, it may be proper to examine at what avenues ſo many evils have made their way into the world. With this purpoſe, I have reviewed the lives of my friends, who have been leaſt ſucceſsful in connubial contracts, and attentively conſidered by what motives they were incited to marry, and by what principles they regulated their choice.

One of the firſt of my acquaintances that reſolved to quit the unſettled thoughtleſs condition of a batchelor, was Prudentius, a man of ſlow parts, but not without knowledge or judgment in things

things which he had leifure to confider gradually before he determined them. Whenever we met at a tavern, it was his province to fettle the fcheme of our entertainment, contract with the cook, and inform us when we had called for wine to the fum originally propofed. This grave confiderer found, by deep meditation, that a man was no lofer by marrying early, even though he contented himfelf with a lefs fortune; for eftimating the exact worth of annuities, he found that confidering the conftant diminution of the value of life, with the probable fall of the intereft of money, it was not worfe to have ten thoufand pounds at the age of two and twenty years, than a much larger fortune at thirty; for many opportunities, fays he, occur of improving money, which if a man miffes, he may not afterwards recover.

Full of thefe reflections, he threw his eyes about him, not in fearch of beauty or elegance, dignity or underftanding, but of a woman with ten thoufand pounds. Such a woman, in a wealthy part of the kingdom, it was not very difficult to find; and by artful management with her father, whofe ambition was to make his daughter a gentlewoman, my friend got her, as he boafted to us in confidence two days after his marriage, for a fettlement of feventy-three pounds a year lefs than her fortune might have claimed, and lefs than he would himfelf have given, if the fools had been but wife enough to delay the bargain.

Thus, at once delighted with the fuperiority of his parts, and the augmentation of his fortune, he carried Furia to his own houfe, in which he never

afterwards enjoyed one hour of happineſs. For Furia was a wretch of mean intellects, violent paſſions, a ſtrong voice, and low education, without any ſenſe of happineſs but that which conſiſted in eating and counting money. Furia was a ſcold. They agreed in the deſire of wealth, but with this difference, that Prudentius was for growing rich by gain, Furia by parſimony. Prudentius would venture his money with chances very much in his favour; but Furia very wiſely obſerving that what they had was, while they had it, *their own*, thought all traffick too great a hazard, and was for putting it out at low intereſt, upon good ſecurity. Prudentius ventured, however, to inſure a ſhip, at a very unreaſonable price, but happening to loſe his money, was ſo tormented with the clamours of his wife, that he never durſt try a ſecond experiment. He has now grovelled ſeven and forty years under Furia's direction, who never once mentioned him, ſince his bad luck, by any other name than that of *the inſurer*.

The next that married from our ſociety was Florentius. He happened to ſee Zephyretta in a chariot at a horſe-race, danced with her at night, was confirmed in his firſt ardour, waited on her next morning, and declared himſelf her lover. Florentius had not knowledge enough of the world, to diſtinguiſh between the flutter of coquetry, and the ſprightlineſs of wit, or between the ſmile of allurement, and that of cheerfulneſs. He was ſoon waked from his rapture, by conviction that his pleaſure was but the pleaſure of a day. Zephyretta had in four and twenty hours ſpent her ſtock of

repartee,

repartee, gone round the circle of her airs, and had nothing remaining for him but childiſh inſipidity, or for herſelf, but the practice of the ſame artifices upon new men.

Meliſſus was a man of parts, capable of enjoying and of improving life. He had paſſed through the various ſcenes of gaiety with that indifference and poſſeſſion of himſelf, natural to men who have ſomething higher and nobler in their proſpect. Retiring to ſpend the ſummer in a village little frequented, he happened to lodge in the ſame houſe with Ianthe, and was unavoidably drawn to ſome acquaintance, which her wit and politeneſs ſoon invited him to improve. Having no opportunity of any other company, they were always together; and, as they owed their pleaſures to each other, they began to forget that any pleaſure was enjoyed before their meeting. Meliſſus, from being delighted with her company, quickly began to be uneaſy in her abſence, and being ſufficiently convinced of the force of her underſtanding, and finding, as he imagined, ſuch a conformity of temper as declared them formed for each other, addreſſed her as a lover, after no very long courtſhip obtained her for his wife, and brought her next winter to town in triumph.

Now began their infelicity. Meliſſus had only ſeen her in one ſcene, where there was no variety of objects, to produce the proper excitements to contrary deſires. They had both loved ſolitude and reflection, where there was nothing but ſolitude and reflection to be loved; but when they came into publick life, Ianthe diſcovered thoſe paſſions which

which accident rather than hypocrify had hitherto concealed. She was, indeed, not without the power of thinking, but was wholly without the exertion of that power, when either gaiety, or fplendour, played on her imagination. She was expenfive in her diverfions, vehement in her paffions, infatiate of pleafure however dangerous to her reputation, and eager of applaufe by whomfoever it might be given. This was the wife which Meliffus the philofopher found in his retirement, and from whom he expected an affociate in his ftudies, and an affiftant to his virtues.

Profapius, upon the death of his younger brother, that the family might not be extinct, married his houfekeeper, and has ever fince been complaining to his friends that mean notions are inftilled into his children, that he is afhamed to fit at his own table, and that his houfe is uneafy to him for want of fuitable companions.

Avaro, mafter of a very large eftate, took a woman of bad reputation, recommended to him by a rich uncle, who made that marriage the condition on which he fhould be his heir. Avaro now wonders to perceive his own fortune, his wife's and his uncle's, infufficient to give him that happinefs which is to be found only with a woman of virtue.

I intend to treat in more papers on this important article of life, and fhall, therefore, make no reflection upon thefe hiftories, except that all whom I have mentioned failed to obtain happinefs, for want of confidering that marriage is the ftricteft tie of

perpetual

perpetual friendſhip; that there can be no friendſhip without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and that he muſt expect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches, or politeneſs, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

NUMB. 19. TUESDAY, *May* 22, 1750.

Dum te cauſidicum, dum te modo rhetora fingis,
Et non decernis, Taure, *quid eſſe velis,*
Peleos & Priami *tranſit, vel* Neſtoris *ætas,*
Et ſerum fuerat jam tibi deſinere.——
Eja, age, rumpe moras, quo te ſpectabimus uſque?
Dum quid ſis dubitas, jam potes eſſe nihil. MART.

To rhetorick now, and now to law inclin'd,
Uncertain where to fix thy changing mind;
Old *Priam*'s age or *Neſtor*'s may be out,
And thou, O *Taurus*, ſtill go on in doubt.
Come then, how long ſuch wav'ring ſhall we ſee?
Thou may'ſt doubt on: thou now can'ſt nothing be.
F. LEWIS.

IT is never without very melancholy reflections, that we can obſerve the miſconduct, or miſcarriage, of thoſe men, who ſeem, by the force of underſtanding, or extent of knowledge, exempted from the general frailties of human nature, and privileged from the common infelicities of life. Though the world is crowded with ſcenes of calamity, we look upon the general maſs of wretchedneſs with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the ſtate of par-

ticular perfons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude; as in reading an account of a battle, we feldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of flaughter, but follow the hero, with our whole attention, through all the varieties of his fortune, without a thought of the thoufands that are falling round him.

With the fame kind of anxious veneration I have for many years been making obfervations on the life of Polyphilus, a man whom all his acquaintances have, from his firft appearance in the world, feared for the quicknefs of his difcernment, and admired for the multiplicity of his attainments, but whofe progrefs in life, and ufefulnefs to mankind, has been hindered by the fuperfluity of his knowledge, and the celerity of his mind.

Polyphilus was remarkable, at the fchool, for furpaffing all his companions, without any vifible application, and at the univerfity was diftinguifhed equally for his fuccefsful progrefs as well through the thorny mazes of fcience, as the flowery path of politer literature, without any ftrict confinement to hours of ftudy, or remarkable forbearance of the common amufements of young men.

When Polyphilus was at the age in which men ufually chufe their profeffion, and prepare to enter into a public character, every academical eye was fixed upon him; all were curious to enquire, what this univerfal genius would fix upon for the employment of his life; and no doubt was made but that he would leave all his contemporaries behind him, and mount to the higheft honours of that clafs

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in which he ſhould inliſt himſelf, without thoſe delays and pauſes which muſt be endured by meaner abilities.

Polyphilus, though by no means inſolent or aſſuming, had been ſufficiently encouraged, by uninterrupted ſucceſs, to place great confidence in his own parts; and was not below his companions in the indulgence of his hopes, and expectations of the aſtoniſhment with which the world would be ſtruck, when firſt his luſtre ſhould break out upon it; nor could he forbear (for whom does not conſtant flattery intoxicate?) to join ſometimes in the mirth of his friends, at the ſudden diſappearance of thoſe, who, having ſhone a while, and drawn the eyes of the publick upon their feeble radiance, were now doomed to fade away before him.

It is natural for a man to catch advantageous notions of the condition which thoſe with whom he converſes are ſtriving to attain. Polyphilus, in a ramble to London, fell accidentally among the phyſicians, and was ſo much pleaſed with the proſpect of turning philoſophy to profit, and ſo highly delighted with a new theory of fevers which darted into his imagination, and which, after having conſidered it a few hours, he found himſelf able to maintain againſt all the advocates for the ancient ſyſtem, that he reſolved to apply himſelf to anatomy, botany, and chemiſtry, and to leave no part unconquered either of the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms.

He therefore read authors, conſtructed ſyſtems, and tried experiments; but unhappily, as he was

going to ſee a new plant in flower at Chelſea, he met, in croſſing Weſtminſter to take water, the chancellor's coach; he had the curioſity to follow him into the hall, where a remarkable cauſe happened to be tried, and found himſelf able to produce ſo many arguments, which the lawyers had omitted on both ſides, that he determined to quit phyſick for a profeſſion in which he found it would be ſo eaſy to excel, and which promiſed higher honours, and larger profits, without melancholy attendance upon miſery, mean ſubmiſſion to peeviſhneſs, and continual interruption of reſt and pleaſure.

He immediately took chambers in the Temple, bought a common-place-book, and confined himſelf for ſome months to the peruſal of the ſtatutes, year-books, pleadings, and reports; he was a conſtant hearer of the courts, and began to put caſes with reaſonable accuracy. But he ſoon diſcovered, by conſidering the fortune of lawyers, that preferment was not to be got by acuteneſs, learning, and eloquence. He was perplexed by the abſurdities of attornies, and miſrepreſentations made by his clients of their own cauſes, by the uſeleſs anxiety of one, and the inceſſant importunity of another; he began to repent of having devoted himſelf to a ſtudy, which was ſo narrow in its comprehenſion that it could never carry his name to any other country, and thought it unworthy of a man of parts to ſell his life only for money. The barrenneſs of his fellow-ſtudents forced him generally into other company at his hours of entertainment,

tainment, and among the varieties of converſation through which his curioſity was daily wandering, he, by chance, mingled at a tavern with ſome intelligent officers of the army. A man of letters was eaſily dazzled with the gaiety of their appearance, and ſoftened into kindneſs by the politeneſs of their addreſs; he, therefore, cultivated this new acquaintance, and when he ſaw how readily they found in every place admiſſion and regard, and how familiarly they mingled with every rank and order of men, he began to feel his heart beat for military honours, and wondered how the prejudices of the univerſity ſhould make him ſo long inſenſible of that ambition, which has fired ſo many hearts in every age, and negligent of that calling, which is, above all others, univerſally and invariably illuſtrious, and which gives, even to the exterior appearance of its profeſſors, a dignity and freedom unknown to the reſt of mankind.

Theſe favourable impreſſions were made ſtill deeper by his converſation with ladies, whoſe regard for ſoldiers he could not obſerve, without wiſhing himſelf one of that happy fraternity, to which the female world ſeemed to have devoted their charms and their kindneſs. The love of knowledge, which was ſtill his predominant inclination, was gratified by the recital of adventures, and accounts of foreign countries; and therefore he concluded that there was no way of life in which all his views could ſo completely concenter as in that of a ſoldier. In the art of war he thought it not difficult to excel, having obſerved his new friends

friends not very much verſed in the principles of tacticks or fortification; he therefore ſtudied all the military writers both ancient and modern, and, in a ſhort time, could tell how to have gained every remarkable battle that has been loſt from the beginning of the world. He often ſhewed at table how Alexander ſhould have been checked in his conqueſts, what was the fatal error at Pharſalia, how Charles of Sweden might have eſcaped his ruin at Pultowa, and Marlborough might have been made to repent his temerity at Blenheim. He entrenched armies upon paper ſo that no ſuperiority of numbers could force them, and modelled in clay many impregnable fortreſſes, on which all the preſent arts of attack would be exhauſted without effect.

Polyphilus, in a ſhort time, obtained a commiſſion; but before he could rub off the ſolemnity of a ſcholar, and gain the true air of military vivacity, a war was declared, and forces ſent to the continent. Here Polyphilus unhappily found that ſtudy alone would not make a ſoldier; for being much accuſtomed to think, he let the ſenſe of danger ſink into his mind, and felt at the approach of any action, that terror which a ſentence of death would have brought upon him. He ſaw that, inſtead of conquering their fears, the endeavour of his gay friends was only to eſcape them; but his philoſophy chained his mind to its object, and rather loaded him with ſhackles than furniſhed him with arms. He, however, ſuppreſſed his miſery in ſilence, and paſſed through the campaign with ho-

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nour, but found himſelf utterly unable to ſupport another.

He then had recourſe again to his books, and continued to range from one ſtudy to another. As I uſually viſit him once a month, and am admitted to him without previous notice, I have found him, within this laſt half year, decyphering the Chineſe language, making a farce, collecting a vocabulary of the obſolete terms of the Engliſh law, writing an inquiry concerning the ancient Corinthian braſs, and forming a new ſcheme of the variations of the needle.

Thus is this powerful genius, which might have extended the ſphere of any ſcience, or benefited the world in any profeſſion, diſſipated in a boundleſs variety, without profit to others or himſelf. He makes ſudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge, and ſees all obſtacles give way before him; but he never ſtays long enough to complete his conqueſt, to eſtabliſh laws, or bring away the ſpoils.

Such is often the folly of men, whom nature has enabled to obtain ſkill and knowledge, on terms ſo eaſy, that they have no ſenſe of the value of the acquiſition; they are qualified to make ſuch ſpeedy progreſs in learning, that they think themſelves at liberty to loiter in the way, and by turning aſide after every new object, loſe the race, like Atalanta, to ſlower competitors, who preſs diligently forward, and whoſe force is directed to a ſingle point.

I have often thought thoſe happy that have been fixed, from the firſt dawn of thought, in a determination to ſome ſtate of life, by the choice of one, whoſe authority may preclude caprice, and

whofe influence may prejudice them in favour of his opinion. The general precept of confulting the genius is of little ufe, unlefs we are told, how the genius can be known. If it is to be difcovered only by experiment, life will be loft, before the refolution can be fixed; if any other indications are to be found, they may, perhaps, be very early difcerned. At leaft, if to mifcarry in an attempt be a proof of having miftaken the direction of the genius, men appear not lefs frequently deceived with regard to themfelves than to others; and therefore, no one has much reafon to complain that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he fhould have had either more honour or happinefs, by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.

It was faid of the learned bifhop Sanderfon, that, when he was preparing his lectures, he hefitated fo much, and rejected fo often, that, at the time of reading, he was often forced to produce, not what was beft, but what happened to be at hand. This will be the ftate of every man, who, in the choice of his employment, balances all the arguments on every fide; the complication is fo intricate, the motives and objections fo numerous, there is fo much play for the imagination, and fo much remains in the power of others, that reafon is forced at laft to reft in neutrality, the decifion devolves into the hands of chance, and after a great part of life fpent in inquiries which can never be refolved, the reft muft often pafs in repenting the unneceffary delay, and can be ufeful to few other purpofes than to warn others againft the fame folly, and

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to ſhew, that of two ſtates of life equally conſiſtent with religion and virtue, he who chuſes earlieſt chuſes beſt.

NUMB. 20. SATURDAY, *May* 26, 1750.

Ad populum phaleras, ego te intus, et in cute novi. PERSIUS.

Such pageantry be to the people ſhown;
There boaſt thy horſe's trappings and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow center, to thy utmoſt ſkin. DRYDEN.

AMONG the numerous ſtratagems, by which pride endeavours to recommend folly to regard, there is ſcarcely one that meets with leſs ſucceſs than affectation, or a perpetual diſguiſe of the real character, by fictitious appearances; whether it be, that every man hates falſehood, from the natural congruity of truth to his faculties of reaſon, or that every man is jealous of the honour of his underſtanding, and thinks his diſcernment conſequentially called in queſtion, whenever any thing is exhibited under a borrowed form.

This averſion from all kinds of diſguiſe, whatever be its cauſe, is univerſally diffuſed, and inceſſantly in action; nor is it neceſſary, that to exaſperate deteſtation, or excite contempt, any intereſt ſhould be invaded, or any competition attempted; it is ſufficient, that there is an intention to deceive, an

intention which every heart ſwells to oppoſe, and every tongue is buſy to detect.

This reflection was awakened in my mind by a very common practice among my correſpondents, of writing under characters which they cannot ſupport, which are of no uſe to the explanation or enforcement of that which they deſcribe or recommend; and which, therefore, ſince they aſſume them only for the ſake of diſplaying their abilities, I will adviſe them for the future to forbear, as laborious without advantage.

It is almoſt a general ambition of thoſe who favour me with their advice for the regulation of my conduct, or their contribution for the aſſiſtance of my underſtanding, to affect the ſtyle and the names of ladies. And I cannot always withhold ſome expreſſion of anger, like Sir Hugh in the comedy, when I happen to find that a woman has a beard. I muſt therefore warn the gentle Phyllis, that ſhe ſend me no more letters from the Horſe-Guards; and require of Belinda, that ſhe be content to reſign her pretenſions to female elegance, till ſhe has lived three weeks without hearing the politicks of Batſon's coffee-houſe. I muſt indulge myſelf in the liberty of obſervation, that there were ſome alluſions in Chloris's production, ſufficient to ſhew that Bracton and Plowden are her favourite authors; and that Euphelia has not been long enough at home, to wear out all the traces of the phraſeology, which ſhe learned in the expedition to Carthagena.

Among all my female friends, there was none who gave me more trouble to decypher her true character, than

than Penthesilea, whose letter lay upon my desk three days before I could fix upon the real writer. There was a confusion of images, and medley of barbarity, which held me long in suspense; till by perseverance I disentangled the perplexity, and found, that Penthesilea is the son of a wealthy stock-jobber, who spends his morning under his father's eye in Change-Alley, dines at a tavern in Covent-Garden, passes his evening in the playhouse, and part of the night at a gaming-table, and having learned the dialects of these various regions, has mingled them all in a studied composition.

When Lee was once told by a critick, that it was very easy to write like a madman; he answered, that it was difficult to write like a madman, but easy enough to write like a fool; and I hope to be excused by my kind contributors, if, in imitation of this great author, I presume to remind them, that it is much easier not to write like a man, than to write like a woman.

I have, indeed, some ingenious well-wishers, who, without departing from their sex, have found very wonderful appellations. A very smart letter has been sent me from a puny ensign, signed Ajax Telamonius; another, in recommendation of a new treatise upon cards, from a gamester, who calls himself Sesostris; and another upon the improvements of the fishery, from Dioclesian: but as these seem only to have picked up their appellations by chance, without endeavouring at any particular imposture, their improprieties are rather instances of blunder than of affectation, and are, therefore, not equally fitted to inflame the hostile passions; for it is not

folly but pride, not error but deceit, which the world means to perfecute, when it raifes the full cry of nature to hunt down affectation.

The hatred which diffimulation always draws upon itfelf, is fo great, that if I did not know how much cunning differs from wifdom, I fhould wonder that any men have fo little knowledge of their own intereft, as to afpire to wear a mafk for life; to try to impofe upon the world a character, to which they feel themfelves void of any juft claim; and to hazard their quiet, their fame, and even their profit, by expofing themfelves to the danger of that reproach, malevolence, and neglect, which fuch a difcovery as they have always to fear will certainly bring upon them.

It might be imagined, that the pleafure of reputation fhould confift in the fatisfaction of having our opinion of our own merit confirmed by the fuffrage of the publick; and that, to be extolled for a quality, which a man knows himfelf to want, fhould give him no other happinefs than to be miftaken for the owner of an eftate, over which he chances to be travelling. But he who fubfifts upon affectation, knows nothing of this delicacy; like a defperate adventurer in commerce, he takes up reputation upon truft, mortgages poffeffions which he never had, and enjoys, to the fatal hour of bankruptcy, though with a thoufand terrors and anxieties, the unneceffary fplendour of borrowed riches.

Affectation is to be always diftinguifhed from hypocrify, as being the art of counterfeiting thofe qualities which we might, with innocence and fafety, be known to want. Thus the man, who, to carry

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on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion, and exactneſs of life, is guilty of hypocriſy; and his guilt is greater, as the end, for which he puts on the falſe appearance, is more pernicious. But he that, with an awkward addreſs, and unpleaſing countenance, boaſts of the conqueſts made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thouſands which he might have poſſeſſed if he would have ſubmitted to the yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with affectation. Hypocriſy is the neceſſary burthen of villany, affectation part of the choſen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other only finiſhes a fop. Contempt is the proper puniſhment of affectation, and deteſtation the juſt conſequence of hypocriſy.

With the hypocrite it is not at preſent my intention to expoſtulate, though even he might be taught the excellency of virtue, by the neceſſity of ſeeming to be virtuous; but the man of affectation may, perhaps, be reclaimed, by finding how little he is likely to gain by perpetual conſtraint, and inceſſant vigilance, and how much more ſecurely he might make his way to eſteem, by cultivating real, than diſplaying counterfeit qualities.

Every thing future is to be eſtimated by a wiſe man, in proportion to the probability of attaining it, and its value when attained; and neither of theſe conſiderations will much contribute to the encouragement of affectation. For, if the pinnacles of fame be, at beſt, ſlippery, how unſteady muſt his footing be who ſtands upon pinnacles without foundation! If praiſe be made, by the inconſtancy

and maliciouſneſs of thoſe who muſt confer it, a bleſſing which no man can promiſe himſelf from the moſt conſpicuous merit and vigorous induſtry, how faint muſt be the hope of gaining it, when the uncertainty is multiplied by the weakneſs of the pretenſions! He that purſues fame with juſt claims, truſts his happineſs to the winds; but he that endeavours after it by falſe merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the ſtorm, but the leaks of his veſſel. Though he ſhould happen to keep above water for a time, by the help of a ſoft breeze, and a calm ſea, at the firſt guſt he muſt inevitably founder, with this melancholy reflection, that, if he would have been content with his natural ſtation, he might have eſcaped his calamity. Affectation may poſſibly ſucceed for a time, and a man may, by great attention, perſuade others, that he really has the qualities which he preſumes to boaſt; but the hour will come when he ſhould exert them, and then whatever he enjoyed in praiſe, he muſt ſuffer in reproach.

Applauſe and admiration are by no means to be counted among the neceſſaries of life, and therefore any indirect arts to obtain them have very little claim to pardon or compaſſion. There is ſcarcely any man without ſome valuable or improveable qualities, by which he might always ſecure himſelf from contempt. And perhaps exemption from ignominy is the moſt eligible reputation, as freedom from pain is, among ſome philoſophers, the definition of happineſs.

If we therefore compare the value of the praiſe obtained by fictitious excellence, even while the

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cheat is yet undifcovered, with that kindnefs which every man may fuit by his virtue, and that efteem to which moft men may rife by common underftanding fteadily and honeftly applied, we fhall find that when from the adfcititious happinefs all the deductions are made by fear and cafualty, there will remain nothing equiponderant to the fecurity of truth. The ftate of the poffeffor of humble virtues, to the affecter of great excellencies, is that of a fmall cottage of ftone, to the palace raifed with ice by the emprefs of Ruffia; it was for a time fplendid and luminous, but the firft funfhine melted it to nothing.

NUMB. 21. TUESDAY, *May* 29, 1750.

Terra falutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
Nutrit; & urticæ proxima fæpe rofa eft. OVID.

Our bane and phyfick the fame earth beftows,
And near the noifome nettle blooms the rofe.

EVERY man is prompted by the love of himfelf to imagine, that he poffeffes fome qualities, fuperior, either in kind or in degree, to thofe which he fees allotted to the reft of the world; and, whatever apparent difadvantages he may fuffer in the comparifon with others, he has fome invifible diftinctions, fome latent referve of excellence, which he throws into the balance, and by which he generally fancies that it is turned in his favour.

The ftudious and fpeculative part of mankind always feem to confider their fraternity as placed in

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a ſtate of oppoſition to thoſe who are engaged in the tumult of publick buſineſs; and have pleaſed themſelves, from age to age, with celebrating the felicity of their own condition, and with recounting the perplexity of politicks, the dangers of greatneſs, the anxieties of ambition, and the miſeries of riches.

Among the numerous topicks of declamation, that their induſtry has diſcovered on this ſubject, there is none which they preſs with greater efforts, or on which they have more copiouſly laid out their reaſon and their imagination, than the inſtability of high ſtations, and the uncertainty with which the profits and honours are poſſeſſed, that muſt be acquired with ſo much hazard, vigilance, and labour.

This they appear to conſider as an irrefragable argument againſt the choice of the ſtateſman and the warriour; and ſwell with confidence of victory, thus furniſhed by the muſes with the arms which never can be blunted, and which no art or ſtrength of their adverſaries can elude or reſiſt.

It is well known by experience to the nations which employed elephants in war, that though by the terrour of their bulk, and the violence of their impreſſion, they often threw the enemy into diſorder, yet there was always danger in the uſe of them, very nearly equivalent to the advantage; for if their firſt charge could be ſupported, they were eaſily driven back upon their confederates; they then broke through the troops behind them, and made no leſs havock in the precipitation of their retreat, than in the fury of their onſet.

I know not whether thofe, who have fo vehemently urged the inconveniencies and danger of an active life, have not made ufe of arguments that may be retorted with equal force upon themfelves; and whether the happinefs of a candidate for literary fame be not fubject to the fame uncertainty with that of him who governs provinces, commands armies, prefides in the fenate, or dictates in the cabinet.

That eminence of learning is not to be gained without labour, at leaft equal to that which any other kind of greatnefs can require, will be allowed by thofe who wifh to elevate the character of a fcholar; fince they cannot but know, that every human acquifition is valuable in proportion to the difficulty employed in its attainment. And that thofe, who have gained the efteem and veneration of the world, by their knowledge or their genius, are by no means exempt from the folicitude which any other kind of dignity produces, may be conjectured from the innumerable artifices which they make ufe of to degrade a fuperior, to reprefs a rival, or obftruct a follower; artifices fo grofs and mean, as to prove evidently how much a man may excel in learning, without being either more wife or more virtuous than thofe whofe ignorance he pities or defpifes.

Nothing therefore remains, by which the ftudent can gratify his defire of appearing to have built his happinefs on a more firm bafis than his antagonift, except the certainty with which his honours are enjoyed. The garlands gained by the heroes of literature muft be gathered from fummits equally difficult to climb with thofe that bear the civick or triumphal wreaths, they muft be worn with equal envy,

and guarded with equal care from thoſe hands that are always employed in efforts to tear them away; the only remaining hope is, that their verdure is more laſting, and that they are leſs likely to fail by time, or leſs obnoxious to the blaſts of accident.

Even this hope will receive very little encouragement from the examination of the hiſtory of learning, or obſervation of the fate of ſcholars in the preſent age. If we look back into paſt times, we find innumerable names of authors once in high reputation, read perhaps by the beautiful, quoted by the witty, and commented by the grave; but of whom we now know only that they once exiſted. If we conſider the diſtribution of literary fame in our own time, we ſhall find it a poſſeſſion of very uncertain tenure; ſometimes beſtowed by a ſudden caprice of the publick, and again transferred to a new favourite, for no other reaſon than that he is new; ſometimes refuſed to long labour and eminent deſert, and ſometimes granted to very ſlight pretenſions; loſt ſometimes by ſecurity and negligence, and ſometimes by too diligent endeavours to retain it.

A ſucceſsful author is equally in danger of the diminution of his fame, whether he continues or ceaſes to write. The regard of the publick is not to be kept but by tribute, and the remembrance of paſt ſervice will quickly languiſh unleſs ſucceſſive performances frequently revive it. Yet in every new attempt there is new hazard, and there are few who do not, at ſome unlucky time, injure their own characters by attempting to enlarge them.

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There are many poſſible cauſes of that inequality which we may ſo frequently obſerve in the performances of the ſame man, from the influence of which no ability or induſtry is ſufficiently ſecured, and which have ſo often ſullied the ſplendour of genius, that the wit, as well as the conqueror, may be properly cautioned not to indulge his pride with too early triumphs, but to defer to the end of life his eſtimate of happineſs.

——Ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet.

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die. ADDISON.

Among the motives that urge an author to undertakings by which his reputation is impaired, one of the moſt frequent muſt be mentioned with tenderneſs, becauſe it is not to be counted among his follies, but his miſeries. It very often happens that the works of learning or of wit are performed at the direction of thoſe by whom they are to be rewarded; the writer has not always the choice of his ſubject, but is compelled to accept any taſk which is thrown before him, without much conſideration of his own convenience, and without time to prepare himſelf by previous ſtudies.

Miſcarriages of this kind are likewiſe frequently the conſequence of that acquaintance with the great, which is generally conſidered as one of the chief privileges of literature and genius. A man who has once learned to think himſelf exalted by familiarity

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with thoſe, whom nothing but their birth, or their fortunes, or ſuch ſtations as are ſeldom gained by moral excellence, ſet above him, will not be long without ſubmitting his underſtanding to their conduct; he will ſuffer them to preſcribe the courſe of his ſtudies, and employ him for their own purpoſes either of diverſion or intereſt. His deſire of pleaſing thoſe whoſe favour he has weakly made neceſſary to himſelf, will not ſuffer him always to conſider how little he is qualified for the work impoſed. Either his vanity will tempt him to conceal his deficiencies, or that cowardice, which always encroaches faſt upon ſuch as ſpend their lives in the company of perſons higher than themſelves, will not leave him reſolution to aſſert the liberty of choice.

But, though we ſuppoſe that a man by his fortune can avoid the neceſſity of dependence, and by his ſpirit can repel the uſurpations of patronage, yet he may eaſily, by writing long, happen to write ill. There is a general ſucceſſion of events in which contraries are produced by periodical viciſſitudes; labour and care are rewarded with ſucceſs, ſucceſs produces confidence, confidence relaxes induſtry, and negligence ruins that reputation which accuracy had raiſed.

He that happens not to be lulled by praiſe into ſupineneſs, may be animated by it to undertakings above his ſtrength, or incited to fancy himſelf alike qualified for every kind of compoſition, and able to comply with the publick taſte through all its variations. By ſome opinion like this, many men have been engaged, at an advanced age, in attempts which they had not time to complete, and after a few

weak efforts, ſunk into the grave with vexation to ſee the riſing generation gain ground upon them. From theſe failures the higheſt genius is not exempt; that judgment which appears ſo penetrating, when it is employed upon the works of others, very often fails where intereſt or paſſion can exert their power. We are blinded in examining our own labours by innumerable prejudices. Our juvenile compoſitions pleaſe us, becauſe they bring to our minds the remembrance of youth; our later performances we are ready to eſteem, becauſe we are unwilling to think that we have made no improvement; what flows eaſily from the pen charms us, becauſe we read with pleaſure that which flatters our opinion of our own powers; what was compoſed with great ſtruggles of the mind we do not eaſily reject, becauſe we cannot bear that ſo much labour ſhould be fruitleſs. But the reader has none of theſe prepoſſeſſions, and wonders that the author is ſo unlike himſelf, without conſidering that the ſame ſoil will, with different culture, afford different products.

NUMB. 22. SATURDAY, *June* 2, 1750.

—— Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium, alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amice. HOR.

Without a genius learning ſoars in vain;
And without learning genius ſinks again;
Their force united crowns the ſprightly reign.
ELPHINSTON.

WIT and LEARNING were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; WIT was the offspring of EUPHROSYNE, and reſembled her in cheerfulneſs and vivacity; LEARNING was born of SOPHIA, and retained her ſeriouſneſs and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual oppoſition, and all means were ſo inceſſantly employed to impreſs upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foreſaw the ill effects of their diſcord, endeavoured to ſoften them, by dividing his regard equally between them, yet his impartiality and kindneſs were without effect; the maternal animoſity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their firſt ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as freſh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No ſooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celeſtials, than WIT began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the ſolemnity of LEARNING, and LEARNING to divert Mi-

nerva at her loom, by expoſing the blunders and ignorance of WIT.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increaſing, by the encouragement which each received from thoſe whom their mothers had perſuaded to patroniſe and ſupport them; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not ſo much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding a rival from all pretenſions to regard, and of putting an everlaſting ſtop to the progreſs of that influence which either believed the other to have obtained by mean arts and falſe appearances.

At laſt the day came, when they were both, with the uſual ſolemnities, received into the claſs of ſuperior deities, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour CONCORD loſt her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauſes of the aſſociate powers, haraſſed each other by inceſſant conteſts, with ſuch a regular viciſſitude of victory, that neither was depreſſed.

It was obſervable, that, at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the ſide of WIT; and that, at the firſt ſallies, the whole aſſembly ſparkled, according to Homer's expreſſion, with unextinguiſhable merriment. But LEARNING would reſerve her ſtrength till the burſt of applauſe was over, and the languor, with which the violence of joy is always ſucceeded, began to promiſe more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence, and, by comparing one part of her antagoniſt's objections with another, commonly made him confute himſelf; or, by ſhewing how ſmall a part of the queſtion he

had taken into his view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside their prepossessions, and rose, at last, with great veneration for Learning, but with greater kindness for Wit.

Their conduct was, whenever they desired to recommend themselves to distinction, entirely opposite. Wit was daring and adventurous; Learning cautious and deliberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulness; Learning was afraid of no imputation but that of error. Wit answered before he understood, lest his quickness of apprehension should be questioned; Learning paused, where there was no difficulty, lest any insidious sophism should lie undiscovered. Wit perplexed every debate by rapidity and confusion; Learning tired the hearers with endless distinctions, and prolonged the dispute without advantage, by proving that which never was denied. Wit, in hopes of shining, would venture to produce what he had not considered, and often succeeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought; Learning would reject every new notion, for fear of being intangled in consequences which she could not foresee, and was often hindered, by her caution, from pressing her advantages, and subduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in some degree hindered their progress towards perfection, and left them open to attacks. Novelty was the darling of Wit, and antiquity of Learning. To Wit, all that was new was specious; to Learning, whatever was ancient was venerable. Wit however

seldom

ſeldom failed to divert thoſe whom he could not convince, and to convince was not often his ambition; LEARNING always ſupported her opinion with ſo many collateral truths, that, when the cauſe was decided againſt her, her arguments were remembered with admiration.

Nothing was more common, on either ſide, than to quit their proper characters, and to hope for a complete conqueſt by the uſe of the weapons which had been employed againſt them. WIT would ſometimes labour a ſyllogiſm, and LEARNING diſtort her features with a jeſt; but they always ſuffered by the experiment, and betrayed themſelves to confutation or contempt. The ſerioufneſs of WIT was without dignity, and the merriment of LEARNING without vivacity.

Their conteſts, by long continuance, grew at laſt important, and the divinities broke into parties. WIT was taken into protection of the laughter-loving Venus, had a retinue allowed him of SMILES and JESTS, and was often permitted to dance among the GRACES. LEARNING ſtill continued the favourite of Minerva, and ſeldom went out of her palace, without a train of the ſeverer virtues, CHASTITY, TEMPERANCE, FORTITUDE, and LABOUR. WIT, cohabiting with MALICE, had a ſon named SATYR, who followed him, carrying a quiver filled with poiſoned arrows, which, where they once drew blood, could by no ſkill ever be extracted. Theſe arrows he frequently ſhot at LEARNING, when ſhe was moſt earneſtly or uſefully employed, engaged in abſtruſe enquiries, or giving inſtructions to her followers. Minerva therefore deputed CRITICISM to her aid, who

generally broke the point of SATYR's arrows, turned them aside, or retorted them on himself.

Jupiter was at last angry, that the peace of the heavenly regions should be in perpetual danger of violation, and resolved to dismiss these troublesome antagonists to the lower world. Hither therefore they came, and carried on their ancient quarrel among mortals, nor was either long without zealous votaries. WIT, by his gaiety, captivated the young; and LEARNING, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects, theatres were built for the reception of WIT, and colleges endowed for the residence of LEARNING. Each party endeavoured to outvie the other in cost and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion, that it was necessary, from the first entrance into life, to enlist in one of the factions; and that none could hope for the regard of either divinity, who had once entered the temple of the rival power.

There were indeed a class of mortals, by whom WIT and LEARNING were equally disregarded: these were the devotees of Plutus, the god of riches; among these it seldom happened that the gaiety of WIT could raise a smile, or the eloquence of LEARNING procure attention. In revenge of this contempt they agreed to incite their followers against them; but the forces that were sent on those expeditions frequently betrayed their trust; and, in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in publick, while they scorned them in their hearts; and when, by this treachery, they had obtained the favour of Plutus, affected to look

with an air of ſuperiority on thoſe who ſtill remained in the ſervice of Wit and Learning.

Diſguſted with theſe deſertions, the two rivals, at the ſame time, petitioned Jupiter for re-admiſſion to their native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right hand, and they prepared to obey the happy ſummons. Wit readily ſpread his wings and ſoared aloft, but not being able to ſee far, was bewildered in the pathleſs immenſity of the ethereal ſpaces. Learning, who knew the way, ſhook her pinions; but for want of natural vigour could only take ſhort flights: ſo, after many efforts, they both ſunk again to the ground, and learned, from their mutual diſtreſs, the neceſſity of union. They therefore joined their hands, and renewed their flight: Learning was borne up by the vigour of Wit, and Wit guided by the perſpicacity of Learning. They ſoon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were ſo endeared to each other, that they lived afterwards in perpetual concord. Wit perſuaded Learning to converſe with the Graces, and Learning engaged Wit in the ſervice of the Virtues. They were now the favourites of all the powers of heaven, and gladdened every banquet by their preſence. They ſoon after married, at the command of Jupiter, and had a numerous progeny of Arts and Sciences.

NUMB. 23. TUESDAY, *June* 5, 1750.

Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur ;
Poſcentur vario multum diverſa palato. HOR.

Three gueſts I have, diſſenting at my feaſt,
Requiring each to gratify his taſte
With different food. FRANCIS.

THAT every man ſhould regulate his actions by his own conſcience, without any regard to the opinions of the reſt of the world, is one of the firſt precepts of moral prudence; juſtified not only by the ſuffrage of reaſon, which declares that none of the gifts of heaven are to lie uſeleſs, but by the voice likewiſe of experience, which will ſoon inform us that, if we make the praiſe or blame of others the rule of our conduct, we ſhall be diſtracted by a boundleſs variety of irreconcileable judgments, be held in perpetual ſuſpenſe between contrary impulſes, and conſult for ever without determination.

I know not whether, for the ſame reaſon, it is not neceſſary for an author to place ſome confidence in his own ſkill, and to ſatisfy himſelf in the knowledge that he has not deviated from the eſtabliſhed laws of compoſition, without ſubmitting his works to frequent examinations before he gives them to the publick, or endeavouring to ſecure ſucceſs by a ſolicitous conformity to advice and criticiſm.

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It is, indeed, quickly diſcoverable, that conſultation and compliance can conduce little to the perfection of any literary performance; for whoever is ſo doubtful of his own abilities as to encourage the remarks of others, will find himſelf every day embarraſſed with new difficulties, and will haraſs his mind, in vain, with the hopeleſs labour of uniting heterogeneous ideas, digeſting independent hints, and collecting into one point the ſeveral rays of borrowed light, emitted often with contrary directions.

Of all authors, thoſe who retail their labours in periodical ſheets would be moſt unhappy, if they were much to regard the cenſures or the admonitions of their readers: for, as their works are not ſent into the world at once, but by ſmall parts in gradual ſucceſſion, it is always imagined, by thoſe who think themſelves qualified to give inſtructions, that they may yet redeem their former failings by hearkening to better judges, and ſupply the deficiencies of their plan, by the help of the criticiſms which are ſo liberally afforded.

I have had occaſion to obſerve, ſometimes with vexation, and ſometimes with merriment, the different temper with which the ſame man reads a printed and manuſcript performance. When a book is once in the hands of the publick, it is conſidered as permanent and unalterable; and the reader, if he be free from perſonal prejudices, takes it up with no other intention than of pleaſing or inſtructing himſelf; he accommodates his mind to the author's deſign; and, having no intereſt in refuſing the amuſement that is offered him, never interrupts

his own tranquillity by ſtudied cavils, or deſtroys his ſatisfaction in that which is already well, by an anxious enquiry how it might be better; but is often contented without pleaſure, and pleaſed without perfection.

But if the ſame man be called to conſider the merit of a production yet unpubliſhed, he brings an imagination heated with objections to paſſages which he has yet never heard; he invokes all the powers of criticiſm, and ſtores his memory with Taſte and Grace, Purity and Delicacy, Manners and Unities, ſounds which, having been once uttered by thoſe that underſtood them, have been ſince re-echoed without meaning, and kept up to the diſturbance of the world, by a conſtant repercuſſion from one coxcomb to another. He conſiders himſelf as obliged to ſhew, by ſome proof of his abilities, that he is not conſulted to no purpoſe, and therefore watches every opening for objection, and looks round for every opportunity to propoſe ſome ſpecious alteration. Such opportunities a very ſmall degree of ſagacity will enable him to find; for, in every work of imagination, the diſpoſition of parts, the inſertion of incidents, and uſe of decorations, may be varied a thouſand ways with equal propriety; and as in things nearly equal, that will always ſeem beſt to every man which he himſelf produces, the critick, whoſe buſineſs is only to propoſe, without the care of execution, can never want the ſatisfaction of believing that he has ſuggeſted very important improvements, nor the power of inforcing his advice by arguments, which as they appear convincing to himſelf, either his kindneſs or his

vanity

vanity will preſs obſtinately and importunately, without ſuſpicion that he may poſſibly judge too haſtily in favour of his own advice, or enquiry whether the advantage of the new ſcheme be proportionate to the labour.

It is obſerved by the younger Pliny, that an orator ought not ſo much to ſelect the ſtrongeſt arguments which his cauſe admits, as to employ all which his imagination can afford: for, in pleading, thoſe reaſons are of moſt value, which will moſt affect the judges; and the judges, ſays he, will be always moſt touched with that which they had before conceived. Every man who is called to give his opinion of a performance, decides upon the ſame principle; he firſt ſuffers himſelf to form expectations, and then is angry at his diſappointment. He lets his imagination rove at large, and wonders that another, equally unconfined in the boundleſs ocean of poſſibility, takes a different courſe.

But, though the rule of Pliny be judiciouſly laid down, it is not applicable to the writer's cauſe, becauſe there always lies an appeal from domeſtick criticiſm to a higher judicature, and the publick, which is never corrupted, nor often deceived, is to paſs the laſt ſentence upon literary claims.

Of the great force of preconceived opinions I had many proofs, when I firſt entered upon this weekly labour. My readers having, from the performances of my predeceſſors, eſtabliſhed an idea of unconnected eſſays, to which they believed all future authors under a neceſſity of conforming, were impatient of the leaſt deviation from their ſyſtem, and numerous remonſtrances were accordingly made

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by each, as he found his favourite ſubject omitted or delayed. Some were angry that the RAMBLER did not, like the SPECTATOR, introduce himſelf to the acquaintance of the publick, by an account of his own birth and ſtudies, an enumeration of his adventures, and a deſcription of his phyſiognomy. Others ſoon began to remark that he was a ſolemn, ſerious, dictatorial writer, without ſprightlineſs or gaiety, and called out with vehemence for mirth and humour. Another admoniſhed him to have a ſpecial eye upon the various clubs of this great city, and informed him that much of the Spectator's vivacity was laid out upon ſuch aſſemblies. He has been cenſured for not imitating the politeneſs of his predeceſſors, having hitherto neglected to take the ladies under his protection, and give them rules for the juſt oppoſition of colours, and the proper dimenſions of ruffles and pinners. He has been required by one to fix a particular cenſure upon thoſe matrons who play at cards with ſpectacles. And another is very much offended whenever he meets with a ſpeculation, in which naked precepts are compriſed, without the illuſtration of examples and characters.

I make not the leaſt queſtion that all theſe monitors intend the promotion of my deſign, and the inſtruction of my readers; but they do not know, or do not reflect that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himſelf; and ſelects thoſe ſubjects which he is beſt qualified to treat, by the courſe of his ſtudies, or the accidents of his life; that ſome topicks of amuſement have been already treated with too much ſucceſs to invite a competition; and that

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he who endeavours to gain many readers muſt try various arts of invitation, eſſay every avenue of pleaſure, and make frequent changes in his methods of approach.

I cannot but conſider myſelf, amidſt this tumult of criticiſm, as a ſhip in a poetical tempeſt, impelled at the ſame time by oppoſite winds, and daſhed by the waves from every quarter, but held upright by the contrariety of the aſſailants, and ſecured, in ſome meaſure, by multiplicity of diſtreſs. Had the opinion of my cenſures been unanimous, it might perhaps have overſet my reſolution; but ſince I find them at variance with each other, I can, without ſcruple, neglect them, and endeavour to gain the favour of the publick by following the direction of my own reaſon, and indulging the ſallies of my own imagination.

NUMB. 24. SATURDAY, *June* 9, 1750.

Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere. PERSIUS.

None, none deſcends into himſelf. DRYDEN.

AMONG the precepts, or aphoriſms, admitted by general conſent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous among the maſters of ancient wiſdom, than that compendious leſſon, Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, *Be acquainted with thyſelf*; aſcribed by ſome to an oracle, and by others to Chilo of Lacedemon.

This is, indeed, a dictate, which, in the whole extent of its meaning, may be ſaid to compriſe all the ſpeculation requiſite to a moral agent. For what more can be neceſſary to the regulation of life, than the knowledge of our original, our end, our duties, and our relation to other beings?

It is however very improbable that the firſt author, whoever he was, intended to be underſtood in this unlimited and complicated ſenſe; for of the inquiries, which in ſo large an acceptation it would ſeem to recommend, ſome are too extenſive for the powers of man, and ſome require light from above, which was not yet indulged to the heathen world.

We might have had more ſatisfaction concerning the original import of this celebrated ſentence, if hiſtory had informed us, whether it was uttered as a general inſtruction to mankind, or as a particular caution to ſome private inquirer; whether it was applied

applied to ſome ſingle occaſion, or laid down as the univerſal rule of life.

There will occur, upon the ſlighteſt conſideration, many poſſible circumſtances, in which this monition might very properly be inforced; for every error in human conduct muſt ariſe from ignorance in ourſelves, either perpetual or temporary; and happen either becauſe we do not know what is beſt and fitteſt, or becauſe our knowledge is at the time of action not preſent to the mind.

When a man employs himſelf upon remote and unneceſſary ſubjects, and waſtes his life upon queſtions which cannot be reſolved, and of which the ſolution would conduce very little to the advancement of happineſs; when he laviſhes his hours in calculating the weight of the terraqueous globe, or in adjuſting ſucceſſive ſyſtems of worlds beyond the reach of the teleſcope; he may be very properly recalled from his excurſions by this precept, and reminded, that there is a nearer being with which it is his duty to be more acquainted; and from which his attention has hitherto been withheld by ſtudies, to which he has no other motive than vanity or curioſity.

The great praiſe of Socrates is, that he drew the wits of Greece, by his inſtruction and example, from the vain purſuit of natural philoſophy to moral inquiries, and turned their thoughts from ſtars and tides, and matter and motion, upon the various modes of virtue, and relations of life. All his lectures were but commentaries upon this ſaying; if we ſuppoſe the knowledge of ourſelves recommended by Chilo, in oppoſition to other inquiries leſs ſuitable to the ſtate of man.

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The great fault of men of learning is ſtill, that they offend againſt this rule, and appear willing to ſtudy any thing rather than themſelves; for which reaſon they are often deſpiſed by thoſe, with whom they imagine themſelves above compariſon; deſpiſed, as uſeleſs to common purpoſes, as unable to conduct the moſt trivial affairs, and unqualified to perform thoſe offices by which the concatenation of ſociety is preſerved, and mutual tenderneſs excited and maintained.

Gelidus is a man of great penetration, and deep reſearches. Having a mind naturally formed for the abſtruſer ſciences, he can comprehend intricate combinations without confuſion, and being of a temper naturally cool and equal, he is ſeldom interrupted by his paſſions in the purſuit of the longeſt chain of unexpected conſequences. He has, therefore, a long time indulged hopes, that the ſolution of ſome problems, by which the profeſſors of ſcience have been hitherto baffled, is reſerved for his genius and induſtry. He ſpends his time in the higheſt room of his houſe, into which none of his family are ſuffered to enter; and when he comes down to his dinner, or his reſt, he walks about like a ſtranger that is there only for a day, without any tokens of regard or tenderneſs. He has totally diveſted himſelf of all human ſenſations; he has neither eye for beauty, nor ear for complaint; he neither rejoices at the good fortune of his neareſt friend, nor mourns for any publick or private calamity. Having once received a letter, and given it his ſervant to read, he was informed, that it was written by his brother, who, being ſhipwrecked, had ſwam naked to land,

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and was deſtitute of neceſſaries in a foreign country. Naked and deſtitute! ſays Gelidus, reach down the laſt volume of meteorological obſervations, extract an exact account of the wind, and note it carefully in the diary of the weather.

The family of Gelidus once broke into his ſtudy, to ſhew him that a town at a ſmall diſtance was on fire, and in a few moments a ſervant came to tell him, that the flame had caught ſo many houſes on both ſides, that the inhabitants were confounded, and began to think of rather eſcaping with their lives, than ſaving their dwellings. What you tell me, ſays Gelidus, is very probable, for fire naturally acts in a circle.

Thus lives this great philoſopher, inſenſible to every ſpectacle of diſtreſs, and unmoved by the loudeſt call of ſocial nature, for want of conſidering that men are deſigned for the ſuccour and comfort of each other; that though there are hours which may be laudably ſpent upon knowledge not immediately uſeful, yet the firſt attention is due to practical virtue; and that he may be juſtly driven out from the commerce of mankind, who has ſo far abſtracted himſelf from the ſpecies, as to partake neither of the joys nor griefs of others, but neglects the endearments of his wife, and the careſſes of his children, to count the drops of rain, note the changes of the wind, and calculate the eclipſes of the moons of Jupiter.

I ſhall reſerve to ſome future paper the religious and important meaning of this epitome of wiſdom, and only remark, that it may be applied to the gay and light, as well as to the grave and ſolemn parts

of life; and that not only the philoſopher may forfeit his pretences to real learning, but the wit and the beauty may miſcarry in their ſchemes, by the want of this univerſal requiſite, the knowledge of themſelves.

It is ſurely for no other reaſon, that we ſee ſuch numbers reſolutely ſtruggling againſt nature, and contending for that which they never can attain, endeavouring to unite contradictions, and determined to excel in characters inconſiſtent with each other; that ſtock-jobbers affect dreſs, gaiety, and elegance, and mathematicians labour to be wits; that the ſoldier teazes his acquaintance with queſtions in theology, and the academick hopes to divert the ladies by a recital of his gallantries. That abſurdity of pride could proceed only from ignorance of themſelves, by which Garth attempted criticiſm, and Congreve waved his title to dramatick reputation, and deſired to be conſidered only as a gentleman.

Euphues, with great parts, and extenſive knowledge, has a clouded aſpect, and ungracious form; yet it has been his ambition, from his firſt entrance into life, to diſtinguiſh himſelf by particularities in his dreſs, to outvie beaus in embroidery, to import new trimmings, and to be foremoſt in the faſhion. Euphues has turned on his exterior appearance, that attention, which would always have produced eſteem had it been fixed upon his mind; and though his virtues and abilities have preſerved him from the contempt which he has ſo diligently ſolicited, he has, at leaſt, raiſed one impediment to his reputation; ſince all can judge of his dreſs, but few of

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his underſtanding; and many who diſcern that he is a fop, are unwilling to believe that he can be wiſe.

There is one inſtance in which the ladies are particularly unwilling to obſerve the rule of Chilo. They are deſirous to hide from themſelves the advances of age, and endeavour too frequently to ſupply the ſprightlineſs and bloom of youth by artificial beauty and forced vivacity. They hope to inflame the heart by glances which have loſt their fire, or melt it by languor which is no longer delicate; they play over the airs which pleaſed at a time when they were expected only to pleaſe, and forget that airs in time ought to give place to virtues. They continue to trifle, becauſe they could once trifle agreeably, till thoſe who ſhared their early pleaſures are withdrawn to more ſerious engagements; and are ſcarcely awakened from their dream of perpetual youth, but by the ſcorn of thoſe whom they endeavour to rival.

NUMB. 25. TUESDAY, *June* 12, 1750.

Possunt quia posse videntur. VIRGIL.

For they can conquer who believe they can. DRYDEN.

THERE are some vices and errors which, though often fatal to those in whom they are found, have yet, by the universal consent of mankind, been considered as entitled to some degree of respect, or have, at least, been exempted from contemptuous infamy, and condemned by the severest moralists with pity rather than detestation.

A constant and invariable example of this general partiality will be found in the different regard which has always been shown to rashness and cowardice, two vices, of which, though they may be conceived equally distant from the middle point, where true fortitude is placed, and may equally injure any publick or private interest, yet the one is never mentioned without some kind of veneration, and the other always considered as a topick of unlimited and licentious censure, on which all the virulence of reproach may be lawfully exerted.

The same distinction is made, by the common suffrage, between profusion and avarice, and, perhaps, between many other opposite vices; and, as I have found reason to pay great regard to the voice of the people, in cases where knowledge has been forced upon them by experience, without long deductions or deep researches, I am inclined to believe that

that this diſtribution of reſpect is not without ſome agreement with the nature of things; and that in the faults, which are thus inveſted with extraordinary privileges, there are generally ſome latent principles of merit, ſome poſſibilities of future virtue, which may, by degrees, break from obſtruction, and by time and opportunity be brought into act.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more eaſy to take away ſuperfluities than to ſupply defects; and therefore he that is culpable, becauſe he has paſſed the middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer object of hope, than he who fails by falling ſhort. The one has all that perfection requires, and more, but the exceſs may be eaſily retrenched; the other wants the qualities requiſite to excellence, and who can tell how he ſhall obtain them? We are certain that the horſe may be taught to keep pace with his fellows, whoſe fault is that he leaves them behind. We know that a few ſtrokes of the axe will lop a cedar; but what arts of cultivation can elevate a ſhrub?

To walk with circumſpection and ſteadineſs in the right path, at an equal diſtance between the extremes of error, ought to be the conſtant endeavour of every reaſonable being; nor can I think thoſe teachers of moral wiſdom much to be honoured as benefactors to mankind, who are always enlarging upon the difficulty of our duties, and providing rather excuſes for vice, than incentives to virtue.

But, ſince to moſt it will happen often, and to all ſometimes, that there will be a deviation towards one ſide or the other, we ought always to employ our vigilance, with moſt attention, on that enemy

from which there is the greateſt danger, and to ſtray, if we muſt ſtray, towards thoſe parts from whence we may quickly and eaſily return.

Among other oppoſite qualities of the mind, which may become dangerous, though in different degrees, I have often had occaſion to conſider the contrary effects of preſumption and deſpondency; of heady confidence, which promiſes victory without conteſt, and heartleſs puſillanimity, which ſhrinks back from the thought of great undertakings, confounds difficulty with impoſſibility, and conſiders all advancement towards any new attainment as irreverſibly prohibited.

Preſumption will be eaſily corrected. Every experiment will teach caution, and miſcarriages will hourly ſhew, that attempts are not always rewarded with ſucceſs. The moſt precipitate ardour will, in time, be taught the neceſſity of methodical gradation and preparatory meaſures; and the moſt daring confidence be convinced that neither merit, nor abilities, can command events.

It is the advantage of vehemence and activity, that they are always haſtening to their own reformation; becauſe they incite us to try whether our expectations are well grounded, and therefore detect the deceits which they are apt to occaſion. But timidity is a diſeaſe of the mind more obſtinate and fatal; for a man once perſuaded, that any impediment is inſuperable, has given it, with reſpect to himſelf, that ſtrength and weight which it had not before. He can ſcarcely ſtrive with vigour and perſeverance, when he has no hope of gaining the victory; and ſince he never will try his ſtrength,

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can never diſcover the unreaſonableneſs of his fears.

There is often to be found in men devoted to literature, a kind of intellectual cowardice, which whoever converſes much among them, may obſerve frequently to depreſs the alacrity of enterpriſe, and, by conſequence, to retard the improvement of ſcience. They have annexed to every ſpecies of knowledge ſome chimerical character of terror and inhibition, which they tranſmit, without much reflection, from one to another; they firſt fright themſelves, and then propagate the panick to their ſcholars and acquaintance. One ſtudy is inconſiſtent with a lively imagination, another with a ſolid judgment; one is improper in the early parts of life, another requires ſo much time, that it is not to be attempted at an advanced age; one is dry and contracts the ſentiments, another is diffuſe and overburdens the memory; one is inſufferable to taſte and delicacy, and another wears out life in the ſtudy of words, and is uſeleſs to a wiſe man, who deſires only the knowledge of things.

But of all the bugbears by which the *Infantes barbati*, boys both young and old, have been hitherto frighted from digreſſing into new tracts of learning, none has been more miſchievouſly efficacious than an opinion that every kind of knowledge requires a peculiar genius, or mental conſtitution, framed for the reception of ſome ideas, and the excluſion of others; and that to him whoſe genius is not adapted to the ſtudy which he proſecutes, all labour ſhall be vain and fruitleſs, vain as an endeavour to mingle oil and water, or in the language of

chemiſtry, to amalgamate bodies of heterogeneous principles.

This opinion we may reaſonably ſuſpect to have been propagated, by vanity, beyond the truth. It is natural for thoſe who have raiſed a reputation by any ſcience, to exalt themſelves as endowed by heaven with peculiar powers, or marked out by an extraordinary deſignation for their profeſſion; and to fright competitors away by repreſenting the difficulties with which they muſt contend, and the neceſſity of qualities which are ſuppoſed to be not generally conferred, and which no man can know, but by experience, whether he enjoys.

To this diſcouragement it may be poſſibly anſwered, that ſince a genius, whatever it be, is like fire in the flint, only to be produced by colliſion with a proper ſubject, it is the buſineſs of every man to try whether his faculties may not happily cooperate with his deſires; and ſince they whoſe proficiency he admires, knew their own force only by the event, he needs but engage in the ſame undertaking with equal ſpirit, and may reaſonably hope for equal ſucceſs.

There is another ſpecies of falſe intelligence, given by thoſe who profeſs to ſhew the way to the ſummit of knowledge, of equal tendency to depreſs the mind with falſe diſtruſt of itſelf, and weaken it by needleſs ſolicitude and dejection. When a ſcholar whom they deſire to animate, conſults them at his entrance on ſome new ſtudy, it is common to make flattering repreſentations of its pleaſantneſs and facility. Thus they generally attain one of two ends almoſt equally deſirable; they either incite

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his induſtry by elevating his hopes, or produce a high opinion of their own abilities, ſince they are ſuppoſed to relate only what they have found, and to have proceeded with no leſs eaſe than they promiſe to their followers.

The ſtudent, inflamed by this encouragement, ſets forward in the new path, and proceeds a few ſteps with great alacrity, but he ſoon finds aſperities and intricacies of which he has not been forewarned, and imagining that none ever were ſo entangled or fatigued before him, ſinks ſuddenly into deſpair, and deſiſts as from an expedition in which fate oppoſes him. Thus his terrors are multiplied by his hopes, and he is defeated without reſiſtance, becauſe he had no expectation of an enemy.

Of theſe treacherous inſtructors, the one deſtroys induſtry, by declaring that induſtry is vain, the other by repreſenting it as needleſs; the one cuts away the root of hope, the other raiſes it only to be blaſted. The one confines his pupil to the ſhore, by telling him that his wreck is certain, the other ſends him to ſea, without preparing him for tempeſts.

Falſe hopes and falſe terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who propoſes to grow eminent by learning, ſhould carry in his mind, at once, the difficulty of excellence, and the force of induſtry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour, and that labour, vigorouſly continued, has not often failed of its reward.

NUMB. 26. SATURDAY, *June* 14, 1750.

Ingentes dominos, et claræ nomina famæ,
Illuſtrique graves nobilitate domos
Devita, et longè cautus fuge; contrahe vela,
Et te littoribus cymba propinqua vehat. SENECA.

Each mighty lord, big with a pompous name,
And each high houſe of fortune and of fame,
With caution fly; contract thy ample ſails,
And near the ſhore improve the gentle gales. ELPHINSTON.

Mr. RAMBLER,

IT is uſual for men, engaged in the ſame purſuits, to be inquiſitive after the conduct and fortune of each other; and, therefore, I ſuppoſe it will not be unpleaſing to you, to read an account of the various changes which have happened in part of a life devoted to literature. My narrative will not exhibit any great variety of events, or extraordinary revolutions; but may, perhaps, be not leſs uſeful, becauſe I ſhall relate nothing which is not likely to happen to a thouſand others.

I was born heir to a very ſmall fortune, and left by my father, whom I cannot remember, to the care of an uncle. He having no children, always treated me as his ſon, and finding in me thoſe qualities which old men eaſily diſcover in ſprightly children, when they happen to love them, declared that a genius like mine ſhould never be loſt for want of cultivation. He therefore placed me, for the uſual time,

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at a great ſchool, and then ſent me to the univerſity, with a larger allowance than my own patrimony would have afforded, that I might not keep mean company, but learn to become my dignity when I ſhould be made lord chancellor, which he often lamented, that the increaſe of his infirmities was very likely to preclude him from ſeeing.

This exuberance of money diſplayed itſelf in gaiety of appearance, and wantonneſs of expence, and introduced me to the acquaintance of thoſe whom the ſame ſuperfluity of fortune betrayed to the ſame licence and oſtentation: young heirs, who pleaſed themſelves with a remark very frequent in their mouths, that though they were ſent by their fathers to the univerſity, they were not under the neceſſity of living by their learning.

Among men of this claſs I eaſily obtained the reputation of a great genius, and was perſuaded, that, with ſuch livelineſs of imagination, and delicacy of ſentiment, I ſhould never be able to ſubmit to the drudgery of the law. I therefore gave myſelf wholly to the more airy and elegant parts of learning, and was often ſo much elated with my ſuperiority to the youths with whom I converſed, that I began to liſten, with great attention, to thoſe that recommended to me a wider and more conſpicuous theatre; and was particularly touched with an obſervation, made by one of my friends; That it was not by lingering in the univerſity that Prior became ambaſſador, or Addiſon ſecretary of ſtate.

This deſire was hourly increaſed by the ſolicitation of my companions, who removing one by one,

to London, as the caprice of their relations allowed them, or the legal diſmiſſion from the hands of their guardians put it in their power, never failed to ſend an account of the beauty and felicity of the new world, and to remonſtrate how much was loſt by every hour's continuance in a place of retirement and conſtraint.

My uncle in the mean time frequently haraſſed me with monitory letters, which I ſometimes neglected to open for a week after I received them, and generally read in a tavern, with ſuch comments as might ſhew how much I was ſuperior to inſtruction or advice. I could not but wonder, how a man confined to the country, and unacquainted with the preſent ſyſtem of things, ſhould imagine himſelf qualified to inſtruct a riſing genius, born to give laws to the age, refine its taſte, and multiply its pleaſures.

The poſtman, however, ſtill continued to bring me new remonſtrances; for my uncle was very little depreſſed by the ridicule and reproach which he never heard. But men of parts have quick reſentments; it was impoſſible to bear his uſurpations for ever; and I reſolved, once for all, to make him an example to thoſe who imagine themſelves wiſe becauſe they are old, and to teach young men, who are too tame under repreſentation, in what manner grey-bearded inſolence ought to be treated. I therefore one evening took my pen in hand, and after having animated myſelf with a catch, wrote a general anſwer to all his precepts, with ſuch vivacity of turn, ſuch elegance of irony, and ſuch aſperity of ſarcaſm, that I convulſed a large company with

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universal laughter, disturbed the neighbourhood with vociferations of applause, and five days afterwards was answered, that I must be content to live on my own estate.

This contraction of my income gave me no disturbance, for a genius like mine was out of the reach of want. I had friends that would be proud to open their purses at my call, and prospects of such advancement as would soon reconcile my uncle, whom, upon mature deliberation, I resolved to receive into favour, without insisting on any acknowledgement of his offence, when the splendour of my condition should induce him to wish for my countenance. I therefore went up to London, before I had shewn the alteration of my condition, by any abatement of my way of living, and was received by all my academical acquaintance with triumph and congratulation. I was immediately introduced among the wits and men of spirit; and in a short time had divested myself of all my scholar's gravity, and obtained the reputation of a pretty fellow.

You will easily believe that I had no great knowledge of the world; yet I had been hindered, by the general disinclination every man feels to confess poverty, from telling to any one the resolution of my uncle, and for some time subsisted upon the stock of money which I had brought with me, and contributed my share as before to all our entertainments. But my pocket was soon emptied, and I was obliged to ask my friends for a small sum. This was a favour, which we had often reciprocally received from one another; they supposed my wants

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only accidental, and therefore willingly ſupplied them. In a ſhort time I found a neceſſity of aſking again, and was again treated with the ſame civility; but the third time they began to wonder what that old rogue my uncle could mean by ſending a gentleman to town without money; and when they gave me what I aſked for, adviſed me to ſtipulate for more regular remittances.

This ſomewhat diſturbed my dream of conſtant affluence, but I was three days after completely awaked; for entering the tavern, where we met every evening, I found the waiters remitted their complaiſance, and, inſtead of contending to light me up ſtairs, ſuffered me to wait for ſome minutes by the bar. When I came to my company I found them unuſually grave and formal, and one of them took the hint to turn the converſation upon the miſconduct of young men, and enlarged upon the folly of frequenting the company of men of fortune, without being able to ſupport the expence, an obſervation which the reſt contributed either to enforce by repetition, or to illuſtrate by examples. Only one of them tried to divert the diſcourſe, and endeavoured to direct my attention to remote queſtions, and common topicks.

A man guilty of poverty eaſily believes himſelf ſuſpected. I went, however, next morning to breakfaſt with him who appeared ignorant of the drift of the converſation, and by a ſeries of enquiries, drawing ſtill nearer to the point, prevailed on him, not, perhaps, much againſt his will, to inform me, that Mr. *Daſh*, whoſe father was a wealthy attorney near my native place, had, the morning before, received

an account of my uncle's refentment, and communicated his intelligence with the utmoft induftry of groveling infolence.

It was now no longer practicable to confort with my former friends, unlefs I would be content to be ufed as an inferior gueft, who was to pay for his wine by mirth and flattery; a character which, if I could not efcape it, I refolved to endure only among thofe who had never known me in the pride of plenty. I changed my lodgings, and frequented the coffee-houfes in a different region of the town; where I was very quickly diftinguifhed by feveral young gentlemen of high birth, and large eftates, and began again to amufe my imagination with hopes of preferment, though not quite fo confidently as when I had lefs experience.

The firft great conqueft which this new fcene enabled me to gain over myfelf was, when I fubmitted to confefs to a party, who invited me to an expenfive diverfion, that my revenues were not equal to fuch golden pleafures; they would not fuffer me, however, to ftay behind, and with great reluctance I yielded to be treated. I took that opportunity of recommending myfelf to fome office or employment, which they unanimoufly promifed to procure me by their joint intereft.

I had now entered into a ftate of dependence, and had hopes, or fears, from almoft every man I faw. If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his mifery who has many? I was obliged to comply with a thoufand caprices, to concur in a thoufand follies, and to countenance a thoufand errors. I endured innumerable mortifications, if not from cruelty, at

leaſt from negligence, which will creep in upon the kindeſt and moſt delicate minds, when they converſe without the mutual awe of equal condition. I found the ſpirit and vigour of liberty every moment ſinking in me, and a ſervile fear of diſpleaſing, ſtealing by degrees upon all my behaviour, till no word, or look, or action, was my own. As the ſolicitude to pleaſe increaſed, the power of pleaſing grew leſs, and I was always clouded with diffidence where it was moſt my intereſt and wiſh to ſhine.

My patrons, conſidering me as belonging to the community, and, therefore, not the charge of any particular perſon, made no ſcruple of neglecting any opportunity of promoting me, which every one thought more properly the buſineſs of another. An account of my expectations and diſappointments, and the ſucceeding viciſſitudes of my life, I ſhall give you in my following letter, which will be, I hope, of uſe to ſhew how ill he forms his ſchemes, who expects happineſs without freedom.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 27. TUESDAY, *June* 19, 1750.

—— *Pauperiem metuens potiore metallis*
Libertate caret.—— HOR.

So he, who poverty with horror views,
Who ſells his freedom in exchange for gold,
(Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply ſold)
Shall make eternal ſervitude his fate,
And feel a haughty maſter's galling weight. FRANCIS.

Mr. RAMBLER,

AS it is natural for every man to think himſelf of importance, your knowledge of the world will incline you to forgive me, if I imagine your curioſity ſo much excited by the former part of my narration, as to make you deſire that I ſhould proceed without any unneceſſary arts of connection. I ſhall, therefore, not keep you longer in ſuch ſuſpenſe, as perhaps my performance may not compenſate.

In the gay company with which I was now united, I found thoſe allurements and delights, which the friendſhip of young men always affords; there was that openneſs which naturally produced confidence, that affability which, in ſome meaſure, ſoftened dependence, and that ardour of profeſſion which incited hope. When our hearts were dilated with merriment, promiſes were poured out with unlimited profuſion, and life and fortune were but a ſcanty ſacrifice to friendſhip; but when the hour came, at which any

any effort was to be made, I had generally the vexation to find that my intereſt weighed nothing againſt the ſlighteſt amuſement, and that every petty avocation was found a ſufficient plea for continuing me in uncertainty and want. Their kindneſs was indeed ſincere; when they promiſed, they had no intention to deceive; but the ſame juvenile warmth which kindled their benevolence, gave force in the ſame proportion to every other paſſion, and I was forgotten as ſoon as any new pleaſure ſeized on their attention.

Vagario told me one evening, that all my perplexities ſhould be ſoon at an end, and deſired me, from that inſtant, to throw upon him all care of my fortune, for a poſt of conſiderable value was that day become vacant, and he knew his intereſt ſufficient to procure it in the morning. He deſired me to call on him early, that he might be dreſſed ſoon enough to wait on the miniſter before any other application ſhould be made. I came as he appointed, with all the flame of gratitude, and was told by his ſervant, that having found at his lodgings, when he came home, an acquaintance who was going to travel, he had been perſuaded to accompany him to Dover, and that they had taken poſt-horſes two hours before day.

I was once very near to preferment, by the kindneſs of Charinus, who, at my requeſt, went to beg a place, which he thought me likely to fill with great reputation, and in which I ſhould have many opportunities of promoting his intereſt in return; and he pleaſed himſelf with imagining the mutual benefits that we ſhould confer, and the advances

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that we ſhould make by our united ſtrength. Away therefore he went, equally warm with friendſhip and ambition, and left me to prepare acknowledgements againſt his return. At length he came back, and told me that he had met in his way a party going to breakfaſt in the country, that the ladies importuned him too much to be refuſed; and that having paſſed the morning with them, he was come back to dreſs himſelf for a ball, to which he was invited for the evening.

I have ſuffered ſeveral diſappointments from tailors and periwig-makers, who by neglecting to perform their work withheld my patrons from court; and once failed of an eſtabliſhment for life by the delay of a ſervant, ſent to a neighbouring ſhop to repleniſh a ſnuff-box.

At laſt I thought my ſolicitude at an end, for an office fell into the gift of Hippodamus's father, who being then in the country, could not very ſpeedily fill it, and whoſe fondneſs would not have ſuffered him to refuſe his ſon a leſs reaſonable requeſt. Hippodamus therefore ſet forward with great expedition, and I expected every hour an account of his ſucceſs. A long time I waited without any intelligence, but at laſt received a letter from Newmarket, by which I was informed, that the races were begun, and I knew the vehemence of his paſſions too well to imagine that he could refuſe himſelf his favourite amuſement.

You will not wonder that I was at laſt weary of the patronage of young men, eſpecially as I found them not generally to promiſe much greater fidelity

as they advanced in life; for I obſerved that what they gained in ſteadineſs they loſt in benevolence, and grew colder to my intereſt as they became more diligent to promote their own. I was convinced that their liberality was only profuſeneſs, that, as chance directed, they were equally generous to vice and virtue, that they were warm but becauſe they were thoughtleſs, and counted the ſupport of a friend only amongſt other gratifications of paſſion.

My reſolution was now to ingratiate myſelf with men whoſe reputation was eſtabliſhed, whoſe high ſtations enabled them to prefer me, and whoſe age exempted them from ſudden changes of inclination. I was conſidered as a man of parts, and therefore eaſily found admiſſion to the table of Hilarius, the celebrated orator, renowned equally for the extent of his knowledge, the elegance of his diction, and the acuteneſs of his wit. Hilarius received me with an appearance of great ſatisfaction, produced to me all his friends, and directed to me that part of his diſcourſe in which he moſt endeavoured to diſplay his imagination. I had now learned my own intereſt enough to ſupply him opportunities for ſmart remarks and gay ſallies, which I never failed to echo and applaud. Thus I was gaining every hour on his affections, till unfortunately, when the aſſembly was more ſplendid than uſual, his deſire of admiration prompted him to turn his raillery upon me. I bore it for ſome time with great ſubmiſſion, and ſucceſs encouraged him to redouble his attacks; at laſt my vanity prevailed over my prudence, I retorted his irony with ſuch ſpirit, that Hilarius, unaccuſ-

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tomed to reſiſtance, was diſconcerted, and ſoon found means of convincing me that his purpoſe was not to encourage a rival, but to foſter a paraſite.

I was then taken into the familiarity of A•gutio, a nobleman eminent for judgment and criticiſm. He had contributed to my reputation by the praiſes which he had often beſtowed upon my writings, in which he owned that there were proofs of a genius that might riſe to high degrees of excellence, when time, or information, had reduced its exuberance. He therefore required me to conſult him before the publication of any new performance, and commonly propoſed innumerable alterations, without ſufficient attention to the general deſign, or regard to my form of ſtyle, and mode of imagination. But theſe corrections he never failed to preſs as indiſpenſably neceſſary, and thought the leaſt delay of compliance an act of rebellion. The pride of an author made this treatment inſufferable, and I thought any tyranny eaſier to be borne than that which took from me the uſe of my underſtanding.

My next patron was Eutyches the ſtateſman, who was wholly engaged in publick affairs, and ſeemed to have no ambition but to be powerful and rich. I found his favour more permanent than that of the others, for there was a certain price at which it might be bought; he allowed nothing to humour, or to affection, but was always ready to pay liberally for the ſervice that he required. His demands were, indeed, very often ſuch as virtue could not eaſily conſent to gratify; but virtue is not to be conſulted when men are to raiſe their fortunes by the favour of the great. His meaſures were cenſured; I wrote in

his defence, and was recompenſed with a place, of which the profits were never received by me without the pangs of remembering that they were the reward of wickedneſs, a reward which nothing but that neceſſity, which the conſumption of my little eſtate in theſe wild purſuits had brought upon me, hindered me from throwing back in the face of my corruptor.

At this time my uncle died without a will, and I became heir to a ſmall fortune. I had reſolution to throw off the ſplendor which reproached me to myſelf, and retire to an humbler ſtate, in which I am now endeavouring to recover the dignity of virtue, and hope to make ſome reparation for my crime and follies, by informing others, who may be led after the ſame pageants, that they are about to engage in a courſe of life, in which they are to purchaſe, by a thouſand miſeries, the privilege of repentance.

I am, &c.

EUBULUS.

NUMB. 28. SATURDAY, *June* 23, 1750.

Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur ſibi. SENECA.

To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear,
Who in his life, flatt'ring his ſenſeleſs pride,
By being known to all the world beſide,
Does not himſelf, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go. COWLEY.

I HAVE ſhewn, in a late eſſay, to what errors men are hourly betrayed by a miſtaken opinion of their own powers, and a negligent inſpection of their own character. But as I then confined my obſervations to common occurrences, and familiar ſcenes, I think it proper to inquire, how far a nearer acquaintance with ourſelves is neceſſary to our preſervation from crimes as well as follies, and how much the attentive ſtudy of our own minds may contribute to ſecure to us the approbation of that being, to whom we are accountable for our thoughts and our actions, and whoſe favour muſt finally conſtitute our total happineſs.

If it be reaſonable to eſtimate the difficulty of any enterpriſe by frequent miſcarriages, it may juſtly be concluded that it is not eaſy for a man to know himſelf; for whereſoever we turn our view, we ſhall find almoſt all with whom we converſe ſo nearly as to

judge of their ſentiments, indulging more favourable conceptions of their own virtue than they have been able to impreſs upon others, and congratulating themſelves upon degrees of excellence, which their fondeſt admirers cannot allow them to have attained.

Thoſe repreſentations of imaginary virtue are generally conſidered as arts of hypocriſy, and as ſnares laid for confidence and praiſe. But I believe the ſuſpicion often unjuſt; thoſe who thus propagate their own reputation, only extend the fraud by which they have been themſelves deceived; for this failing is incident to numbers, who ſeem to live without deſigns, competitions, or purſuits; it appears on occaſions which promiſe no acceſſion of honour or of profit, and to perſons from whom very little is to be hoped or feared. It is, indeed, not eaſy to tell how far we may be blinded by the love of ourſelves, when we reflect how much a ſecondary paſſion can cloud our judgment, and how few faults a man, in the firſt raptures of love, can diſcover in the perſon or conduct of his miſtreſs.

To lay open all the ſources from which error flows in upon him who contemplates his own character, would require more exact knowledge of the human heart, than, perhaps, the moſt acute and laborious obſervers have acquired. And ſince falſehood may be diverſified without end, it is not unlikely that every man admits an impoſture in ſome reſpect peculiar to himſelf, as his views have been accidentally directed, or his ideas particularly combined.

Some fallacies, however, there are, more frequently inſidious, which it may, perhaps, not be uſeleſs to detect,

tect, becauſe though they are groſs, they may be fatal, and becauſe nothing but attention is neceſſary to defeat them.

One ſophiſm by which men perſuade themſelves that they have thoſe virtues which they really want, is formed by the ſubſtitution of ſingle acts for habits. A miſer who once relieved a friend from the danger of a priſon, ſuffers his imagination to dwell for ever upon his own heroick generoſity; he yields his heart up to indignation at thoſe who are blind to merit, or inſenſible to miſery, and who can pleaſe themſelves with the enjoyment of that wealth, which they never permit others to partake. From any cenſures of the world, or reproaches of his conſcience, he has an appeal to action and to knowledge: and though his whole life is a courſe of rapacity and avarice, he concludes himſelf to be tender and liberal, becauſe he has once performed an act of liberality and tenderneſs.

As a glaſs which magnifies objects by the approach of one end to the eye, leſſens them by the application of the other, ſo vices are extenuated by the inverſion of that fallacy, by which virtues are augmented. Thoſe faults which we cannot conceal from our own notice, are conſidered, however frequent, not as habitual corruptions, or ſettled practices, but as caſual failures, and ſingle lapſes. A man who has, from year to year, ſet his country to ſale, either for the gratification of his ambition or reſentment, confeſſes that the heat of party now and then betrays the ſevereſt virtue to meaſures that cannot be ſeriouſly defended. He that ſpends his days and nights in riot and debauchery, owns that his paſſions

oftentimes overpower his resolution. But each comforts himself that his faults are not without precedent, for the best and the wisest men have given way to the violence of sudden temptations.

There are men who always confound the praise of goodness with the practice, and who believe themselves mild and moderate, charitable and faithful, because they have exerted their eloquence in commendation of mildness, fidelity, and other virtues. This is an error almost universal among those that converse much with dependents, with such whose fear or interest disposes them to a seeming reverence for any declamation, however enthusiastick, and submission to any boast, however arrogant. Having none to recall their attention to their lives, they rate themselves by the goodness of their opinions, and forget how much more easily men may shew their virtue in their talk than in their actions.

The tribe is likewise very numerous of those who regulate their lives, not by the standard of religion, but the measure of other men's virtue; who lull their own remorse with the remembrance of crimes more atrocious than their own, and seem to believe that they are not bad while another can be found worse.

For escaping these and a thousand other deceits, many expedients have been proposed. Some have recommended the frequent consultation of a wise friend, admitted to intimacy, and encouraged to sincerity. But this appears a remedy by no means adapted to general use: for in order to secure the virtue of one, it presupposes more virtue in two than will generally be found. In the first, such a

desire

desire of rectitude and amendment, as may incline him to hear his own accusation from the mouth of him whom he esteems, and by whom, therefore, he will always hope that his faults are not discovered; and in the second such zeal and honesty, as will make him content for his friend's advantage to lose his kindness.

A long life may be passed without finding a friend in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and sincerity. A weak man, however honest, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counsel. Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failings, because they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain, or they are interested, and fearful to offend.

These objections have inclined others to advise, that he who would know himself, should consult his enemies, remember the reproaches that are vented to his face, and listen for the censures that are uttered in private. For his great business is to know his faults, and those malignity will discover, and resentment will reveal. But this precept may be often frustrated; for it seldom happens that rivals or opponents are suffered to come near enough to know our conduct with so much exactness as that conscience should allow and reflect the accusation. The charge of an enemy is often totally false, and commonly so mingled with falsehood, that the mind takes advantage from the failure of one part to discredit

credit the reſt, and never ſuffers any diſturbance afterward from ſuch partial reports.

Yet it ſeems that enemies have been always found by experience the moſt faithful monitors; for adverſity has ever been conſidered as the ſtate in which a man moſt eaſily becomes acquainted with himſelf, and this effect it muſt produce by withdrawing flatterers, whoſe buſineſs it is to hide our weakneſſes from us, or by giving looſe to malice, and licence to reproach; or at leaſt by cutting off thoſe pleaſures which called us away from meditation on our own conduct, and repreſſing that pride which too eaſily perſuades us, that we merit whatever we enjoy.

Part of theſe benefits it is in every man's power to procure to himſelf, by aſſigning proper portions of his life to the examination of the reſt, and by putting himſelf frequently in ſuch a ſituation by retirement and abſtraction, as may weaken the influence of external objects. By this practice he may obtain the ſolitude of adverſity without its melancholy, its inſtructions without its cenſures, and its ſenſibility without its perturbations.

The neceſſity of ſetting the world at a diſtance from us, when we are to take a ſurvey of ourſelves, has ſent many from high ſtations to the ſeverities of a monaſtick life; and indeed, every man deeply engaged in buſineſs, if all regard to another ſtate be not extinguiſhed, muſt have the conviction, though, perhaps, not the reſolution of Valdeſſo, who, when he ſolicited Charles the fifth to diſmiſs him, being aſked, whether he retired upon diſguſt, anſwered that he laid down his commiſſion, for no other rea-

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ſon but becauſe *there ought to be ſome time for ſober reflection between the life of a ſoldier and his death.*

There are few conditions which do not entangle us with ſublunary hopes and fears, from which it is neceſſary to be at intervals diſencumbered, that we may place ourſelves in his preſence who views effects in their cauſes, and actions in their motives; that we may, as Chillingworth expreſſes it, conſider things as if there were no other beings in the world but God and ourſelves; or, to uſe language yet more awful, *may commune with our own hearts, and be ſtill.*

Death, ſays Seneca, falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himſelf; and Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early reſtorers of literature, thought the ſtudy of our own hearts of ſo much importance, that he has recommended it from his tomb. *Sum* Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, *quem amaverunt bonæ muſæ, ſuſpexerunt viri probi, honeſtaverunt reges domini; jam ſcis qui ſim, vel qui potius fuerim; ego vero te, hoſpes, noſcere in tenebris nequeo, ſed teipſum ut noſcas rogo.* "I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers of literature, admired "by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs "of the world. Thou knoweſt now who I am, "or more properly who I was. For thee, ſtranger, "I who am in darkneſs cannot know thee, but I "intreat thee to know thyſelf."

I hope every reader of this paper will conſider himſelf as engaged to the obſervation of a precept, which the wiſdom and virtue of all ages have concurred to enforce, a precept dictated by philoſophers, inculcated by poets, and ratified by ſaints.

NUMB. 29. TUESDAY, *June* 26, 1750.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit deus,
Ridetque si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet —— HOR.

But God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late. DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing recommended with greater frequency among the gayer poets of antiquity, than the secure possession of the present hour, and the dismission of all the cares which intrude upon our quiet, or hinder, by importunate perturbations, the enjoyment of those delights which our condition happens to set before us.

The ancient poets are, indeed, by no means unexceptionable teachers of morality; their precepts are to be always considered as the sallies of a genius, intent rather upon giving pleasure than instruction, eager to take every advantage of insinuation, and provided the passions can be engaged on its side, very little solicitous about the suffrage of reason.

The darkness and uncertainty through which the heathens were compelled to wander in the pursuit of happiness, may, indeed, be alleged as an excuse for many of their seducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which the moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have not to plead. It is no wonder

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that ſuch as had no promiſe of another ſtate ſhould eagerly turn their thoughts upon the improvement of that which was before them; but ſurely thoſe who are acquainted with the hopes and fears of eternity, might think it neceſſary to put ſome reſtraint upon their imagination, and reflect that by echoing the ſongs of the ancient bacchanals, and tranſmitting the maxims of paſt debauchery, they not only prove that they want invention, but virtue, and ſubmit to the ſervility of imitation only to copy that of which the writer, if he was to live now, would often be aſhamed.

Yet as the errors and follies of a great genius are ſeldom without ſome radiations of underſtanding, by which meaner minds may be enlightened, the incitements to pleaſure are, in thoſe authors, generally mingled with ſuch reflections upon life, as well deſerve to be conſidered diſtinctly from the purpoſes for which they are produced, and to be treaſured up as the ſettled concluſions of extenſive obſervation, acute ſagacity, and mature experience.

It is not without true judgment that on theſe occaſions they often warn their readers againſt enquiries into futurity, and ſolicitude about events which lie hid in cauſes yet unactive, and which time has not brought forward into the view of reaſon. An idle and thoughtleſs reſignation to chance, without any ſtruggle againſt calamity, or endeavour after advantage, is indeed below the dignity of a reaſonable being, in whoſe power providence has put a great part even of his preſent happineſs; but it ſhews an equal ignorance of our proper ſphere, to haraſs our thoughts with conjectures about things not yet

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in being. How can we regulate events, of which we yet know not whether they will ever happen? And why ſhould we think, with painful anxiety, about that on which our thoughts can have no influence?

It is a maxim commonly received, that a wiſe man is never ſurpriſed; and, perhaps, this exemption from aſtoniſhment may be imagined to proceed from ſuch a proſpect into futurity, as gave previous intimation of thoſe evils which often fall unexpected upon others that have leſs foreſight. But the truth is, that things to come, except when they approach very nearly, are equally hidden from men of all degrees of underſtanding; and if a wiſe man is not amazed at ſudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but leſs upon futurity. He never conſidered things not yet exiſting as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, nor ever realized non-entities to his mind. He is not ſurpriſed because he is not diſappointed, and he eſcapes diſappointment becauſe he never forms any expectations.

The concern about things to come, that is ſo juſtly cenſured, is not the reſult of thoſe general reflections on the variableneſs of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the univerſal inſecurity of all human acquiſitions, which muſt always be ſuggeſted by the view of the world; but ſuch a deſponding anticipation of misfortune, as fixes the mind upon ſcenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominate in every imagination.

Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the ſame nature with jealouſy in love, and ſuſpicion in the general commerce

commerce of life; a temper which keeps the man always in alarms, difpofes him to judge of every thing in a manner that leaft favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual ftratagems of counteraction, wears him out in fchemes to obviate evils which never threatened him, and at length, perhaps, contributes to the production of thofe mifchiefs of which it had raifed fuch dreadful apprehenfions.

It has been ufual in all ages for moralifts to reprefs the fwellings of vain hope by reprefentations of the innumerable cafualties to which life is fubject, and by inftances of the unexpected defeat of the wifeft fchemes of policy, and fudden fubverfions of the higheft eminences of greatnefs. It has, perhaps, not been equally obferved, that all thefe examples afford the proper antidote to fear as well as to hope, and may be applied with no lefs efficacy as confolations to the timorous, than as reftraints to the proud.

Evil is uncertain in the fame degree as good, and for the reafon that we ought not to hope too fecurely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The ftate of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the refult of the next viciffitude. Whatever is afloat in the ftream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blaft, which fhall happen to crofs the general courfe of the current. The fudden accidents by which the powerful are depreffed, may fall upon thofe whofe malice we fear; and the greatnefs by which we expect to be overborn, may become another proof of the falfe flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow ftrong before our encounter, or we may advance againft each other without ever

meeting.

meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils which we can flatter ourſelves with no hopes of eſcaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the oppoſition of rival intereſts, we may always alleviate the terror by conſidering that our perſecutors are weak and ignorant, and mortal like ourſelves.

The misfortunes which ariſe from the concurrence of unhappy incidents ſhould never be ſuffered to diſturb us before they happen; becauſe, if the breaſt be once laid open to the dread of mere poſſibilities of miſery, life muſt be given a prey to diſmal ſolicitude, and quiet muſt be loſt for ever.

It is remarked by old Cornaro, that it is abſurd to be afraid of the natural diſſolution of the body, becauſe it muſt certainly happen, and can, by no caution or artifice, be avoided. Whether this ſentiment be entirely juſt, I ſhall not examine; but certainly, if it be improper to fear events which muſt happen, it is yet more evidently contrary to right reaſon to fear thoſe which may never happen, and which, if they ſhould come upon us, we cannot reſiſt.

As we ought not to give way to fear any more than indulgence to hope, becauſe the objects both of fear and hope are yet uncertain, ſo we ought not to truſt the repreſentations of one more than of the other, becauſe they are both equally fallacious; as hope enlarges happineſs, fear aggravates calamity. It is generally allowed, that no man ever found the happineſs of poſſeſſion proportionate to that expectation which incited his deſire, and invigorated his purſuit; nor has any man found the evils of life ſo formidable

formidable in reality, as they were defcribed to him by his own imagination; every fpecies of diftrefs brings with it fome peculiar fupports, fome unforefeen means of refifting, or power of enduring. Taylor juftly blames fome pious perfons, who indulge their fancies too much, fet themfelves, by the force of imagination, in the place of the ancient martyrs and confeffors, and queftion the validity of their own faith becaufe they fhrink at the thoughts of flames and tortures. It is, fays he, fufficient that you are able to encounter the temptations which now affault you; when God fends trials, he may fend ftrength.

All fear is in itfelf painful, and when it conduces not to fafety is painful without ufe. Every confideration, therefore, by which groundlefs terrors may be removed, adds fomething to human happinefs. It is likewife not unworthy of remark, that in proportion as our cares are employed upon the future, they are abftracted from the prefent, from the only time which we can call our own, and of which if we neglect the duties, to make provifion againft vifionary attacks, we fhall certainly counteract our own purpofe; for he, doubtlefs, miftakes his true intereft, who thinks that he can increafe his fafety, when he impairs his virtue.

NUMB. 30. SATURDAY, *June* 30, 1750.

——— Vultus ubi tuus
Affulſit populo, gratior it dies,
Et ſoles melius nitent. HOR.

Whene'er thy countenance divine
Th' attendant people cheers,
The genial ſuns more radiant ſhine,
The day more glad appears. ELPHINSTON.

Mr. RAMBLER,

THERE are few taſks more ungrateful, than for perſons of modeſty to ſpeak their own praiſes. In ſome caſes, however, this muſt be done for the general good, and a generous ſpirit will on ſuch occaſions aſſert its merit, and vindicate itſelf with becoming warmth.

My circumſtances, Sir, are very hard and peculiar. Could the world be brought to treat me as I deſerve, it would be a publick benefit. This makes me apply to you, that my caſe being fairly ſtated in a paper ſo generally eſteemed, I may ſuffer no longer from ignorant and childiſh prejudices.

My elder brother was a Jew. A very reſpectable perſon, but ſomewhat auſtere in his manner: highly and deſervedly valued by his near relations and intimates, but utterly unfit for mixing in a larger ſociety, or gaining a general acquaintance among mankind. In a venerable old age he retired from the world, and I in the bloom of youth came into

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it, ſucceeding him in all his dignities, and formed, as I might reaſonably flatter myſelf, to be the object of univerſal love and eſteem. Joy and gladneſs were born with me; cheerfulneſs, good-humour, and benevolence always attended and endeared my infancy. That time is long paſt. So long, that idle imaginations are apt to fancy me wrinkled, old, and diſagreeable; but, unleſs my looking-glaſs deceives me, I have not yet loſt one charm, one beauty of my earlieſt years. However, thus far is too certain, I am to every body juſt what they chuſe to think me, ſo that to very few I appear in my right ſhape; and though naturally I am the friend of human kind, to few, very few comparatively, am I uſeful or agreeable.

This is the more grievous, as it is utterly impoſſible for me to avoid being in all ſorts of places and companies; and I am therefore liable to meet with perpetual affronts and injuries. Though I have as natural an antipathy to cards and dice, as ſome people have to a cat, many and many an aſſembly am I forced to endure; and though reſt and compoſure are my peculiar joy, am worn out, and haraſſed to death with journies by men and women of quality, who never take one, but when I can be of the party. Some, on a contrary extreme, will never receive me but in bed, where they ſpend at leaſt half of the time I have to ſtay with them; and others are ſo monſtrouſly ill-bred as to take phyſick on purpoſe when they have reaſon to expect me. Thoſe who keep upon terms of more politeneſs with me, are generally ſo cold and conſtrained in their behaviour, that I cannot but perceive myſelf an unwelcome gueſt;

and even among persons deserving of esteem, and who certainly have a value for me, it is too evident that generally whenever I come I throw a dulness over the whole company, that I am entertained with a formal stiff civility, and that they are glad when I am fairly gone.

How bitter must this kind of reception be to one formed to inspire delight, admiration, and love! To one capable of answering and rewarding the greatest warmth and delicacy of sentiments!

I was bred up among a set of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmost honour and respect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and strange vicissitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in *England* there was a time when I lived according to my heart's desire. Whenever I appeared, publick assemblies appointed for my reception were crowded with persons of quality and fashion, early drest as for a court, to pay me their devoirs. Cheerful hospitality every where crowned my board, and I was looked upon in every country parish as a kind of social bond between the 'squire, the parson, and the tenants. The laborious poor every where blest my appearance: they do so still, and keep their best clothes to do me honour; though as much as I delight in the honest country folks, they do now and then throw a pot of ale at my head, and sometimes an unlucky boy will drive his cricket-ball full in my face.

Even in these my best days there were persons who thought me too demure and grave. I must forsooth by all means be instructed by foreign masters, and

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taught to dance and play. This method of education was ſo contrary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertainments, that it did not ſucceed at all.

I fell next into the hands of a very different ſet. They were ſo exceſſively ſcandalized at the gaiety of my appearance, as not only to deſpoil me of the foreign fopperies, the paint and the patches that I had been tricked out with by my laſt misjudging tutors, but they robbed me of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy been uſed to gather in the fields and gardens; nay they blacked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of mourning, and that too very coarſe and awkward. I was now obliged to ſpend my whole life in hearing ſermons; nor permitted ſo much as to ſmile upon any occaſion.

In this melancholy diſguiſe I became a perfect bugbear to all children, and young folks. Wherever I came there was a general huſh, and immediate ſtop to all pleaſantneſs of look or diſcourſe; and not being permitted to talk with them in my own language at that time, they took ſuch a diſguſt to me in thoſe tedious hours of yawning, that having tranſmitted it to their children, I cannot now be heard, though it is long ſince I have recovered my natural form, and pleaſing tone of voice. Would they but receive my viſits kindly, and liſten to what I could tell them—let me ſay it without vanity—how charming a companion ſhould I be! to every one could I talk on the ſubjects moſt intereſting and moſt pleaſing. With the great and ambitious, I would diſcourſe of honours and advancements, of diſtinctions to which the whole world ſhould be witneſs, of

unenvied dignities and durable preferments. To the rich I would tell of inexhauſtible treaſures, and the ſure method to attain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the beſt intereſt, and inſtruct the lovers of pleaſure how to ſecure and improve it to the higheſt degree. The beauty ſhould learn of me how to preſerve an everlaſting bloom. To the afflicted I would adminiſter comfort, and relaxation to the buſy.

As I dare promiſe myſelf you will atteſt the truth of all I have advanced, there is no doubt but many will be deſirous of improving their acquaintance with me; and that I may not be thought too difficult, I will tell you, in ſhort, how I wiſh to be received.

You muſt know I equally hate lazy idleneſs and hurry. I would every where be welcomed at a tolerably early hour with decent good-humour and gratitude. I muſt be attended in the great halls peculiarly appropriated to me with reſpect; but I do not inſiſt upon finery: propriety of appearance, and perfect neatneſs, is all I require. I muſt at dinner be treated with a temperate, but cheerful ſocial meal; both the neighbours and the poor ſhould be the better for me. Some time I muſt have tête-à-tête with my kind entertainers, and the reſt of my viſit ſhould be ſpent in pleaſant walks and airings among ſets of agreeable people, in ſuch diſcourſe as I ſhall naturally dictate, or in reading ſome few ſelected out of thoſe numberleſs books that are dedicated to me, and go by my name. A name that, alas! as the world ſtands at preſent, makes

them

them oftener thrown aside than taken up. As those conversations and books should be both well chosen, to give some advice on that head may possibly furnish you with a future paper, and any thing you shall offer on my behalf will be of great service to,

Good Mr. RAMBLER,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

SUNDAY.

NUMB. 31. TUESDAY, *July* 3, 1750.

Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores,
Falsaque pro vitiis arma tenere meis. OVID.

Corrupted manners I shall ne'er defend,
Nor, falsely witty, for my faults contend. ELPHINSTON.

THOUGH the fallibility of man's reason, and the narrowness of his knowledge, are very liberally confessed, yet the conduct of those who so willingly admit the weakness of human nature, seems to discern that this acknowledgment is not altogether sincere; at least, that most make it with a tacit reserve in favour of themselves, and that with whatever ease they give up the claim of their neighbours, they are desirous of being thought exempt from faults in their own conduct, and from error in their opinions.

The certain and obstinate opposition, which we may observe made to confutation, however clear, and to reproof however tender, is an undoubted ar-

gument, that some dormant privilege is thought to be attacked; for as no man can lose what he neither possesses, nor imagines himself to possess, or be defrauded of that to which he has no right, it is reasonable to suppose that those who break out into fury at the softest contradiction, or the slightest censure, since they apparently conclude themselves injured, must fancy some ancient immunity violated, or some natural prerogative invaded. To be mistaken, if they thought themselves liable to mistake, could not be considered as either shameful or wonderful, and they would not receive with so much emotion intelligence which only informed them of what they knew before, nor struggle with such earnestness against an attack that deprived them of nothing to which they held themselves entitled.

It is related of one of the philosophers, that when an account was brought him of his son's death, he received it only with this reflection, *I knew that my son was mortal.* He that is convinced of an error, if he had the same knowledge of his own weakness, would, instead of straining for artifices, and brooding malignity, only regard such oversights as the appendages of humanity, and pacify himself with considering that he had always known man to be a fallible being.

If it be true that most of our passions are excited by the novelty of objects, there is little reason for doubting that to be considered as subject to fallacies of ratiocination, or imperfection of knowledge, is to a great part of mankind entirely new; for it is impossible to fall into any company where there is not some regular and established subordi-

nation,

nation, without finding rage and vehemence produced only by difference of ſentiments about things in which neither of the diſputants have any other intereſt than what proceeds from their mutual unwillingneſs to give way to any opinion that may bring upon them the diſgrace of being wrong.

I have heard of one that, having advanced ſome erroneous doctrines in philoſophy, refuſed to ſee the experiments by which they were confuted: and the obſervation of every day will give new proofs with how much induſtry ſubterfuges and evaſions are ſought to decline the preſſure of reſiſtleſs arguments, how often the ſtate of the queſtion is altered, how often the antagoniſt is wilfully miſrepreſented, and in how much perplexity the cleareſt poſitions are involved by thoſe whom they happen to oppoſe.

Of all mortals none ſeem to have been more infected with this ſpecies of vanity, than the race of writers, whoſe reputation ariſing ſolely from their underſtanding, gives them a very delicate ſenſibility of any violence attempted on their literary honour. It is not unpleaſing to remark with what ſolicitude men of acknowledged abilities will endeavour to palliate abſurdities and reconcile contradictions, only to obviate criticiſms to which all human performances muſt ever be expoſed, and from which they can never ſuffer, but when they teach the world by a vain and ridiculous impatience to think them of importance.

Dryden, whoſe warmth of fancy, and haſte of compoſition, very frequently hurried him into inaccuracies,

curacies, heard himſelf ſometimes expoſed to ridicule for having ſaid in one of his tragedies,

I follow fate, which does too faſt purſue.

That no man could at once follow and be followed was, it may be thought, too plain to be long diſputed; and the truth is, that DRYDEN was apparently betrayed into the blunder by the double meaning of the word FATE, to which in the former part of the verſe he had annexed the idea of FORTUNE, and in the latter that of DEATH; ſo that the ſenſe only was, *though purſued by* DEATH, *I will not reſign myſelf to deſpair, but will follow* FORTUNE, *and do and ſuffer what is appointed.* This, however, was not completely expreſſed, and DRYDEN being determined not to give way to his criticks, never confeſſed that he had been ſurpriſed by an ambiguity; but finding luckily in *Virgil* an account of a man moving in a circle, with this expreſſion, *Et ſe ſequiturque fugitque,* "Here," ſays he, "is the paſſage in imitation of which I wrote "the line that my criticks were pleaſed to con-"demn as nonſenſe; not but I may ſometimes "write nonſenſe, though they have not the fortune "to find it."

Every one ſees the folly of ſuch mean doublings to eſcape the purſuit of criticiſm; nor is there a ſingle reader of this poet, who would not have paid him greater veneration, had he ſhewn conſciouſneſs enough of his own ſuperiority to ſet ſuch cavils at defiance, and owned that he ſometimes ſlipped into

errors

errors by the tumult of his imagination, and the multitude of his ideas.

It is happy when this temper difcovers itfelf only in little things, which may be right or wrong without any influence on the virtue or happinefs of mankind. We may, with very little inquietude, fee a man perfift in a project, which he has found to be impracticable, live in an inconvenient houfe becaufe it was contrived by himfelf, or wear a coat of a particular cut, in hopes by perfeverance to bring it into fafhion. Thefe are indeed follies, but they are only follies, and, however wild or ridiculous, can very little affect others.

But fuch pride, once indulged, too frequently operates upon more important objects, and inclines men not only to vindicate their errors, but their vices; to perfift in practices which their own hearts condemn, only left they fhould feem to feel reproaches, or be made wifer by the advice of others; or to fearch for fophifms tending to the confufion of all principles, and the evacuation of all duties, that they may not appear to act what they are not able to defend.

Let every man, who finds vanity fo far predominant, as to betray him to the danger of this laft degree of corruption, paufe a moment to confider what will be the confequences of the plea which he is about to offer for a practice to which he knows himfelf not led at firft by reafon, but impelled by the violence of defire, furprifed by the fuddennefs of paffion, or feduced by the foft approaches of temptation, and by imperceptible gradations of guilt. Let him confider what he is going to commit by

forcing

forcing his underſtanding to patroniſe thoſe appetites, which it is its chief buſineſs to hinder and reform.

The cauſe of virtue requires ſo little art to defend it, and good and evil, when they have been once ſhewn, are ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed, that ſuch apologiſts ſeldom gain proſelytes to their party, nor have their fallacies power to deceive any but thoſe whoſe deſires have clouded their diſcernment. All that the beſt faculties thus employed can perform is, to perſuade the hearers that the man is hopeleſs whom they only thought vicious, that corruption has paſſed from his manners to his principles, that all endeavours for his recovery are without proſpect of ſucceſs, and that nothing remains but to avoid him as infectious, or hunt him down as deſtructive.

But if it be ſuppoſed that he may impoſe on his audience by partial repreſentations of conſequences, intricate deductions of remote cauſes, or perplexed combinations of ideas, which having various relations appear different as viewed on different ſides; that he may ſometimes puzzle the weak and well-meaning, and now and then ſeduce, by the admiration of his abilities, a young mind ſtill fluctuating in unſettled notions, and neither fortified by inſtruction nor enlightened by experience; yet what muſt be the event of ſuch a triumph? A man cannot ſpend all this life in frolick: age, or diſeaſe, or ſolitude will bring ſome hours of ſerious conſideration, and it will then afford no comfort to think, that he has extended the dominion of vice, that he has loaded himſelf with

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the crimes of others, and can never know the extent of his own wickedneſs, or make reparation for the miſchief that he has cauſed. There is not perhaps in all the ſtores of ideal anguiſh, a thought more painful, than the conſciouſneſs of having propagated corruption by vitiating principles, of having not only drawn others from the paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by which they ſhould return, of having blinded them to every beauty but the paint of pleaſure, and deafened them to every call but the alluring voice of the ſyrens of deſtruction.

There is yet another danger in this practice: men who cannot deceive others, are very often ſucceſsful in deceiving themſelves; they weave their ſophiſtry till their own reaſon is entangled, and repeat their poſitions till they are credited by themſelves; by often contending they grow ſincere in the cauſe, and by long wiſhing for demonſtrative arguments, they at laſt bring themſelves to fancy that they had found them. They are then at the uttermoſt verge of wickedneſs, and may die without having that light rekindled in their minds, which their own pride and contumacy have extinguiſhed.

The men who can be charged with feweſt failings, either with reſpect to abilities or virtue, are generally moſt ready to allow them: for not to dwell on things of ſolemn and awful conſideration, the humility of confeſſors, the tears of ſaints, and the dying terrors of perſons eminent for piety and innocence, it is well known that Cæſar wrote

an account of the errors committed by him in his wars of Gaul, and that Hippocrates, whofe name is perhaps in rational eftimation greater than Cæfar's, warned pofterity againft a miftake into which he had fallen. *So much*, fays Celfus, *does the open and artlefs confeffion of an error become a man confcious that he has enough remaining to fupport his character.*

As all error is meannefs, it is incumbent on every man who confults his own dignity, to retract it as foon as he difcovers it, without fearing any cenfure fo much as that of his own mind. As juftice requires that all injuries fhould be repaired, it is the duty of him who has feduced others by bad practices or falfe notions, to endeavour that fuch as have adopted his errors fhould know his retraction, and that thofe who have learned vice by his example, fhould by his example be taught amendment.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL LIBRARY

Numb. 32. Saturday, *July* 7, 1750.

> Ὅσσά τε δαιμονίῃσι τύχαις βροτοὶ ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν,
> Ὧν ἂν μοῖραν ἔχῃς, πράως φέρε, μηδ' ἀγανάκτει·
> Ἰᾶσθαι δὲ πρέπει καθόσον δύνῃ. PYTHAG.

> Of all the woes that load the mortal ſtate,
> Whate'er thy portion, mildly meet thy fate;
> But eaſe it as thou can'ſt—— ELPHINSTON.

SO large a part of human life paſſes in a ſtate contrary to our natural deſires, that one of the principal topicks of moral inſtruction is the art of bearing calamities. And ſuch is the certainty of evil, that it is the duty of every man to furniſh his mind with thoſe principles that may enable him to act under it with decency and propriety.

The ſect of ancient philoſophers, that boaſted to have carried this neceſſary ſcience to the higheſt perfection, were the ſtoicks, or ſcholars of Zeno, whoſe wild enthuſiaſtick virtue pretended to an exemption from the ſenſibilities of unenlightened mortals, and who proclaimed themſelves exalted, by the doctrines of their ſect, above the reach of thoſe miſeries, which embitter life to the reſt of the world. They therefore removed pain, poverty, loſs of friends, exile, and violent death, from the catalogue of evils; and paſſed, in their haughty ſtyle, a kind of irreverſible decree, by which they forbad them to be counted any longer among the objects of terror or anxiety, or to give any diſturbance to the tranquillity of a wiſe man.

This

This edict was, I think, not universally observed; for though one of the more resolute, when he was tortured by a violent disease, cried out, that let pain harass him to its utmost power, it should never force him to consider it as other than indifferent and neutral; yet all had not stubbornness to hold out against their senses: for a weaker pupil of Zeno is recorded to have confessed in the anguish of the gout, that *he now found pain to be an evil.*

It may however be questioned, whether these philosophers can be very properly numbered among the teachers of patience; for if pain be not an evil, there seems no instruction requisite how it may be borne; and therefore, when they endeavour to arm their followers with arguments against it, they may be thought to have given up their first position. But such inconsistencies are to be expected from the greatest understandings, when they endeavour to grow eminent by singularity, and employ their strength in establishing opinions opposite to nature.

The controversy about the reality of external evils is now at an end. That life has many miseries, and that those miseries are, sometimes at least, equal to all the powers of fortitude, is now universally confessed; and therefore it is useful to consider not only how we may escape them, but by what means those which either the accidents of affairs, or the infirmities of nature, must bring upon us, may be mitigated and lightened, and how we may make those hours less wretched, which the condition of our present existence will not allow to be very happy.

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The cure for the greateſt part of human miſeries is not radical, but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts therefore to decline it wholly are uſeleſs and vain: the armies of pain ſend their arrows againſt us on every ſide, the choice is only between thoſe which are more or leſs ſharp, or tinged with poiſon of greater or leſs malignity; and the ſtrongeſt armour which reaſon can ſupply, will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them.

The great remedy which heaven has put in our hands is patience, by which, though we cannot leſſen the torments of the body, we can in a great meaſure preſerve the peace of the mind, and ſhall ſuffer only the natural and genuine force of an evil, without heightening its acrimony, or prolonging its effects.

There is indeed nothing more unſuitable to the nature of man in any calamity than rage and turbulence, which, without examining whether they are not ſometimes impious, are at leaſt always offenſive, and incline others rather to hate and deſpiſe than to pity and aſſiſt us. If what we ſuffer has been brought upon us by ourſelves, it is obſerved by an ancient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, ſince no one ſhould be angry at feeling that which he has deſerved.

Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare ferendum eſt.

Let pain deſerv'd without complaint be borne.

And ſurely, if we are conſcious that we have not contributed to our own ſufferings, if puniſhment falls upon innocence, or diſappointment happens to

induſtry and prudence, patience, whether more neceſſary or not, is much eaſier, ſince our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterneſs of remorſe to add to the aſperity of misfortune.

In thoſe evils which are allotted to us by providence, ſuch as deformity, privation of any of the ſenſes, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no preſent effect, but to deprive us of the conſolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us thoſe by whoſe converſation or advice we might be amuſed or helped; and that with regard to futurity it is yet leſs to be juſtified, ſince, without leſſening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he by whom it is inflicted will confer upon them that bear it well.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, becauſe it waſtes that time and attention in complaints, that, if properly applied, might remove the cauſe. Turenne, among the acknowledgments which he uſed to pay in converſation to the memory of thoſe by whom he had been inſtructed in the art of war, mentioned one with honour, who taught him not to ſpend his time in regretting any miſtake which he had made, but to ſet himſelf immediately and vigorouſly to repair it.

Patience and ſubmiſſion are very carefully to be diſtinguiſhed from cowardice and indolence. We are not to repine, but we may lawfully ſtruggle; for the calamities of life, like the neceſſities of nature, are calls to labour and exerciſes of diligence. When we feel any preſſure of diſtreſs, we are not to conclude that we can only obey the will of heaven by languiſhing under it, any more than when we perceive

perceive the pain of thirſt, we are to imagine that water is prohibited. Of misfortune it never can be certainly known whether, as proceeding from the hand of God, it is an act of favour, or of puniſhment: but ſince all the ordinary diſpenſations of providence are to be interpreted according to the general analogy of things, we may conclude that we have a right to remove one inconvenience as well as another; that we are only to take care leſt we purchaſe eaſe with guilt; and that our Maker's purpoſe, whether of reward or ſeverity, will be anſwered by the labours which he lays us under the neceſſity of performing.

This duty is not more difficult in any ſtate than in diſeaſes intenſely painful, which may indeed ſuffer ſuch exacerbations as ſeem to ſtrain the powers of life to their utmoſt ſtretch, and leave very little of the attention vacant to precept or reproof. In this ſtate the nature of man requires ſome indulgence, and every extravagance but impiety may be eaſily forgiven him. Yet, leſt we ſhould think ourſelves too ſoon entitled to the mournful privileges of irreſiſtible miſery, it is proper to reflect, that the utmoſt anguiſh which human wit can contrive or human malice can inflict, has been borne with conſtancy; and that if the pains of diſeaſe be, as I believe they are, ſometimes greater than thoſe of artificial torture, they are therefore in their own nature ſhorter, the vital frame is quickly broken, or the union between ſoul and body is for a time ſuſpended by inſenſibility, and we ſoon ceaſe to feel our maladies when they once become too violent to be borne. I

think there is ſome reaſon for queſtioning whether the body and mind are not ſo proportioned, that the one can bear all that can be inflicted on the other, whether virtue cannot ſtand its ground as long as life, and whether a ſoul well principled will not be ſeparated ſooner than ſubdued.

In calamities which operate chiefly on our paſſions, ſuch as diminution of fortune, loſs of friends, or declenſion of character, the chief danger of impatience is upon the firſt attack, and many expedients have been contrived, by which the blow may be broken. Of theſe the moſt general precept is, not to take pleaſure in any thing, of which it is not in our power to ſecure the poſſeſſion to ourſelves. This counſel, when we conſider the enjoyment of any terreſtrial advantage, as oppoſite to a conſtant and habitual ſolicitude for future felicity, is undoubtedly juſt, and delivered by that authority which cannot be diſputed; but in any other ſenſe, is it not like advice, not to walk leſt we ſhould ſtumble, or not to ſee leſt our eyes ſhould light upon deformity? It ſeems to me reaſonable to enjoy bleſſings with confidence as well as to reſign them with ſubmiſſion, and to hope for the continuance of good which we poſſeſs without inſolence or voluptuouſneſs, as for the reſtitution of that which we loſe without deſpondency or murmurs.

The chief ſecurity againſt the fruitleſs anguiſh of impatience, muſt ariſe from frequent reflection on the wiſdom and goodneſs of the God of nature, in whoſe hands are riches and poverty, honour and diſgrace, pleaſure and pain, and life and death. A ſettled

ſettled conviction of the tendency of every thing to our good, and of the poſſibility of turning miſeries into happineſs, by receiving them rightly, will incline us to *bleſs the name of the* Lord, *whether he gives or takes away.*

Numb. 33. Tuesday, *July* 10, 1750.

Quod caret alternâ requie durabile non eſt. Ovid.

Alternate reſt and labour long endure.

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to thoſe who are verſed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and ſimplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleaſure, and conſtant plenty, under the protection of Rest; a gentle divinity, who required of her worſhippers neither altars nor ſacrifices, and whoſe rites were only performed by proſtrations upon turfs of flowers in ſhades of jaſmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this eaſy government the firſt generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual ſpring, eat the fruits, which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and ſlept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds ſinging over their heads, and the beaſts ſporting about them. But by degrees they began to loſe their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was deſirous of

appropriating part to himſelf. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new ſtandard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themſelves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to conſider themſelves as poor, when they beheld their own poſſeſſions exceeded by thoſe of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, becauſe only one could have moſt, and that one was always in danger, leſt the ſame arts by which he had ſupplanted others ſhould be practiſed upon himſelf.

Amidſt the prevalence of this corruption, the ſtate of the earth was changed; the year was divided into ſeaſons; part of the ground became barren, and the reſt yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The ſummer and autumn indeed furniſhed a coarſe and inelegant ſufficiency, but winter was without any relief; FAMINE, with a thouſand diſeaſes, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havock among men, and there appeared to be danger leſt they ſhould be deſtroyed before they were reformed.

To oppoſe the devaſtations of FAMINE, who ſcattered the ground every where with carcaſes, LABOUR came down upon earth. LABOUR was the ſon of NECESSITY, the nurſeling of HOPE, and the pupil of ART; he had the ſtrength of his mother, the ſpirit of his nurſe, and the dexterity of his governeſs. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and ſwarthy with the ſun; he had the implements of huſbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other

other he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure. He called out with a rough voice, " Mortals! see here the power
" to whom you are consigned, and from whom you
" are to hope for all your pleasures, and all your
" safety. You have long languished under the do-
" minion of Rest, an impotent and deceitful
" goddess, who can neither protect nor relieve you,
" but resigns you to the first attacks of either Fa-
" mine or Disease, and suffers her shades to be
" invaded by every enemy, and destroyed by every
" accident.

" Awake therefore to the call of Labour. I
" will teach you to remedy the sterility of the earth,
" and the severity of the sky; I will compel sum-
" mer to find provisions for the winter; I will
" force the waters to give you their fish, the air its
" fowls, and the forest its beasts; I will teach you
" to pierce the bowels of the earth, and bring out
" from the caverns of the mountains metals which
" shall give strength to your hands, and security
" to your bodies, by which you may be covered
" from the assaults of the fiercest beasts, and with
" which you shall fell the oak, and divide rocks,
" and subject all nature to your use and pleasure."

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered Labour as their only friend, and hasted to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and shewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land

was covered with towns and villages, encompaſſed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit-trees; and nothing was ſeen but heaps of grain, and baſkets of fruit, full tables, and crowded ſtorehouſes.

Thus LABOUR and his followers added every hour new acquiſitions to their conqueſts, and ſaw FAMINE gradually diſpoſſeſſed of his dominions; till at laſt, amidſt their jollity and triumphs, they were depreſſed and amazed by the approach of LASSITUDE, who was known by her ſunk eyes, and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all thoſe that beheld her loſt their courage, their nerves ſlackened, their hands ſhook, and the inſtruments of labour fell from their graſp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom they reflected with regret on their eaſy compliance with the ſolicitations of LABOUR, and began to wiſh again for the golden hours which they remembered to have paſſed under the reign of REST, whom they reſolved again to viſit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. REST had not left the world; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former deſertion, invited her to the enjoyment of thoſe acquiſitions which LABOUR had procured them.

REST therefore took leave of the groves and vallies, which ſhe had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, repoſed herſelf in alcoves, and ſlumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the ſummer in artificial grottos with caſcades playing before her. There was indeed always ſomething

wanting

wanting to complete her felicity, and ſhe could never lull her returning fugitives to that ſerenity, which they knew before their engagements with LABOUR: Nor was her dominion entirely without controul, for ſhe was obliged to ſhare it with LUXURY, though ſhe always looked upon her as a falſe friend, by whom her influence was in reality deſtroyed, while it ſeemed to be promoted.

The two ſoft aſſociates, however, reigned for ſome time without viſible diſagreement, till at laſt LUXURY betrayed her charge, and let in DISEASE to ſeize upon her worſhippers. REST then flew away, and left the place to the uſurpers; who employed all their arts to fortify themſelves in their poſſeſſion, and to ſtrengthen the intereſt of each other.

REST had not always the ſame enemy: in ſome places ſhe eſcaped the incurſions of DISEASE; but had her reſidence invaded by a more ſlow and ſubtle intruder, for very frequently, when every thing was compoſed and quiet, when there was neither pain within, nor danger without, when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes, SATIETY would enter with a languiſhing and repining look, and throw herſelf upon the couch placed and adorned for the accommodation of REST. No ſooner was ſhe ſeated than a general gloom ſpread itſelf on every ſide, the groves immediately loſt their verdure, and their inhabitants deſiſted from their melody, the breeze ſunk in ſighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves, and ſhut up their odours. Nothing was ſeen on every ſide but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in queſt they

knew

knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

Rest had now loſt her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; ſome of them united themſelves more cloſely to Luxury, who promiſed by her arts to drive Satiety away; and others that were more wiſe, or had more fortitude, went back again to Labour, by whom they were indeed protected from Satiety, but delivered up in time to Lassitude, and forced by her to the bowers of Rest.

Thus Rest and Labour equally perceived their reign of ſhort duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from thoſe who were alike enemies to both. They each found their ſubjects unfaithful, and ready to deſert them upon every opportunity. Labour ſaw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to Rest, and Rest found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of Labour. They, therefore, at laſt determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promiſed to guard the frontiers of each other, ſo that, whenever hoſtilities were attempted, Satiety ſhould be intercepted by Labour, and Lassitude expelled by Rest. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeaſed, and as hatred is often ſucceeded by its contrary, Rest afterwards became pregnant by Labour, and was delivered of Health, a benevolent Goddeſs,

deſs, who conſolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular viciſſitudes of their reign, by diſpenſing her gifts to thoſe only who ſhared their lives in juſt proportions between Rest and Labour.

Numb. 34. Saturday, *July* 14, 1750.

——Non ſine vano
Aurarum et ſiluæ metu.—— Hor.

Alarm'd with ev'ry riſing gale,
In ev'ry wood, in ev'ry vale. Elphinston.

I Have been cenſured for having hitherto dedicated ſo few of my ſpeculations to the ladies; and indeed the moraliſt, whoſe inſtructions are accommodated only to one half of the human ſpecies, muſt be confeſſed not ſufficiently to have extended his views. Yet it is to be conſidered, that maſculine duties afford more room for counſels and obſervations, as they are leſs uniform, and connected with things more ſubject to viciſſitude and accident; we therefore find that in philoſophical diſcourſes which teach by precept, or hiſtorical narratives that inſtruct by example, the peculiar virtues or faults of women fill but a ſmall part; perhaps generally too ſmall, for ſo much of our domeſtick happineſs is in their hands, and their influence is ſo great upon our earlieſt years, that the univerſal intereſt of the world requires them to be well inſtructed in their province; nor can it be thought

thought proper that the qualities by which ſo much pain or pleaſure may be given, ſhould be left to the direction of chance.

I have, therefore, willingly given a place in my paper to a letter, which perhaps may not be wholly uſeleſs to them whoſe chief ambition is to pleaſe, as it ſhews how certainly the end is miſſed by abſurd and injudicious endeavours at diſtinction.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM a young gentleman at my own diſpoſal, with a conſiderable eſtate; and having paſſed through the common forms of education, ſpent ſome time in foreign countries, and made myſelf diſtinguiſhed ſince my return in the politeſt company, I am now arrived at that part of life in which every man is expected to ſettle, and provide for the continuation of his lineage. I withſtood for ſome time the ſolicitations and remonſtrances of my aunts and uncles, but at laſt was perſuaded to viſit *Anthea*, an heireſs, whoſe land lies contiguous to mine, and whoſe birth and beauty are without objection. Our friends declared that we were born for each other, all thoſe on both ſides who had no intereſt in hindering our union, contributed to promote it, and were conſpiring to hurry us into matrimony, before we had an opportunity of knowing one another. I was, however, too old to be given away without my own conſent, and having happened to pick up an opinion, which to many of my relations ſeemed extremely odd, that a man might be unhappy with a large

eſtate,

eſtate, determined to obtain a nearer knowledge of the perſon with whom I was to paſs the remainder of my time. To protract the courtſhip was by no means difficult, for *Anthea* had a wonderful facility of evading queſtions which I ſeldom repeated, and of barring approaches which I had no great eagerneſs to preſs.

Thus the time paſſed away in viſits and civilities, without any ardent profeſſions of love, or formal offers of ſettlements. I often attended her to publick places, in which, as is well known, all behaviour is ſo much regulated by cuſtom, that very little inſight can be gained into the private character, and therefore I was not yet able to inform myſelf of her humour and inclinations.

At laſt I ventured to propoſe to her to make one of a ſmall party, and ſpend a day in viewing a ſeat and gardens a few miles diſtant; and having, upon her compliance, collected the reſt of the company, I brought, at the hour, a coach which I had borrowed from an acquaintance, having delayed to buy one myſelf, till I ſhould have an opportunity of taking the lady's opinion for whoſe uſe it was intended. *Anthea* came down, but as ſhe was going to ſtep into the coach, ſtarted back with great appearance of terror, and told us that ſhe durſt not enter, for the ſhocking colour of the lining had ſo much the air of the mourning-coach, in which ſhe followed her aunt's funeral three years before, that ſhe ſhould never have her poor dear aunt out of her head.

I knew that it was not for lovers to argue with their miſtreſſes; I therefore ſent back the coach, and got another more gay. Into this we all entered,

tered, the coachman began to drive, and we were amuſing ourſelves with the expectation of what we ſhould ſee, when, upon a ſmall inclination of the carriage, *Anthea* ſcreamed out, that we were overthrown. We were obliged to fix all our attention upon her, which ſhe took care to keep up by renewing her outcries, at every corner where we had occaſion to turn: at intervals ſhe entertained us with fretful complaints of the uneaſineſs of the coach, and obliged me to call ſeveral times on the coachman to take care and drive without jolting. The poor fellow endeavoured to pleaſe us, and therefore moved very ſlowly, till *Anthea* found out that this pace would only keep us longer on the ſtones, and deſired that I would order him to make more ſpeed. He whipped his horſes, the coach jolted again, and *Anthea* very complaiſantly told us how much ſhe repented that ſhe made one of our company.

At laſt we got into the ſmooth road, and began to think our difficulties at an end, when, on a ſudden, *Anthea* ſaw a brook before us, which ſhe could not venture to paſs. We were, therefore, obliged to alight, that we might walk over the bridge; but when we came to it, we found it ſo narrow, that *Anthea* durſt not ſet her foot upon it, and was content, after long conſultation, to call the coach back, and with innumerable precautions, terrors, and lamentations, croſſed the brook.

It was neceſſary, after this delay, to amend our pace, and directions were accordingly given to the coachman, when *Anthea* informed us, that it was common for the axle to catch fire with a quick motion,

motion, and begged of me to look out every minute, left we ſhould all be conſumed. I was forced to obey, and gave her from time to time the moſt ſolemn declarations that all was ſafe, and that I hoped we ſhould reach the place without loſing our lives either by fire or water.

Thus we paſſed on, over ways ſoft and hard, with more or leſs ſpeed, but always with new viciſſitudes of anxiety. If the ground was hard, we were jolted; if ſoft, we were ſinking. If we went faſt, we ſhould be overturned; if ſlowly, we ſhould never reach the place. At length ſhe ſaw ſomething which ſhe called a cloud, and began to conſider that at that time of the year it frequently thundered. This ſeemed to be the capital terror, for after that the coach was ſuffered to move on; and no danger was thought too dreadful to be encountered, provided ſhe could get into a houſe before the thunder.

Thus our whole converſation paſſed in dangers, and cares, and fears, and conſolations, and ſtories of ladies dragged in the mire, forced to ſpend all the night on a heath, drowned in rivers, or burnt with lightning; and no ſooner had a hairbreadth eſcape ſet us free from one calamity, but we were threatened with another.

At length we reached the houſe where we intended to regale ourſelves, and I propoſed to *Anthea* the choice of a great number of diſhes, which the place, being well provided for entertainment, happened to afford. She made ſome objection to every thing that was offered; one thing ſhe hated at that time of the year, another ſhe could not bear ſince ſhe had ſeen it ſpoiled at lady *Feedwell*'s table; another ſhe

was

was ſure they could not dreſs at this houſe, and another ſhe could not touch without French ſauce. At laſt ſhe fixed her mind upon ſalmon, but there was no ſalmon in the houſe. It was however procured with great expedition, and when it came to the table ſhe found that her fright had taken away her ſtomach, which indeed ſhe thought no great loſs, for ſhe could never believe that any thing at an inn could be cleanly got.

Dinner was now over, and the company propoſed, for I was now paſt the condition of making overtures, that we ſhould purſue our original deſign of viſiting the gardens. *Anthea* declared that ſhe could not imagine what pleaſure we expected from the ſight of a few green trees and a little gravel, and two or three pits of clear water; that for her part ſhe hated walking till the cool of the evening, and thought it very likely to rain; and again wiſhed that ſhe had ſtaid at home. We then reconciled ourſelves to our diſappointment, and began to talk on common ſubjects, when *Anthea* told us, that ſince we came to ſee gardens, ſhe would not hinder our ſatisfaction. We all roſe, and walked through the encloſures for ſome time, with no other trouble than the neceſſity of watching leſt a frog ſhould hop acroſs the way, which *Anthea* told us would certainly kill her, if ſhe ſhould happen to ſee him.

Frogs, as it fell out, there were none; but when we were within a furlong of the gardens, *Anthea* ſaw ſome ſheep, and heard the wether clink his bell, which ſhe was certain was not hung upon him for nothing, and therefore no aſſurances nor intreaties ſhould prevail upon her to go a ſtep farther; ſhe was

ſorry

ſorry to diſappoint the company, but her life was dearer to her than ceremony.

We came back to the inn, and *Anthea* now diſcovered that there was no time to be loſt in returning, for the night would come upon us, and a thouſand misfortunes might happen in the dark. The horſes were immediately harneſſed, and *Anthea* having wondered what could ſeduce her to ſtay ſo long was eager to ſet out. But we had now a new ſcene of terrour, every man we ſaw was a robber, and we were ordered ſometimes to drive hard, leſt a traveller whom we ſaw behind ſhould overtake us; and ſometimes to ſtop, leſt we ſhould come up to him who was paſſing before us. She alarmed many an honeſt man, by begging him to ſpare her life as he paſſed by the coach, and drew me into fifteen quarrels with perſons who encreaſed her fright, by kindly ſtopping to enquire whether they could aſſiſt us. At laſt we came home, and ſhe told her company next day what a pleaſant ride ſhe had been taking.

I ſuppoſe, Sir, I need not enquire of you what deductions may be made from this narrative, nor what happineſs can ariſe from the ſociety of that woman who miſtakes cowardice for elegance, and imagines all delicacy to conſiſt in refuſing to be pleaſed.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 35. TUESDAY, *July* 17, 1750.

——————— *Non pronuba* Juno,
Non Hymenæus *adeſt, non illi* Gratia *lecto.* OVID.

Without connubial *Juno*'s aid they wed;
Nor *Hymen* nor the *Graces* bleſs the bed. ELPHINSTON.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you have hitherto delayed the performance of the promiſe, by which you gave us reaſon to hope for another paper upon matrimony, I imagine you deſirous of collecting more materials than your own experience, or obſervation, can ſupply; and I ſhall therefore lay candidly before you an account of my own entrance into the conjugal ſtate.

I was about eight and twenty years old, when, having tried the diverſions of the town till I began to be weary, and being awakened into attention to more ſerious buſineſs, by the failure of an attorney to whom I had implicitly truſted the conduct of my fortune, I reſolved to take my eſtate into my own care, and methodiſe my whole life according to the ſtricteſt rules of economical prudence.

In purſuance of this ſcheme, I took leave of my acquaintance, who diſmiſſed me with numberleſs jeſts upon my new ſyſtem; having firſt endeavoured to divert me from a deſign ſo little worthy of a man of wit, by ridiculous accounts of the ignorance and

and rufticity into which many had funk in their retirement, after having diftinguifhed themfelves in taverns and playhoufes, and given hopes of rifing to uncommon eminence among the gay part of mankind.

When I came firft into the country, which, by a neglect not uncommon among young heirs, I had never feen fince the death of my father, I found every thing in fuch confufion, that, being utterly without practice in bufinefs, I had great difficulties to encounter in difentangling the perplexities of my circumftances; they however gave way to diligent application, and I perceived that the advantage of keeping my own accounts would very much overbalance the time which they could require.

I had now vifited my tenants, furveyed my land, and repaired the old houfe, which, for fome years, had been running to decay. Thefe proofs of pecuniary wifdom began to recommend me, as a fober, judicious, thriving gentleman, to all my graver neighbours of the country, who never failed to celebrate my management in oppofition to *Thriftlefs* and *Latterwit*, two fmart fellows, who had eftates in the fame part of the kingdom, which they vifited now and then in a frolick, to take up their rents beforehand, debauch a milk-maid, make a feaft for the village, and tell ftories of their own intrigues, and then rode poft back to town to fpend their money.

It was doubtful, however, for fome time, whether I fhould be able to hold my refolution; but a fhort perfeverance removed all fufpicions. I rofe every day in reputation, by the decency of my

conversation, and the regularity of my conduct, and was mentioned with great regard at the assizes, as a man very fit to be put in commission for the peace.

During the confusion of my affairs, and the daily necessity of visiting farms, adjusting contracts, letting leases, and superintending repairs, I found very little vacuity in my life, and therefore had not many thoughts of marriage; but, in a little while, the tumult of business subsided, and the exact method which I had established enabled me to dispatch my accounts with great facility. I had, therefore, now upon my hands, the task of finding means to spend my time, without falling back into the poor amusements which I had hitherto indulged, or changing them for the sports of the field, which I saw pursued with so much eagerness by the gentlemen of the country, that they were indeed the only pleasures in which I could promise myself any partaker.

The inconvenience of this situation naturally disposed me to wish for a companion, and the known value of my estate, with my reputation for frugality and prudence, easily gained me admission into every family; for I soon found that no enquiry was made after any other virtue, nor any testimonial necessary, but of my freedom from incumbrances, and my care of what they termed the *main chance.* I saw, not without indignation, the eagerness with which the daughters, wherever I came, were set out to show; nor could I consider them in a state much different from prostitution, when I found them ordered to play their airs before me, and to exhibit by some seeming chance, specimens of their musick,

their

their work, or their houſewifery. No ſooner was I placed at table, than the young lady was called upon to pay me ſome civility or other; nor could I find means of eſcaping, from either father or mother, ſome account of their daughters excellencies, with a declaration that they were now leaving the world, and had no buſineſs on this ſide the grave, but to ſee their children happily diſpoſed of; that ſhe whom I had been pleaſed to compliment at table, was indeed the chief pleaſure of their age, ſo good, ſo dutiful, ſo great a relief to her mamma in the care of the houſe, and ſo much her papa's favourite for her cheerfulneſs and wit, that it would be with the laſt reluctance that they ſhould part; but to a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom they might often viſit, they would not ſo far conſult their own gratification, as to refuſe her; and their tenderneſs ſhould be ſhewn in her fortune, whenever a ſuitable ſettlement was propoſed.

As I knew theſe overtures not to proceed from any preference of me before another equally rich, I could not but look with pity on young perſons condemned to be ſet to auction, and made cheap by injudicious commendations; for how could they know themſelves offered and rejected a hundred times, without ſome loſs of that ſoft elevation, and maiden dignity, ſo neceſſary to the completion of female excellence?

I ſhall not trouble you with a hiſtory of the ſtratagems practiſed upon my judgment, or the allurements tried upon my heart, which, if you have, in any part of your life, been acquainted with rural

 politicks,

politicks, you will eafily conceive. Their arts have no great variety, they think nothing worth their care but money, and fuppofing its influence the fame upon all the world, feldom endeavour to deceive by any other means than falfe computations.

I will not deny that, by hearing myfelf loudly commended for my difcretion, I began to fet fome value upon my character, and was unwilling to lofe my credit by marrying for love. I therefore refolved to know the fortune of the lady whom I fhould addrefs, before I enquired after her wit, delicacy, or beauty.

This determination led me to Mitiffa, the daughter of Chryfophilus, whofe perfon was at leaft without deformity, and whofe manners were free from reproach, as fhe had been bred up at a diftance from all common temptations. To Mitiffa therefore I obtained leave from her parents to pay my court, and was referred by her again to her father, whofe direction fhe was refolved to follow. The queftion then was, only, what fhould be fettled. The old gentleman made an enormous demand, with which I refufed to comply. Mitiffa was ordered to exert her power; fhe told me, that if I could refufe her papa, I had no love for her; that fhe was an unhappy creature, and that I was a perfidious man; then fhe burft into tears, and fell into fits. All this, as I was no paffionate lover, had little effect. She next refufed to fee me, and becaufe I thought myfelf obliged to write in terms of diftrefs, they had once hopes of ftarving me into meafures; but finding me inflexible, the father complied with my propofal,

pofal, and told me he liked me the more for being fo good at a bargain.

I was now married to Mitiffa, and was to experience the happinefs of a match made without paffion. Mitiffa foon difcovered, that fhe was equally prudent with myfelf, and had taken a hufband only to be at her own command, and to have a chariot at her own call. She brought with her an old maid recommended by her mother, who taught her all the arts of domeftick management, and was, on every occafion, her chief agent and directrefs. They foon invented one reafon or other, to quarrel with all my fervants, and either prevailed on me to turn them away, or treated them fo ill, that they left me of themfelves, and always fupplied their places with fome brought from my wife's relations. Thus they eftablifhed a family, over which I had no authority, and which was in a perpetual confpiracy againft me; for Mitiffa confidered herfelf as having a feparate intereft, and thought nothing her own, but what fhe laid up without my knowledge. For this reafon fhe brought me falfe accounts of the expences of the houfe, joined with my tenants in complaints of hard times, and by means of a fteward of her own, took rewards for foliciting abatements of the rent. Her great hope is to outlive me, that fhe may enjoy what fhe has thus accumulated, and therefore fhe is always contriving fome improvements of her jointure land, and once tried to procure an injunction to hinder me from felling timber upon it for repairs. Her father and mother affift her in her projects, and are frequently hinting that fhe is ill ufed, and re-

proaching me with the preſents that other ladies receive from their huſbands.

Such, Sir, was my ſituation for ſeven years, till at laſt my patience was exhauſted, and having one day invited her father to my houſe, I laid the ſtate of my affairs before him, detected my wife in ſeveral of her frauds, turned out her ſteward, charged a conſtable with her maid, took my buſineſs in my own hands, reduced her to a ſettled allowance, and now write this account to warn others againſt marrying thoſe whom they have no reaſon to eſteem.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 36. SATURDAY, *July* 21, 1750.

Ἅμ᾽ ἕποντο νομῆες
Τερπόμενοι σύριγξι· δόλον δ᾽ οὔτι προνόησαν. HOMER.

——— Piping on their reeds, the ſhepherds go,
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe. POPE.

THERE is ſcarcely any ſpecies of poetry that has allured more readers, or excited more writers, than the paſtoral. It is generally pleaſing, becauſe it entertains the mind with repreſentations of ſcenes familiar to almoſt every imagination, and of which all can equally judge whether they are well deſcribed. It exhibits a life, to which we have been always accuſtomed to aſſociate peace, and leiſure, and innocence: and therefore we readily ſet open the heart, for the admiſſion of its images, which contribute

tribute to drive away cares and perturbations, and ſuffer ourſelves, without reſiſtance, to be tranſported to elyſian regions, where we are to meet with nothing but joy, and plenty, and contentment; where every gale whiſpers pleaſure, and every ſhade promiſes repoſe.

It has been maintained by ſome, who love to talk of what they do not know, that paſtoral is the moſt ancient poetry; and indeed, ſince it is probable that poetry is nearly of the ſame antiquity with rational nature, and ſince the life of the firſt men was certainly rural, we may reaſonably conjecture, that, as their ideas would neceſſarily be borrowed from thoſe objects with which they were acquainted, their compoſures, being filled chiefly with ſuch thoughts on the viſible creation as muſt occur to the firſt obſervers, were paſtoral hymns, like thoſe which *Milton* introduces the original pair ſinging, in the day of innocence, to the praiſe of their Maker.

For the ſame reaſon that paſtoral poetry was the firſt employment of the human imagination, it is generally the firſt literary amuſement of our minds. We have ſeen fields, and meadows, and groves, from the time that our eyes opened upon life; and are pleaſed with birds, and brooks, and breezes, much earlier than we engage among the actions and paſſions of mankind. We are therefore delighted with rural pictures, becauſe we know the original at an age when our curioſity can be very little awakened, by deſcriptions of courts which we never beheld, or repreſentations of paſſion which we never felt.

The ſatisfaction received from this kind of writing not only begins early, but laſts long; we do

not, as we advance into the intellectual world, throw it away among other childiſh amuſements and paſtimes, but willingly return to it in any hour of indolence and relaxation. The images of true paſtoral have always the power of exciting delight, becauſe the works of nature, from which they are drawn, have always the ſame order and beauty, and continue to force themſelves upon our thoughts, being at once obvious to the moſt careleſs regard, and more than adequate to the ſtrongeſt reaſon, and ſevereſt contemplation. Our inclination to ſtillneſs and tranquillity is ſeldom much leſſened by long knowledge of the buſy and tumultuary part of the world. In childhood we turn our thoughts to the country, as to the region of pleaſure; we recur to it in old age as a port of reſt, and perhaps with that ſecondary and adventitious gladneſs, which every man feels on reviewing thoſe places, or recollecting thoſe occurrences, that contributed to his youthful enjoyments, and bring him back to the prime of life, when the world was gay with the bloom of novelty, when mirth wantoned at his ſide, and hope ſparkled before him.

The ſenſe of this univerſal pleaſure has invited *numbers without number* to try their ſkill in paſtoral performances, in which they have generally ſucceeded after the manner of other imitators, tranſmitting the ſame images in the ſame combination from one to another, till he that reads the title of a poem, may gueſs at the whole ſeries of the compoſition; nor will a man, after the peruſal of thouſands of theſe performances, find his knowledge enlarged with a ſingle view of nature not produced before, or his imagina-

tion

tion amuſed with any new application of thoſe views to moral purpoſes.

The range of paſtoral is indeed narrow, for though nature itſelf, philoſophically conſidered, be inexhauſtible, yet its general effects on the eye and on the ear are uniform, and incapable of much variety of deſcription. Poetry cannot dwell upon the minuter diſtinctions, by which one ſpecies differs from another, without departing from that ſimplicity of grandeur which fills the imagination; nor diſſect the latent qualities of things, without loſing its general power of gratifying every mind by recalling its conceptions. However, as each age makes ſome diſcoveries, and thoſe diſcoveries are by degrees generally known, as new plants or modes of culture are introduced, and by little and little become common, paſtoral might receive, from time to time, ſmall augmentations, and exhibit once in a century a ſcene ſomewhat varied.

But paſtoral ſubjects have been often, like others, taken into the hands of thoſe that were not qualified to adorn them, men to whom the face of nature was ſo little known, that they have drawn it only after their own imagination, and changed or diſtorted her features, that their portraits might appear ſomething more than ſervile copies from their predeceſſors.

Not only the images of rural life, but the occaſions on which they can be properly produced, are few and general. The ſtate of a man confined to the employments and pleaſures of the country, is ſo little diverſified, and expoſed to ſo few of thoſe accidents which produce perplexities, terrors, and ſur-

prifes, in more complicated tranfactions, that he can be fhewn but feldom in fuch circumftances as attract curiofity. His ambition is without policy, and his love without intrigue. He has no complaints to make of his rival, but that he is richer than himfelf; nor any difafters to lament, but a cruel miftrefs, or a bad harveft.

The conviction of the neceffity of fome new fource of pleafure induced *Sannazarius* to remove the fcene from the fields to the fea, to fubftitute fifhermen for fhepherds, and derive his fentiments from the pifcatory life; for which he has been cenfured by fucceeding criticks, becaufe the fea is an object of terror, and by no means proper to amufe the mind and lay the paffions afleep. Againft this objection he might be defended by the eftablifhed maxim, that the poet has a right to felect his images, and is no more obliged to fhew the fea in a ftorm, than the land under an inundation; but may difplay all the pleafures, and conceal the dangers of the water, as he may lay his fhepherd under a fhady beech, without giving him an ague, or letting a wild beaft loofe upon him.

There are, however, two defects in the pifcatory eclogue, which perhaps cannot be fupplied. The fea, though in hot countries it is confidered by thofe who live, like *Sannazarius*, upon the coaft, as a place of pleafure and diverfion, has notwithftanding much lefs variety than the land, and therefore will be fooner exhaufted by a defcriptive writer. When he has once fhewn the fun rifing or fetting upon it, curled its waters with the vernal breeze, rolled the

waves

waves in gentle ſucceſſion to the ſhore, and enumerated the fiſh ſporting in the ſhallows, he has nothing remaining but what is common to all other poetry, the complaint of a nymph for a drowned lover, or the indignation of a fiſher that his oyſters are refuſed, and Mycon's accepted.

Another obſtacle to the general reception of this kind of poetry, is the ignorance of maritime pleaſures, in which the greater part of mankind muſt always live. To all the inland inhabitants of every region, the ſea is only known as an immenſe diffuſion of waters, over which men paſs from one country to another, and in which life is frequently loſt. They have, therefore, no opportunity of tracing in their own thoughts, the deſcriptions of winding ſhores, and calm bays, nor can look on the poem in which they are mentioned, with other ſenſations than on a ſea-chart, or the metrical geography of *Dionyſius*.

This defect *Sannazarius* was hindered from perceiving, by writing in a learned language to readers generally acquainted with the works of nature; but if he had made his attempt in any vulgar tongue, he would ſoon have diſcovered how vainly he had endeavoured to make that loved, which was not underſtood.

I am afraid it will not be found eaſy to improve the paſtorals of antiquity, by any great additions or diverſifications. Our deſcriptions may indeed differ from thoſe of Virgil, as an Engliſh from an Italian ſummer, and, in ſome reſpects, as modern from ancient life; but as nature is in both countries nearly the ſame, and as poetry has to do rather with the

the paſſions of men, which are uniform, than their cuſtoms, which are changeable, the varieties, which time or place can furniſh, will be inconſiderable: and I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, in the next paper, how little the latter ages have contributed to the improvement of the ruſtick muſe.

NUMB. 37. TUESDAY, *July* 24, 1750.

Canto quæ ſolitus, ſi quando armenta vocabat,
Amphion Dircæus. VIRG.

Such ſtrains I ſing as once *Amphion* play'd,
When liſt'ning flocks the powerful call obey'd.
ELPHINSTON.

IN writing or judging of paſtoral poetry, neither the authors nor criticks of latter times ſeem to have paid ſufficient regard to the originals left us by antiquity, but have entangled themſelves with unneceſſary difficulties, by advancing principles, which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are wholly to be rejected from a ſpecies of compoſition, in which, above all others, mere nature is to be regarded.

It is therefore neceſſary to enquire after ſome more diſtinct and exact idea of this kind of writing. This may, I think, be eaſily found in the paſtorals of Virgil, from whoſe opinion it will not appear very ſafe to depart, if we conſider that every advantage of nature, and of fortune, concurred to complete his productions;

ductions; that he was born with great accuracy and ſeverity of judgment, enlightened with all the learning of one of the brighteſt ages, and embelliſhed with the elegance of the Roman court; that he employed his powers rather in improving, than inventing, and therefore muſt have endeavoured to recompenſe the want of novelty by exactneſs; that taking Theocritus for his original, he found paſtoral far advanced towards perfection, and that having ſo great a rival, he muſt have proceeded with uncommon caution.

If we ſearch the writings of Virgil, for the true definition of a paſtoral, it will be found *a poem in which any action or paſſion is repreſented by its effects upon a country life.* Whatſoever therefore may, according to the common courſe of things, happen in the country, may afford a ſubject for a paſtoral poet.

In this definition, it will immediately occur to thoſe who are verſed in the writings of the modern criticks, that there is no mention of the golden age. I cannot indeed eaſily diſcover why it is thought neceſſary to refer deſcriptions of a rural ſtate to remote times, nor can I perceive that any writer has conſiſtently preſerved the Arcadian manners and ſentiments. The only reaſon, that I have read, on which this rule has been founded, is, that, according to the cuſtoms of modern life, it is improbable that ſhepherds ſhould be capable of harmonious numbers, or delicate ſentiments; and therefore the reader muſt exalt his ideas of the paſtoral character, by carrying his thoughts back to the age in which the care of

herds

herds and flocks was the employment of the wiſeſt and greateſt men.

Theſe reaſoners ſeem to have been led into their hypotheſis, by conſidering paſtoral, not in general, as a repreſentation of rural nature, and conſequently as exhibiting the ideas and ſentiments of thoſe, whoever they are, to whom the country affords pleaſure or employment, but ſimply as a dialogue, or narrative of men actually tending ſheep, and buſied in the loweſt and moſt laborious offices; from whence they very readily concluded, ſince characters muſt neceſſarily be preſerved, that either the ſentiments muſt ſink to the level of the ſpeakers, or the ſpeakers muſt be raiſed to the height of the ſentiments.

In conſequence of theſe original errors, a thouſand precepts have been given, which have only contributed to perplex and confound. Some have thought it neceſſary that the imaginary manners of the golden age ſhould be univerſally preſerved, and have therefore believed, that nothing more could be admitted in paſtoral, than lilies and roſes, and rocks and ſtreams, among which are heard the gentle whiſpers of chaſte fondneſs, or the ſoft complaints of amorous impatience. In paſtoral, as in other writings, chaſtity of ſentiment ought doubtleſs to be obſerved, and purity of manners to be repreſented; not becauſe the poet is confined to the images of the golden age, but becauſe, having the ſubject in his own choice, he ought always to conſult the intereſt of virtue.

Theſe

These advocates for the golden age lay down other principles, not very conſiſtent with their general plan; for they tell us, that, to ſupport the character of the ſhepherd, it is proper that all refinement ſhould be avoided, and that ſome ſlight inſtances of ignorance ſhould be interſperſed. Thus the ſhepherd in Virgil is ſuppoſed to have forgot the name of Anaximander, and in Pope the term Zodiack is too hard for a ruſtick apprehenſion. But if we place our ſhepherds in their primitive condition, we may give them learning among their other qualifications; and if we ſuffer them to allude at all to things of later exiſtence, which, perhaps, cannot with any great propriety be allowed, there can be no danger of making them ſpeak with too much accuracy, ſince they converſed with divinities, and tranſmitted to ſucceeding ages the arts of life.

Other writers, having the mean and deſpicable condition of a ſhepherd always before them, conceive it neceſſary to degrade the language of paſtoral by obſolete terms and ruſtick words, which they very learnedly call Dorick, without reflecting, that they thus became authors of a mangled dialect, which no human being ever could have ſpoken, that they may as well refine the ſpeech as the ſentiments of their perſonage, and that none of the inconſiſtencies which they endeavour to avoid, is greater than that of joining elegance of thought with coarſeneſs of diction. Spenſer begins one of his paſtorals with ſtudied barbarity;

Diggon Davie, I bid her good-day:
Or, *Diggon* her is, or I miſſay.
Dig. Her was her while it was day-light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight.

What will the reader imagine to be the ſubject on which ſpeakers like theſe exerciſe their eloquence? Will he not be ſomewhat diſappointed, when he finds them met together to condemn the corruptions of the church of Rome? Surely, at the ſame time that a ſhepherd learns theology, he may gain ſome acquaintance with his native language.

Paſtoral admits of all ranks of perſons, becauſe perſons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not, therefore, on account of the characters neceſſary to be introduced, any elevation or delicacy of ſentiment; thoſe ideas only are improper, which, not owing their original to rural objects, are not paſtoral. Such is the exclamation in Virgil,

Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor, duris in cautibus illum
Iſmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
Nec generis noſtri puerum, nec ſanguinis, edunt.

I know thee, Love, in deſarts thou wert bred,
And at the dugs of ſavage tygers fed;
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains. DRYDEN.

which Pope endeavouring to copy, was carried to ſtill greater impropriety:

I know thee, Love, wild as the raging main,
More fierce than tygers on the Libyan plain;
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn;
Begot in tempeſts, and in thunders born!

Sentiments like theſe, as they have no ground in nature, are indeed of little value in any poem; but in paſtoral they are particularly liable to cenſure, becauſe it wants that exaltation above common life, which

which in tragick or heroick writings often reconciles us to bold flights and daring figures.

Paſtoral being the *repreſentation of an action or paſſion, by its effects upon a country life*, has nothing peculiar but its confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceaſes to be paſtoral. This is its true characteriſtick, and this it cannot loſe by any dignity of ſentiment, or beauty of diction. The Pollio of Virgil, with all its elevation, is a compoſition truly bucolick, though rejected by the criticks; for all the images are either taken from the country, or from the religion of the age common to all parts of the empire.

The Silenus is indeed of a more diſputable kind, becauſe though the ſcene lies in the country, the ſong being religious and hiſtorical, had been no leſs adapted to any other audience or place. Neither can it well be defended as a fiction, for the introduction of a god ſeems to imply the golden age, and yet he alludes to many ſubſequent tranſactions, and mentions Gallus the poet's contemporary.

It ſeems neceſſary to the perfection of this poem, that the occaſion which is ſuppoſed to produce it, be at leaſt not inconſiſtent with a country life, or leſs likely to intereſt thoſe who have retired into places of ſolitude and quiet, than the more buſy part of mankind. It is therefore improper to give the title of a paſtoral to verſes, in which the ſpeakers, after the ſlight mention of their flocks, fall to complaints of errors in the church, and corruptions in the government, or to lamentations of the death of ſome illuſtrious perſon, whom, when once the poet has called a ſhepherd, he has no longer any labour upon his hands, but can make the clouds weep, and lilies

wither, and the ſheep hang their heads, without art or learning, genius or ſtudy.

It is part of Claudian's character of his ruſtick, that he computes his time not by the ſucceſſion of conſuls, but of harveſts. Thoſe who paſs their days in retreats diſtant from the theatres of buſineſs, are always leaſt likely to hurry their imagination with publick affairs.

The facility of treating actions or events in the paſtoral ſtyle, has incited many writers, from whom more judgment might have been expected, to put the ſorrow or the joy which the occaſion required into the mouth of Daphne or of Thyrſis, and as one abſurdity muſt naturally be expected to make way for another, they have written with an utter diſregard both of life and nature, and filled their productions with mythological alluſions, with incredible fictions, and with ſentiments which neither paſſion nor reaſon could have dictated, ſince the change which religion has made in the whole ſyſtem of the world.

NUMB. 38. SATURDAY, *July* 28, 1750.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ. HOR.

The man within the golden mean,
Who can his boldeſt wiſh contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where ſordid want and ſorrow dwell;
And in himſelf ſerenely great,
Declines an envied room of ſtate. FRANCIS.

AMONG many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral ſtate of the world, it has been obſerved that happineſs, as well as virtue, conſiſts in mediocrity; that to avoid every extreme is neceſſary, even to him who has no other care than to paſs through the preſent ſtate with eaſe and ſafety; and that the middle path is the road of ſecurity, on either ſide of which are not only the pitfals of vice, but the precipices of ruin.

Thus the maxim of Cleobulus the Lindian, μέτρον ἄριστον, *Mediocrity is beſt*, has been long conſidered as an univerſal principle, extended through the whole compaſs of life and nature. The experience of every age ſeems to have given it new confirmation, and to ſhew that nothing, however ſpecious or alluring, is purſued with propriety, or enjoyed with ſafety, beyond certain limits.

Even the gifts of nature, which may truly be confidered as the moft folid and durable of all terreftrial advantages, are found, when they exceed the middle point, to draw the poffeffor into many calamities, eafily avoided by others that have been lefs bountifully enriched or adorned. We fee every day women perifh with infamy, by having been too willing to fet their beauty to fhew, and others, though not with equal guilt or mifery, yet with very fharp remorfe, languifhing in decay, neglect, and obfcurity, for having rated their youthful charms at too high a price. And, indeed, if the opinion of Bacon be thought to deferve much regard, very few fighs would be vented for eminent and fuperlative elegance of form; "for beautiful women," fays he, "are feldom of any great accomplifhments, becaufe "they, for the moft part, ftudy behaviour rather "than virtue."

Health and vigour, and a happy conftitution of the corporeal frame, are of abfolute neceffity to the enjoyment of the comforts, and to the performance of the duties of life, and requifite in yet a greater meafure to the accomplifhment of any thing illuftrious or diftinguifhed; yet even thefe, if we can judge by their apparent confequences, are fometimes not very beneficial to thofe on whom they are moft liberally beftowed. They that frequent the chambers of the fick, will generally find the fharpeft pains, and moft ftubborn maladies, among them whom confidence of the force of nature formerly betrayed to negligence and irregularity; and that fuperfluity of ftrength, which was at once their boaft and their fnare, has often, in the latter part of life,

no other effect than that it continues them long in impotence and anguiſh.

Theſe gifts of nature are, however, always bleſſings in themſelves, and to be acknowledged with gratitude to him that gives them; ſince they are, in their regular and legitimate effects, productive of happineſs, and prove pernicious only by voluntary corruption, or idle negligence. And as there is little danger of purſuing them with too much ardour or anxiety, becauſe no ſkill or diligence can hope to procure them, the uncertainty of their influence upon our lives is mentioned, not to depreciate their real value, but to repreſs the diſcontent and envy to which the want of them often gives occaſion in thoſe who do not enough ſuſpect their own frailty, nor conſider how much leſs is the calamity of not poſſeſſing great powers, than of not uſing them aright.

Of all thoſe things that make us ſuperior to others, there is none ſo much within the reach of our endeavours as riches, nor any thing more eagerly or conſtantly deſired. Poverty is an evil always in our view, an evil complicated with ſo many circumſtances of uneaſineſs and vexation, that every man is ſtudious to avoid it. Some degree of riches is therefore required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of neceſſity; when this purpoſe is once attained, we naturally wiſh for more, that the evil which is regarded with ſo much horror, may be yet at a greater diſtance from us; as he that has once felt or dreaded the paw of a ſavage, will not be at reſt till they are parted by ſome barrier, which may take away all poſſibility of a ſecond attack.

To this point, if fear be not unreaſonably indulged, Cleobulus would, perhaps, not refuſe to extend his mediocrity. But it almoſt always happens, that the man who grows rich, changes his notions of poverty, ſtates his wants by ſome new meaſure, and from flying the enemy that purſued him, bends his endeavours to overtake thoſe whom he ſees before him. The power of gratifying his appetites encreaſes their demands; a thouſand wiſhes crowd in upon him, importunate to be ſatisfied, and vanity and ambition open proſpects to deſire, which ſtill grow wider, as they are more contemplated.

Thus in time want is enlarged without bounds; an eagerneſs for increaſe of poſſeſſions deluges the ſoul, and we ſink into the gulphs of inſatiability, only becauſe we do not ſufficiently conſider, that all real need is very ſoon ſupplied, and all real danger of its invaſion eaſily precluded; that the claims of vanity, being without limits, muſt be denied at laſt; and that the pain of repreſſing them is leſs pungent before they have been long accuſtomed to compliance.

Whoſoever ſhall look heedfully upon thoſe who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition ſuch as that he ſhould hazard his quiet, and much leſs his virtue, to obtain it. For all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker ſucceſſion of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuouſneſs.

There is one reaſon ſeldom remarked which makes riches leſs deſirable. Too much wealth is very frequently the occaſion of poverty. He whom the wantonneſs of abundance has once ſoftened,

eaſily

eaſily ſinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will ſoon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render unſurmountable; he will fly for help to thoſe whoſe intereſt it is that he ſhould be more diſteſſed, and will be at laſt torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over fortunes in decay.

When the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raſchid, two neighbouring ſhepherds, faint with thirſt, ſtood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of diſtreſs prayed for water. On a ſudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceaſed to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and ſaw a being of mighty ſtature advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon his nearer approach to be the Genius of diſtribution. In one hand he held the ſheaves of plenty, and in the other the ſabre of deſtruction. The ſhepherds ſtood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the ſpices of Sabæa; "Fly not from your benefactor, children of the "duſt! I am come to offer you gifts, which only "your own folly can make vain. You here pray "for water, and water I will beſtow; let me know "with how much you will be ſatisfied: ſpeak not "raſhly; conſider, that of whatever can be enjoyed "by the body, exceſs is no leſs dangerous than "ſcarcity. When you remember the pain of thirſt, "do not forget the danger of ſuffocation. Now, "Hamet, tell me your requeſt."

"O Being,

"O Being, kind and beneficent," ſays Hamet, "let thine eye pardon my confuſion. I entreat a "little brook, which in ſummer ſhall never be dry, "and in winter never overflow." "It is granted," replies the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his ſabre, and a fountain bubbling up under their feet ſcattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees ſpread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirſt.

Then turning to Raſchid, the Genius invited him likewiſe to offer his petition. "I requeſt," ſays Raſchid, "that thou wilt turn the Ganges through "my grounds, with all his waters, and all their in- "habitants." Hamet was ſtruck with the greatneſs of his neighbour's ſentiments, and ſecretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the ſame petition before him; when the Genius ſpoke, "Raſh "man, be not inſatiable! remember, to thee that "is nothing which thou canſt not uſe; and how are "thy wants greater than the wants of Hamet?" Raſchid repeated his deſire, and pleaſed himſelf with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the preſence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two ſhepherds ſtood waiting the event. As Raſchid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a ſudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty ſtream that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raſchid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was ſwept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

NUMB. 39. TUESDAY, *July* 31, 1750.

Infelix —— nulli bene nupta marito. AUSONIUS.

Unbleſt, ſtill doom'd to wed with miſery.

THE condition of the female ſex has been frequently the ſubject of compaſſion to medical writers, becauſe their conſtitution of body is ſuch, that every ſtate of life brings its peculiar diſeaſes: they are placed according to the proverb between Scylla and Charybdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable; and whether they embrace marriage, or determine upon a ſingle life, are expoſed, in conſequence of their choice, to ſickneſs, miſery, and death.

It were to be wiſhed that ſo great a degree of natural infelicity might not be increaſed by adventitious and artificial miſeries; and that beings whoſe beauty we cannot behold without admiration, and whoſe delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderneſs, might be ſuffered to enjoy every alleviation of their ſorrows. But, however it has happened, the cuſtom of the world ſeems to have been formed in a kind of conſpiracy againſt them, though it does not appear but they had themſelves an equal ſhare in its eſtabliſhment; and preſcriptions which by whomſoever they were begun, are now of long continuance, and by conſequence of great authority, ſeem to have almoſt excluded them from content, in whatſoever condition they ſhall paſs their lives.

If

If they refuse the society of men, and continue in that state which is reasonably supposed to place happiness most in their own power, they seldom give those that frequent their conversation, any exalted notions of the blessing of liberty; for whether it be that they are angry to see with what inconsiderate eagerness other heedless females rush into slavery, or with what absurd vanity the married ladies boast the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour to assert the natural dignity of their sex; whether they are conscious that like barren countries they are free, only because they were never thought to deserve the trouble of a conquest, or imagine that their sincerity is not always unsuspected, when they declare their contempt of men; it is certain, that they generally appear to have some great and incessant cause of uneasiness, and that many of them have at last been persuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had so long contemned, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time when they least became them.

What are the real causes of the impatience which the ladies discover in a virgin state, I shall perhaps take some other occasion to examine. That it is not to be envied for its happiness, appears from the solicitude with which it is avoided; from the opinion universally prevalent among the sex, that no woman continues long in it but because she is not invited to forsake it; from the disposition always shewn to treat old maids as the refuse of the world; and from the willingness with which it is often quitted at last, by those whose experience has enabled

abled them to judge at leiſure, and decide with authority.

Yet ſuch is life, that whatever is propoſed, it is much eaſier to find reaſons for rejecting than embracing. Marriage, though a certain ſecurity from the reproach and ſolitude of antiquated virginity, has yet, as it is uſually conducted, many diſadvantages, that take away much from the pleaſure which ſociety promiſes, and might afford, if pleaſures and pains were honeſtly ſhared, and mutual confidence inviolably preſerved.

The miſeries, indeed, which many ladies ſuffer under conjugal vexations, are to be conſidered with great pity, becauſe their huſbands are often not taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by perſuaſion and importunity, equally reſiſtleſs when urged by thoſe whom they have been always accuſtomed to reverence and obey; and it very ſeldom appears, that thoſe who are thus deſpotick in the diſpoſal of their children, pay any regard to their domeſtick and perſonal felicity, or think it ſo much to be enquired whether they will be happy, as whether they will be rich.

It may be urged, in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other reſpect to be numbered with robbers and aſſaſſins, frequently commit, that, in their eſtimation, riches and happineſs are equivalent terms. They have paſſed their lives with no other wiſh than that of adding acre to acre, and filling one bag after another, and imagine the advantage of a daughter ſufficiently conſidered, when they have ſecured her a large jointure, and given her

 reaſonable

reaſonable expectations of living in the midſt of thoſe pleaſures, with which ſhe had ſeen her father and mother ſolacing their age.

There is an œconomical oracle received among the prudential part of the world, which adviſes fathers *to marry their daughters leſt they ſhould marry themſelves*; by which I ſuppoſe it is implied, that women left to their own conduct, generally unite themſelves with ſuch partners as can contribute very little to their felicity. Who was the author of this maxim, or with what intention it was originally uttered, I have not yet diſcovered; but imagine that however ſolemnly it may be tranſmitted, or however implicitly received, it can confer no authority which nature has denied, it cannot licenſe Titius to be unjuſt, leſt Caia ſhould be imprudent; nor give right to impriſon for life, leſt liberty ſhould be ill employed.

That the ladies have ſometimes incurred imputations which might naturally produce edicts not much in their favour, muſt be confeſſed by their warmeſt advocates; and I have indeed ſeldom obſerved, that when the tenderneſs or virtue of their parents has preſerved them from forced marriage, and left them at large to chuſe their own path in the labyrinth of life, they have made any great advantage of their liberty: They commonly take the opportunity of independence to trifle away youth and loſe their bloom in a hurry of diverſions, recurring in a ſucceſſion too quick to leave room for any ſettled reflection; they ſee the world without gaining experience, and at laſt regulate their choice by motives trifling as thoſe of a girl, or mercenary as thoſe of a miſer.

Melan-

Melanthia came to town upon the death of her father, with a very large fortune, and with the reputation of a much larger; ſhe was therefore followed and careſſed by many men of rank, and by ſome of underſtanding; but having an inſatiable deſire of pleaſure, ſhe was not at leiſure, from the park, the gardens, the theatres, viſits, aſſemblies, and maſquerades, to attend ſeriouſly to any propoſal, but was ſtill impatient for a new flatterer, and neglected marriage as always in her power; till in time her admirers fell away, wearied with expence, diſguſted at her folly, or offended by her inconſtancy; ſhe heard of concerts to which ſhe was not invited, and was more than once forced to ſit ſtill at an aſſembly for want of a partner. In this diſtreſs, chance threw in her way Philotryphus, a man vain, glittering, and thoughtleſs as herſelf, who had ſpent a ſmall fortune in equipage and dreſs, and was ſhining in the laſt ſuit for which his tailor would give him credit. He had been long endeavouring to retrieve his extravagance by marriage, and therefore ſoon paid his court to Melanthia, who after ſome weeks of inſenſibility ſaw him at a ball, and was wholly overcome by his performance in a minuet. They married; but a man cannot always dance, and Philotryphus had no other method of pleaſing: however, as neither was in any great degree vicious, they live together with no other unhappineſs, than vacuity of mind, and that taſteleſſneſs of life, which proceeds from a ſatiety of juvenile pleaſures, and an utter inability to fill their place by nobler employments. As they have known the faſhionable world at the ſame time, they agree in their notions of all thoſe ſubjects on which they ever

ſpeak, and being able to add nothing to the ideas of each other, are not much inclined to converſation, but very often join in one wiſh, "That they "could ſleep more, and think leſs."

Argyris, after having refuſed a thouſand offers, at laſt conſented to marry Cotylus, the younger brother of a duke, a man without elegance of mien, beauty of perſon, or force of underſtanding; who, while he courted her, could not always forbear alluſions to her birth, and hints how cheaply ſhe would purchaſe an alliance to ſo illuſtrious a family. His conduct from the hour of his marriage has been inſufferably tyrannical, nor has he any other regard to her than what ariſes from his deſire that her appearance may not diſgrace him. Upon this principle, however, he always orders that ſhe ſhould be gaily dreſſed, and ſplendidly attended; and ſhe has, among all her mortifications, the happineſs to take place of her eldeſt ſiſter.

NUMB. 40. SATURDAY, *August* 4, 1750.

—— Nec dicet, cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel. HOR.

Nor say, for trifles why should I displease
The man I love? For trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove. FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, that authors are *genus irritabile*, a *generation very easily put out of temper*, and that they seldom fail of giving proofs of their irascibility upon the slightest attack of criticism, or the most gentle or modest offer of advice and information.

Writers being best acquainted with one another, have represented this character as prevailing among men of literature, which a more extensive view of the world would have shewn them to be diffused through all human nature, to mingle itself with every species of ambition and desire of praise, and to discover its effects with greater or less restraint, and under disguises more or less artful, in all places and all conditions.

The quarrels of writers, indeed, are more observed, because they necessarily appeal to the decision of the publick. Their enmities are incited by applauses from their parties, and prolonged by treacherous encouragement for general diversion;

and when the conteſt happens to riſe high between men of genius and learning, its memory is continued for the ſame reaſon as its vehemence was at firſt promoted, becauſe it gratifies the malevolence or curioſity of readers, and relieves the vacancies of life with amuſement and laughter. The perſonal diſputes, therefore, of rivals in wit are ſometimes tranſmitted to poſterity, when the grudges and heart-burnings of men leſs conſpicuous, though carried on with equal bitterneſs, and productive of greater evils, are expoſed to the knowledge of thoſe only whom they nearly affect, and ſuffered to paſs off and be forgotten among common and caſual tranſactions.

The reſentment which the diſcovery of a fault or folly produces, muſt bear a certain proportion to our pride, and will regularly be more acrimonious as pride is more immediately the principle of action. In whatever therefore we wiſh or imagine ourſelves to excel, we ſhall always be diſpleaſed to have our claims to reputation diſputed, and more diſpleaſed, if the accompliſhment be ſuch as can expect reputation only for its reward. For this reaſon it is common to find men break out into rage at any inſinuations to the diſadvantage of their wit, who have borne with great patience reflections on their morals; and of women it has been always known, that no cenſure wounds ſo deeply, or rankles ſo long, as that which charges them with want of beauty.

As men frequently fill their imaginations with trifling purſuits, and pleaſe themſelves moſt with things of ſmall importance, I have often known very ſevere and laſting malevolence excited by unlucky cenſures, which would have fallen without any effect, had

had they not happened to wound a part remarkably tender. Guſtulus, who valued himſelf upon the nicety of his palate, diſinherited his eldeſt ſon for telling him that the wine, which he was then commending, was the ſame which he had ſent away the day before not fit to be drunk. Proculus withdrew his kindneſs from a nephew, whom he had always conſidered as the moſt promiſing genius of the age, for happening to praiſe in his preſence the graceful horſemanſhip of Marius. And Fortunio, when he was privy counſellor, procured a clerk to be diſmiſſed from one of the publick offices, in which he was eminent for his ſkill and aſſiduity, becauſe he had been heard to ſay, that there was another man in the kingdom on whoſe ſkill at billiards he would lay his money againſt Fortunio's.

Felicia and Floretta had been bred up in one houſe, and ſhared all the pleaſures and endearments of infancy together. They entered upon life at the ſame time, and continued their confidence and friendſhip; conſulted each other in every change of their dreſs, and every admiſſion of a new lover; thought every diverſion more entertaining whenever it happened that both were preſent, and when ſeparated juſtified the conduct, and celebrated the excellencies, of one another. Such was their intimacy, and ſuch their fidelity; till a birth-night approached, when Floretta took one morning an opportunity, as they were conſulting upon new clothes, to adviſe her friend not to dance at the ball, and informed her that her performance the year before had not anſwered the expectation which her other accompliſhments had raiſed. Felicia commended

her ſincerity, and thanked her for the caution; but told her that ſhe danced to pleaſe herſelf, and was in very little concern what the men might take the liberty of ſaying, but that if her appearance gave her dear Floretta any uneaſineſs ſhe would ſtay away. Floretta had now nothing left but to make new proteſtations of ſincerity and affection, with which Felicia was ſo well ſatisfied, that they parted with more than uſual fondneſs. They ſtill continued to viſit, with this only difference, that Felicia was more punctual than before, and often declared how high a value ſhe put upon ſincerity, how much ſhe thought that goodneſs to be eſteemed which would venture to admoniſh a friend of an error, and with what gratitude advice was to be received, even when it might happen to proceed from miſtake.

In a few months Felicia, with great ſeriousneſs, told Floretta, that though her beauty was ſuch as gave charms to whatever ſhe did, and her qualifications ſo extenſive, that ſhe could not fail of excellence in any attempt, yet ſhe thought herſelf obliged by the duties of friendſhip to inform her, that if ever ſhe betrayed want of judgment, it was by too frequent compliance with ſolicitations to ſing, for that her manner was ſomewhat ungraceful, and her voice had no great compaſs. It is true, ſays Floretta, when I ſung three nights ago at lady Sprightly's, I was hoarſe with a cold; but I ſing for my own ſatisfaction, and am not in the leaſt pain whether I am liked. However, my dear Felicia's kindneſs is not the leſs, and I ſhall always think myſelf happy in ſo true a friend.

From

From this time they never ſaw each other without mutual profeſſions of eſteem, and declarations of confidence, but went ſoon after into the country to viſit their relations. When they came back, they were prevailed on, by the importunity of new acquaintance, to take lodgings in different parts of the town, and had frequent occaſion when they met, to bewail the diſtance at which they were placed, and the uncertainty which each experienced of finding the other at home.

Thus are the fondeſt and firmeſt friendſhips diſſolved, by ſuch openneſs, and ſincerity, as interrupt our enjoyment of our own approbation, or recal us to the remembrance of thoſe failings, which we are more willing to indulge than to correct.

It is by no means neceſſary to imagine, that he who is offended at advice, was ignorant of the fault, and reſents the admonition as a falſe charge; for perhaps it is moſt natural to be enraged, when there is the ſtrongeſt conviction of our own guilt. While we can eaſily defend our character, we are no more diſturbed at an accuſation, than we are alarmed by an enemy whom we are ſure to conquer; and whoſe attack, therefore, will bring us honour without danger. But when a man feels the reprehenſion of a friend ſeconded by his own heart, he is eaſily heated into reſentment and revenge, either becauſe he hoped that the fault of which he was conſcious had eſcaped the notice of others; or that his friend had looked upon it with tenderneſs and extenuation, and excuſed it for the ſake of his other virtues; or had conſidered him as too wiſe to need advice, or too delicate to be ſhocked with reproach: or, becauſe

we cannot feel without pain those reflections roused, which we have been endeavouring to lay asleep; and when pain has produced anger, who would not willingly believe, that it ought to be discharged on others, rather than on himself?

The resentment produced by sincerity, whatever be its immediate cause, is so certain, and generally so keen, that very few have magnanimity sufficient for the practice of a duty, which, above most others, exposes its votaries to hardships and persecutions; yet friendship without it is of a very little value, since the great use of so close an intimacy is that our virtues may be guarded and encouraged, and our vices repressed in their first appearance by timely detection, and salutary remonstrances.

It is decreed by providence, that nothing truly valuable shall be obtained in our present state, but with difficulty and danger. He that hopes for that advantage which is to be gained from unrestrained communication, must sometimes hazard, by unpleasing truths, that friendship which he aspires to merit. The chief rule to be observed in the exercise of this dangerous office, is to preserve it pure from all mixture of interest or vanity; to forbear admonition or reproof, when our consciences tell us that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the desire of shewing our discernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain that the most refined caution will find a proper time for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the most zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgment, by which they are detected; but

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he who endeavours only the happineſs of him whom he reproves, will always have either the ſatisfaction of obtaining or deſerving kindneſs; if he ſucceeds, he benefits his friend, and if he fails, he has at leaſt the conſciouſneſs that he ſuffers for only doing well.

NUMB. 41. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 7, 1750.

Nulla recordanti lux eſt ingrata graviſque,
Nulla fuit cujus non meminiſſe velit.
Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus, hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui. MART.

No day's remembrance ſhall the good regret,
Nor wiſh one bitter moment to forget;
They ſtretch the limits of this narrow ſpan,
And, by enjoying, live paſt life again. F. LEWIS.

SO few of the hours of life are filled up with objects adequate to the mind of man, and ſo frequently are we in want of preſent pleaſure or employment, that we are forced to have recourſe every moment to the paſt and future for ſupplemental ſatisfactions, and relieve the vacuities of our being, by recollection of former paſſages, or anticipation of events to come.

I cannot but conſider this neceſſity of ſearching on every ſide for matter on which the attention may be employed, as a ſtrong proof of the ſuperior and celeſtial nature of the ſoul of man. We have no reaſon to believe that other creatures have higher faculties, or more extenſive capacities, than the pre-

ſervation of themſelves, or their ſpecies, requires; they ſeem always to be fully employed, or to be completely at eaſe without employment, to feel few intellectual miſeries or pleaſures, and to have no exuberance of underſtanding to lay out upon curioſity or caprice, but to have their minds exactly adapted to their bodies, with few other ideas than ſuch as corporal pain or pleaſure impreſs upon them.

Of memory, which makes ſo large a part of the excellence of the human ſoul, and which has ſo much influence upon all its other powers, but a ſmall portion has been allotted to the animal world. We do not find the grief, with which the dams lament the loſs of their young, proportionate to the tenderneſs with which they careſs, the aſſiduity with which they feed, or the vehemence with which they defend them. Their regard for their offspring, when it is before their eyes, is not, in appearance, leſs than that of a human parent; but when it is taken away, it is very ſoon forgotten, and, after a ſhort abſence, if brought again, wholly diſregarded.

That they have very little remembrance of any thing once out of the reach of their ſenſes, and ſcarce any power of comparing the preſent with the paſt, and regulating their concluſions from experience, may be gathered from this, that their intellects are produced in their full perfection. The ſparrow that was hatched laſt ſpring makes her firſt neſt the enſuing ſeaſon, of the ſame materials, and with the ſame art, as in any following year; and the hen conducts and ſhelters her firſt brood of chickens with all the prudence that ſhe ever attains.

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It has been aſked by men who love to perplex any thing that is plain to common underſtandings, how reaſon differs from inſtinct; and Prior has with no great propriety made Solomon himſelf declare, that, to diſtinguiſh them is *the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.* To give an accurate anſwer to a queſtion, of which the terms are not completely underſtood, is impoſſible; we do not know in what either reaſon or inſtinct conſiſt, and therefore cannot tell with exactneſs how they differ; but ſurely he that contemplates a ſhip and a bird's neſt, will not be long without finding out, that the idea of the one was impreſſed at once, and continued through all the progreſſive deſcents of the ſpecies, without variation or improvement; and that the other is the reſult of experiments compared with experiments, has grown, by accumulated obſervation, from leſs to greater excellence, and exhibits the collective knowledge of different ages and various profeſſions.

Memory is the purveyor of reaſon, the power which places thoſe images before the mind upon which the judgment is to be exerciſed, and which treaſures up the determinations that are once paſſed, as the rules of future action, or grounds of ſubſequent concluſions.

It is, indeed, the faculty of remembrance, which may be ſaid to place us in the claſs of moral agents. If we were to act only in conſequence of ſome immediate impulſe, and receive no direction from internal motives of choice, we ſhould be puſhed forward by an invincible fatality, without power or reaſon for the moſt part to prefer one thing to another,

becauſe

becaufe we could make no comparifon but of objects which might both happen to be prefent.

We owe to memory not only the increafe of our knowledge, and our progrefs in rational enquiries, but many other intellectual pleafures. Indeed, almoft all that we can be faid to enjoy is paft or future; the prefent is in perpetual motion, leaves us as foon as it arrives, ceafes to be prefent before its prefence is well perceived, and is only known to have exifted by the effects which it leaves behind. The greateft part of our ideas arifes, therefore, from the view before or behind us, and we are happy or miferable, according as we are affected by the furvey of our life, or our profpect of future exiftence.

With regard to futurity, when events are at fuch a diftance from us, that we cannot take the whole concatenation into our view, we have generally power enough over our imagination to turn it upon pleafing fcenes, and can promife ourfelves riches, honours, and delights, without intermingling thofe vexations and anxieties, with which all human enjoyments are polluted. If fear breaks in on one fide, and alarms us with dangers and difappointments, we can call in hope on the other, to folace us with rewards, and efcapes, and victories; fo that we are feldom without means of palliating remote evils, and can generally footh ourfelves to tranquillity, whenever any troublefome prefage happens to attack us.

It is, therefore, I believe, much more common for the folitary and thoughtful, to amufe themfelves with fchemes of the future, than reviews of the paft. For the future is pliant and ductile, and will be eafily moulded

moulded by a ſtrong fancy into any form. But the images which memory preſents are of a ſtubborn and untractable nature, the objects of remembrance have already exiſted, and left their ſignature behind them impreſſed upon the mind, ſo as to defy all attempts of raſure or of change.

As the ſatisfactions, therefore, ariſing from memory are leſs arbitrary, they are more ſolid, and are, indeed, the only joys which we can call our own. Whatever we have once repoſited, as Dryden expreſſes it, *in the ſacred treaſure of the paſt*, is out of the reach of accident, or violence, nor can be loſt either by our own weakneſs, or another's malice:

——— *Non tamen irritum*
Quodcunque retro eſt efficiet, neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugies ſemel hora vexit.

Be fair or foul, or rain or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd in ſpite of fate are mine.
Not heav'n itſelf upon the paſt has pow'r,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.
DRYDEN.

There is certainly no greater happineſs than to be able to look back on a life uſefully and virtuouſly employed, to trace our own progreſs in exiſtence, by ſuch tokens as excite neither ſhame nor ſorrow. Life, in which nothing has been done or ſuffered to diſtinguiſh one day from another, is to him that has paſſed it, as if it had never been, except that he is conſcious how ill he has huſbanded the great depoſit of his Creator. Life, made memorable by crimes, and

and diverſified through its ſeveral periods by wickedneſs, is indeed eaſily reviewed, but reviewed only with horror and remorſe.

The great conſideration which ought to influence us in the uſe of the preſent moment, is to ariſe from the effect, which, as well or ill applied, it muſt have upon the time to come; for though its actual exiſtence be inconceivably ſhort, yet its effects are unlimited; and there is not the ſmalleſt point of time but may extend its conſequences, either to our hurt or our advantage, through all eternity, and give us reaſon to remember it for ever, with anguiſh or exultation.

The time of life, in which memory ſeems particularly to claim predominance over the other faculties of the mind, is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall eaſily into recitals of paſt tranſactions, and accounts of perſons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave it is more eminently true;

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Life's ſpan forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And ſtretch thy hopes beyond thy years. CREECH.

We have no longer any poſſibility of great viciſſitudes in our favour; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation; and thoſe who have no hope before them, and to whom their preſent ſtate is painful and irkſome,

ſome, muſt of neceſſity turn their thoughts back to try what retroſpect will afford. It ought, therefore, to be the care of thoſe who wiſh to paſs the laſt hours with comfort, to lay up ſuch a treaſure of pleaſing ideas, as ſhall ſupport the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

——Petite hinc, juveneſque ſeneſque
Finem animo certum, miſeriſque viatica canis.

Seek here, ye young, the anchor of your mind;
Here, ſuff'ring age, a bleſs'd proviſion find.
ELPHINSTON.

In youth, however unhappy, we ſolace ourſelves with the hope of better fortune, and however vicious, appeaſe our conſciences with intentions of repentance; but the time comes at laſt, in which life has no more to promiſe, in which happineſs can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleaſure.

NUMB. 42. SATURDAY, *August* 11, 1750.

Mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora. HOR.

How heavily my time revolves along. ELPHINSTON.

To the RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER,

I AM no great admirer of grave writings, and therefore very frequently lay your papers aside before I have read them through; yet I cannot but confess that, by slow degrees, you have raised my opinion of your understanding, and that, though I believe it will be long before I can be prevailed upon to regard you with much kindness, you have, however, more of my esteem than those whom I sometimes make happy with opportunities to fill my tea-pot, or pick up my fan. I shall therefore chuse you for the confident of my distresses, and ask your counsel with regard to the means of conquering or escaping them, though I never expect from you any of that softness and pliancy, which constitutes the perfection of a companion for the ladies: as, in the place where I now am, I have recourse to the mastiff for protection, though I have no intention of making him a lap-dog.

My mamma is a very fine lady, who has more numerous and more frequent assemblies at her house, than any other person in the same quarter of the town. I was bred from my earliest infancy in a perpetual

petual tumult of pleaſure, and remember to have heard of little elſe than meſſages, viſits, playhouſes, and balls; of the awkwardneſs of one woman, and the coquetry of another; the charming convenience of ſome riſing faſhion, the difficulty of playing a new game, the incidents of a maſquerade, and the dreſſes of a court-night. I knew before I was ten years old all the rules of paying and receiving viſits, and to how much civility every one of my acquaintance was entitled; and was able to return, with the proper degree of reſerve or of vivacity, the ſtated and eſtabliſhed anſwer to every compliment; ſo that I was very ſoon celebrated as a wit, and a beauty, and had heard before I was thirteen all that is ever ſaid to a young lady. My mother was generous to ſo uncommon a degree as to be pleaſed with my advance into life, and allowed me, without envy or reproof, to enjoy the ſame happineſs with herſelf; though moſt women about her own age were very angry to ſee young girls ſo forward, and many fine gentlemen told her how cruel it was to throw new chains upon mankind, and to tyrannize over them at the ſame time with her own charms, and thoſe of her daughter.

I have now lived two and twenty years, and have paſſed of each year nine months in town, and three at Richmond; ſo that my time has been ſpent uniformly in the ſame company, and the ſame amuſements, except as faſhion has introduced new diverſions, or the revolutions of the gay world have afforded new ſucceſſions of wits and beaus. However, my mother is ſo good an economiſt of pleaſure, that I have no ſpare hours upon my hands;

for every morning brings ſome new appointment, and every night is hurried away by the neceſſity of making our appearance at different places, and of being with one lady at the opera, and with another at the card-table.

When the time came of ſettling our ſcheme of felicity for the ſummer, it was determined that I ſhould pay a viſit to a rich aunt in a remote county. As you know the chief converſation of all tea-tables, in the ſpring, ariſes from a communication of the manner in which time is to be paſſed till winter, it was a great relief to the barrenneſs of our topicks, to relate the pleaſures that were in ſtore for me, to deſcribe my uncle's ſeat, with the park and gardens, the charming walks and beautiful waterfalls; and every one told me how much ſhe envied me, and what ſatisfaction ſhe had once enjoyed in a ſituation of the ſame kind.

As we are all credulous in our own favour, and willing to imagine ſome latent ſatisfaction in any thing which we have not experienced, I will confeſs to you, without reſtraint, that I had ſuffered my head to be filled with expectations of ſome nameleſs pleaſure in a rural life, and that I hoped for the happy hour that ſhould ſet me free from noiſe, and flutter, and ceremony, diſmiſs me to the peaceful ſhade, and lull me in content and tranquillity. To ſolace myſelf under the miſery of delay, I ſometimes heard a ſtudious lady of my acquaintance read paſtorals, I was delighted with ſcarce any talk but of leaving the town, and never went to bed without dreaming of groves, and meadows, and friſking lambs.

At

At length I had all my clothes in a trunk, and ſaw the coach at the door; I ſprung in with ecſtaſy, quarrelled with my maid for being too long in taking leave of the other ſervants, and rejoiced as the ground grew leſs which lay between me and the completion of my wiſhes. A few days brought me to a large old houſe, encompaſſed on three ſides with woody hills, and looking from the front on a gentle river, the ſight of which renewed all my expectations of pleaſure, and gave me ſome regret for having lived ſo long without the enjoyment which theſe delightful ſcenes were now to afford me. My aunt came out to receive me, but in a dreſs ſo far removed from the preſent faſhion, that I could ſcarcely look upon her without laughter, which would have been no kind requital for the trouble which ſhe had taken to make herſelf fine againſt my arrival. The night and the next morning were driven along with enquiries about our family; my aunt then explained our pedigree, and told me ſtories of my great grandfather's bravery in the civil wars, nor was it leſs than three days before I could perſuade her to leave me to myſelf.

At laſt economy prevailed; ſhe went in the uſual manner about her own affairs, and I was at liberty to range in the wilderneſs, and ſit by the caſcade. The novelty of the objects about me pleaſed me for a while, but after a few days they were new no longer, and I ſoon began to perceive that the country was not my element; that ſhades, and flowers, and lawns, and waters, had very ſoon exhauſted all their power of pleaſing, and that I had not in myſelf any

fund of ſatisfaction with which I could ſupply the loſs of my cuſtomary amuſements.

I unhappily told my aunt, in the firſt warmth of our embraces, that I had leave to ſtay with her ten weeks. Six only are yet gone, and how ſhall I live through the remaining four? I go out and return; I pluck a flower, and throw it away; I catch an inſect, and when I have examined its colours, ſet it at liberty; I fling a pebble into the water, and ſee one circle ſpread after another. When it chances to rain, I walk in the great hall, and watch the minute-hand upon the dial, or play with a litter of kittens, which the cat happens to have brought in a lucky time.

My aunt is afraid I ſhall grow melancholy, and therefore encourages the neighbouring gentry to viſit us. They came at firſt with great eagerneſs to ſee the fine lady from London, but when we met, we had no common topick on which we could converſe; they had no curioſity after plays, operas, or muſick: and I find as little ſatisfaction from their accounts of the quarrels or alliances of families, whoſe names, when once I can eſcape, I ſhall never hear. The women have now ſeen me, know how my gown is made, and are ſatisfied; the men are generally afraid of me, and ſay little, becauſe they think themſelves not at liberty to talk rudely.

Thus am I condemned to ſolitude; the day moves ſlowly forward, and I ſee the dawn with uneaſineſs, becauſe I conſider that night is at a great diſtance. I have tried to ſleep by a brook, but find its murmurs ineffectual; ſo that I am forced to be awake at leaſt twelve

twelve hours, without viſits, without cards, without laughter, and without flattery. I walk becauſe I am diſguſted with ſitting ſtill, and ſit down becauſe I am weary with walking. I have no motive to action, nor any object of love, or hate, or fear, or inclination. I cannot dreſs with ſpirit, for I have neither rival nor admirer. I cannot dance without a partner, nor be kind, or cruel, without a lover.

Such is the life of Euphelia, and ſuch it is likely to continue for a month to come. I have not yet declared againſt exiſtence, nor called upon the deſtinies to cut my thread; but I have ſincerely reſolved not to condemn myſelf to ſuch another ſummer, nor too haſtily to flatter myſelf with happineſs. Yet I have heard, Mr. Rambler, of thoſe who never thought themſelves ſo much at eaſe as in ſolitude, and cannot but ſuſpect it to be ſome way or other my own fault, that, without great pain, either of mind or body, I am thus weary of myſelf: that the current of youth ſtagnates, and that I am languiſhing in a dead calm, for want of ſome external impulſe. I ſhall therefore think you a benefactor to our ſex, if you will teach me the art of living alone; for I am confident that a thouſand and a thouſand and a thouſand ladies, who affect to talk with ecſtaſies of the pleaſures of the country, are in reality, like me, longing for the winter, and wiſhing to be delivered from themſelves by company and diverſion.

I am, SIR, Yours,

EUPHELIA.

NUMB. 43. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 14, 1750.

Flumine perpetuo torrens ſolet acrius ire,
Sed tamen hæc brevis eſt, illa perennis aqua. OVID.

In courſe impetuous ſoon the torrent dries,
The brook a conſtant peaceful ſtream ſupplies. F. LEWIS.

IT is obſerved by thoſe who have written on the conſtitution of the human body, and the original of thoſe diſeaſes by which it is afflicted, that every man comes into the world morbid, that there is no temperature ſo exactly regulated but that ſome humour is fatally predominant, and that we are generally impregnated, in our firſt entrance upon life, with the ſeeds of that malady, which, in time, ſhall bring us to the grave.

This remark has been extended by others to the intellectual faculties. Some, that imagine themſelves to have looked with more than common penetration into human nature, have endeavoured to perſuade us that each man is born with a mind formed peculiarly for certain purpoſes, and with deſires unalterably determined to particular objects, from which the attention cannot be long diverted, and which alone, as they are well or ill purſued, muſt produce the praiſe or blame, the happineſs or miſery, of his future life.

This poſition has not, indeed, been hitherto proved with ſtrength proportionate to the aſſurance

with which it has been advanced, and, perhaps, will never gain much prevalence by a cloſe examination.

If the doctrine of innate ideas be itſelf diſputable, there ſeems to be little hope of eſtabliſhing an opinion, which ſuppoſes that even complications of ideas have been given us at our birth, and that we are made by nature ambitious, or covetous, before we know the meaning of either power or money.

Yet as every ſtep in the progreſſion of exiſtence changes our poſition with reſpect to the things about us, ſo as to lay us open to new aſſaults and particular dangers, and ſubjects us to inconveniencies from which any other ſituation is exempt; as a public or a private life, youth and age, wealth and poverty, have all ſome evil cloſely adherent, which cannot wholly be eſcaped but by quitting the ſtate to which it is annexed, and ſubmitting to the incumbrances of ſome other condition; ſo it cannot be denied that every difference in the ſtructure of the mind has its advantages and its wants; and that failures and defects being inſeparable from humanity, however the powers of underſtanding be extended or contracted, there will on one ſide or the other always be an avenue to error and miſcarriage.

There ſeem to be ſome ſouls ſuited to great, and others to little employments; ſome formed to ſoar aloft, and take in wide views, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow ſphere. Of theſe the one is always in danger of becoming uſeleſs by a daring negligence, the other by a ſcrupulous ſolicitude; the one collects many

ideas, but confufed and indiftinct; the other is bufied in minute accuracy, but without compafs and without dignity.

The general error of thofe who poffefs powerful and elevated underftandings, is, that they form fchemes of too great extent, and flatter themfelves too haftily with fuccefs; they feel their own force to be great, and, by the complacency with which every man furveys himfelf, imagine it ftill greater: they therefore look out for undertakings worthy of their abilities, and engage in them with very little precaution, for they imagine that, without premeditated meafures, they fhall be able to find expedients in all difficulties. They are naturally apt to confider all prudential maxims as below their regard, to treat with contempt thofe fecurities and refources which others know themfelves obliged to provide, and difdain to accomplifh their purpofes by eftablifhed means, and common gradations.

Precipitation thus incited by the pride of intellectual fuperiority, is very fatal to great defigns. The refolution of the combat is feldom equal to the vehemence of the charge. He that meets with an oppofition which he did not expect, lofes his courage. The violence of his firft onfet is fucceeded by a lafting and unconquerable languor; mifcarriage makes him fearful of giving way to new hopes; and the contemplation of an attempt, in which he has fallen below his own expectations, is painful and vexatious; he therefore naturally turns his attention to more pleafing objects, and habituates his imagination to other entertainments, till, by flow degrees, he quits his firft purfuit, and fuffers fome other project to

take

take poſſeſſion of his thoughts, in which the ſame ardour of mind promiſes him again certain ſucceſs, and which diſappointments of the ſame kind compel him to abandon.

Thus too much vigour in the beginning of an undertaking, often intercepts and prevents the ſteadineſs and perſeverance always neceſſary in the conduct of a complicated ſcheme, where many intereſts are to be connected, many movements to be adjuſted, and the joint effort of diſtinct and independent powers to be directed to a ſingle point. In all important events which have been ſuddenly brought to paſs, chance has been the agent rather than reaſon; and, therefore, however thoſe, who ſeemed to preſide in the tranſaction, may have been celebrated by ſuch as loved or feared them, ſucceeding times have commonly conſidered them as fortunate rather than prudent. Every deſign in which the connection is regularly traced from the firſt motion to the laſt, muſt be formed and executed by calm intrepidity, and requires not only courage which danger cannot turn aſide, but conſtancy which fatigues cannot weary, and contrivance which impediments cannot exhauſt.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praiſe or wonder, are inſtances of the reſiſtleſs force of perſeverance: it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that diſtant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a ſingle ſtroke of the pick-ax, or of one impreſſion of the ſpade, with the general deſign and laſt reſult, he would be overwhelmed by the ſenſe of their diſproportion; yet thoſe petty operations,

tions, inceſſantly continued, in time ſurmount the greateſt difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the ſlender force of human beings.

It is therefore of the utmoſt importance that thoſe who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation ſuperior to names hourly ſwept away by time among the refuſe of fame, ſhould add to their reaſon, and their ſpirit, the power of perſiſting in their purpoſes; acquire the art of ſapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquiſhing obſtinate reſiſtance by obſtinate attacks.

The ſtudent who would build his knowledge on ſolid foundations, and proceed by juſt degrees to the pinacles of truth, is directed by the great philoſopher of France to begin by doubting of his own exiſtence. In like manner, whoever would complete any arduous and intricate enterpriſe, ſhould, as ſoon as his imagination can cool after the firſt blaze of hope, place before his own eyes every poſſible embarraſſment that may retard or defeat him. He ſhould firſt queſtion the probability of ſucceſs, and then endeavour to remove the objections that he has raiſed. It is proper, ſays old Markham, to exerciſe your horſe on the more inconvenient ſide of the courſe, that if he ſhould, in the race, be forced upon it, he may not be diſcouraged; and Horace adviſes his poetical friend to conſider every day as the laſt which he ſhall enjoy, becauſe that will always give pleaſure which we receive beyond our hopes. If we alarm ourſelves beforehand with more difficulties than we really find, we ſhall be animated by unexpected facility with double

ſpirit;

ſpirit; and if we find our cautions and fears juſtified by the conſequence, there will however happen nothing againſt which proviſion has not been made, no ſudden ſhock will be received, nor will the main ſcheme be diſconcerted.

There is, indeed, ſome danger leſt he that too ſcrupulouſly balances probabilities, and too perſpicaciouſly foreſees obſtacles, ſhould remain always in a ſtate of inaction, without venturing upon attempts on which he may perhaps ſpend his labour without advantage. But previous deſpondence is not the fault of thoſe for whom this eſſay is deſigned; they who require to be warned againſt precipitation, will not ſuffer more fear to intrude into their contemplations than is neceſſary to allay the effervеſcence of an agitated fancy. As *Des Cartes* has kindly ſhewn how a man may prove to himſelf his own exiſtence, if once he can be prevailed upon to queſtion it, ſo the ardent and adventurous will not be long without finding ſome plauſible extenuation of the greateſt difficulties. Such, indeed, is the uncertainty of all human affairs, that ſecurity and deſpair are equal follies, and as it is preſumption and arrogance to anticipate triumphs, it is weakneſs and cowardice to prognoſticate miſcarriages. The numbers that have been ſtopped in their career of happineſs are ſufficient to ſhew the uncertainty of human foreſight; but there are not wanting contrary inſtances of ſuch ſucceſs obtained againſt all appearances, as may warrant the boldeſt flights of genius, if they are ſupported by unſhaken perſeverance.

NUMB. 44. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 18, 1750.

Ὄναρ ἐν Διός ἐςι. HOMER.

——— Dreams deſcend from *Jove*. POPE.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows:

Methought I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively converſation, when on a ſudden I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſt in black, her ſkin was contracted into a thouſand wrinkles, her eyes deep ſunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting ſeverity, and her hands armed with whips and ſcorpions. As ſoon as ſhe came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, ſhe bid me follow her. I obeyed, and ſhe led me through rugged paths, beſet with briars and thorns, into a deep ſolitary valley. Wherever ſhe paſſed the fading verdure withered beneath her ſteps; her peſtilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obſcured the luſtre of the ſun, and involved the fair face of heaven in univerſal gloom. Diſmal howlings

howlings refounded through the foreft, from every baleful tree the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the profpect was filled with defolation and horror. In the midft of this tremendous fcene my execrable guide addreffed me in the following manner:

"Retire with me, O rafh unthinking mortal, "from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and "learn that pleafure was not defigned the portion "of human life. Man was born to mourn and to "be wretched; this is the condition of all below "the ftars, and whoever endeavours to oppofe it, "acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly "then from the fatal enchantments of youth, and "focial delight, and here confecrate the folitary "hours to lamentation and woe. Mifery is the duty "of all fublunary beings, and every enjoyment is "an offence to the Deity, who is to be worfhipped "only by the mortification of every fenfe of pleafure, "and the everlafting exercife of fighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite funk my fpirits, and feemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myfelf beneath a blafted yeugh, where the winds blew cold and difmal round my head, and dreadful apprehenfions chilled my heart. Here I refolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, fhould put an end to the miferies of a life fo deplorably wretched. In this fad fituation I fpied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whofe heavy waves rolled on in flow fullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was juft upon the brink, when I found myfelf fuddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was furprifed by

the ſight of the lovelieſt object I had ever beheld. The moſt engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories ſparkled in her eyes, and their awful ſplendours were ſoftened by the gentleſt looks of compaſſion and peace. At her approach the frightful ſpectre who had before tormented me, vaniſhed away, and with her all the horrors ſhe had cauſed. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful ſunſhine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite tranſported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleaſure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine inſtructions:

"My name is Religion. I am the offspring "of Truth and Love, and the parent of Bene-"volence, Hope, and Joy. That monſter from "whoſe power I have freed you is called Superſti-"tion, ſhe is the child of Discontent, and her "followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus different "as we are, ſhe has often the inſolence to aſſume "my name and character, and ſeduces unhappy "mortals to think us the ſame, till ſhe, at length, "drives them to the borders of Despair, that "dreadful abyſs into which you were juſt going to "ſink.

"Look round and ſurvey the various beauties of "the globe, which heaven has deſtined for the "ſeat of the human race, and conſider whether a "world thus exquiſitely framed could be meant "for the abode of miſery and pain. For what end "has the laviſh hand of providence diffuſed ſuch in-

"numerable

" numerable objects of delight, but that all might " rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled " with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? " Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue " and obedience; and to reject them merely as " means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or ab- " surd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source " of created existence; the proper tendency of every " rational being, from the highest order of raptured " seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is to rise " incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to " higher. They have each faculties assigned them " for various orders of delights."

" What," cried I, " is this the language of Re- " ligion? Does she lead her votaries through " flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious " life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the " mortifications of penitents, the self-denying ex- " ercises of saints and heroes?"

" The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered she mildly, " do not consist in unbounded " indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of " passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter " of light amusements. Yielding to immoral plea- " sure corrupts the mind, living to animal and " trifling ones debases it; both in their degree dis- " qualify it for its genuine good, and consign it " over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really " happy must make the diligent and regular exer- " cise of his superior powers his chief attention, " adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing " good-will to his fellow-creatures, cultivating in- " ward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must

"allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing "him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the re-"gions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled "felicity for ever blooms, joy flows there with a "perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there "any mound to check its course. Beings con-"scious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as "all the human race has cause to be, must use the "regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever "has been guilty of voluntary excesses, must pa-"tiently submit both to the painful workings of "nature, and needful severities of medicine, in "order to his cure. Still he is intitled to a mo-"derate share of whatever alleviating accommo-"dations this fair mansion of his merciful Parent "affords, consistent with his recovery. And in "proportion as this recovery advances, the live-"liest joy will spring from his secret sense of an "amended and improving heart.—So far from the "horrors of despair is the condition even of the "guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of "the gulf into which thou wast but now going to "plunge.

"While the most faulty have ever encourage-"ment to amend, the more innocent soul will be "supported with still sweeter consolations under all "its experience of human infirmities; supported "by the gladdening assurances that every sincere "endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, ac-"cepted, and rewarded. To such a one the low-"liest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation "for the most elevated hopes; since they who faith-"fully examine and acknowledge what they are,

"shall

"shall be enabled under my conduct to become "what they desire. The christian and the hero are "inseparable; and to aspirings of unassuming trust, "and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him "who is animated with a view of obtaining appro-"bation from the sovereign of the universe, no dif-"ficulty is insurmountable. Secure in this pursuit "of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest "pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous "exercises of a mind in health. His patient de-"pendence on that providence which looks through "all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready ac-"commodation of his thoughts and behaviour to "its inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent "sort of self-denial, and a source of the most ex-"alted transports. Society is the true sphere of "human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties "will perpetually be met with; restraints of many "kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave "right in respect of these is a discipline of the hu-"man heart, useful to others, and improving to "itself. Suffering is no duty but where it is ne-"cessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor plea-"sure a crime, but where it strengthens the influ-"ence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous "activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man "in his present state, is indeed faint and low, com-"pared with his immortal prospects, and noble ca-"pacities; but yet whatever portion of it the dis-"tributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, "is a needful support and refreshment for the pre-"sent moment, so far as it may not hinder the at-"taining of his final destination.

"Return

"Return then with me from continual mifery to "moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Re- "turn from the contracted views of folitude to the "proper duties of a relative and dependent being. "Religion is not confined to cells and clofets, nor "reftrained to fullen retirement. Thefe are the "gloomy doctrines of SUPERSTITION, by which fhe "endeavours to break thofe chains of benevolence "and focial affection, that link the welfare of every "particular with that of the whole. Remember "that the greateft honour you can pay to the Au- "thor of your being is by fuch a cheerful beha- "viour, as difcovers a mind fatisfied with his dif- "penfations."

Here my preceptrefs paufed, and I was going to exprefs my acknowledgments for her difcourfe, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-rifen fun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

I am, Yours, &c.

NUMB. 45. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 21, 1750.

Ἥπερ μεγίστη γίγνεται σωτηρία,
Ὅταν γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ διχοστατῇ,
Νῦν δ' ἐχθρὰ πάντα ———— EURIP.

This is the chief felicity of life,
That concord ſmile on the connubial bed;
But now 'tis hatred all ————

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH, in the diſſertations which you have given us on marriage, very juſt cautions are laid down againſt the common cauſes of infelicity, and the neceſſity of having, in that important choice, the firſt regard to virtue, is carefully inculcated; yet I cannot think the ſubject ſo much exhauſted, but that a little reflection would preſent to the mind many queſtions, in the diſcuſſion of which great numbers are intereſted, and many precepts which deſerve to be more particularly and forcibly impreſſed.

You ſeem, like moſt of the writers that have gone before you, to have allowed, as an unconteſted principle, that *Marriage is generally unhappy*: but I know not whether a man who profeſſes to think for himſelf, and concludes from his own obſervations, does not depart from his character when he follows the crowd thus implicitly, and receives maxims without recalling them to a new examination, eſpecially

cially when they comprise so wide a circuit of life, and include such variety of circumstances. As I have an equal right with others to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that state which I have tried, than many who talk of it without experience, I am unwilling to be restrained by mere authority from advancing what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy, otherwise than as life is unhappy; and that most of those who complain of connubial miseries, have as much satisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both sexes repine at their change, relate the happiness of their earlier years, blame the folly and rashness of their own choice, and warn those whom they see coming into the world against the same precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that the days which they so much wish to call back, are the days not only of celibacy but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightness of heart. It is not easy to surround life with any circumstances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that whether married or unmarried, we shall find the vesture of terrestrial existence more heavy and cumbrous, the longer it is worn.

That they censure themselves for the indiscretion of their choice, is not a sufficient proof that they have chosen ill, since we see the same discontent at every other part of life which we cannot change.

Converse

Converſe with almoſt any man, grown old in a profeſſion, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into ſome different courſe, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he diſcovers that wealth and honour are more eaſily attained. "The merchant," ſays Horace, "envies the ſoldier, and the ſoldier recounts the felicity of the merchant; the lawyer, when his clients haraſs him, calls out for the quiet of the countryman; and the countryman, when buſineſs calls him to town, proclaims that there is no happineſs but amidſt opulence and crowds." Every man recounts the inconveniencies of his own ſtation, and thinks thoſe of any other leſs, becauſe he has not felt them. Thus the married praiſe the eaſe and freedom of a ſingle ſtate, and the ſingle fly to marriage from the wearineſs of ſolitude. From all our obſervations we may collect with certainty, that miſery is the lot of man, but cannot diſcover in what particular condition it will find moſt alleviations; or whether all external appendages are not, as we uſe them, the cauſes either of good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for eaſe from change of poſture; he changes it, and finds himſelf equally tormented: and of the ſame kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude thoſe uneaſineſſes, to which mortality will always be ſubject. It is not likely that the married ſtate is eminently miſerable, ſince we ſee ſuch numbers, whom the death of their partners has ſet free from it, entering it again.

Wives and huſbands are, indeed, inceſſantly complaining of each other; and there would be reaſon

for imagining that almoſt every houſe was infeſted with perverſeneſs or oppreſſion beyond human ſufferance, did we not know upon how ſmall occaſions ſome minds burſt out into lamentations and reproaches, and how naturally every animal revenges his pain upon thoſe who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cauſe. We are always willing to fancy ourſelves within a little of happineſs, and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, perſuade ourſelves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, ſince, if we could find any other obſtacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomiſts have often remarked, that though our diſeaſes are ſufficiently numerous and ſevere, yet when we enquire into the ſtructure of the body, the tenderneſs of ſome parts, the minuteneſs of others, and the immenſe multiplicity of animal functions that muſt concur to the healthful and vigorous exerciſe of all our powers, there appears reaſon to wonder rather that we are preſerved ſo long, than that we periſh ſo ſoon, and that our frame ſubſiſts for a ſingle day, or hour, without diſorder, rather than that it ſhould be broken or obſtructed by violence of accidents, or length of time.

The ſame reflection ariſes in my mind, upon obſervation of the manner in which marriage is frequently contracted. When I ſee the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables, and their beds, without any enquiry, but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtleſs uniting themſelves for life to thoſe whom they have only ſeen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make articles for their children, without enquiring after their con-

ſent; when ſome marry for heirs to diſappoint their brothers, and others throw themſelves into the arms of thoſe whom they do not love, becauſe they have found themſelves rejected where they were more ſolicitous to pleaſe; when ſome marry becauſe their ſervants cheat them, ſome becauſe they ſquander their own money, ſome becauſe their houſes are peſtered with company, ſome becauſe they will live like other people, and ſome only becauſe they are ſick of themſelves, I am not ſo much inclined to wonder that marriage is ſometimes unhappy, as that it appears ſo little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that ſociety has ſomething in itſelf eminently agreeable to human nature, when I find its pleaſures ſo great that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them.

By the ancient cuſtom of the Muſcovites, the men and women never ſaw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be ſuſpected that by this method many unſuitable matches were produced, and many tempers aſſociated that were not qualified to give pleaſure to each other. Yet, perhaps, among a people ſo little delicate, where the paucity of gratifications, and the uniformity of life gave no opportunity for imagination to interpoſe its objections, there was not much danger of capricious diſlike, and while they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one other.

Amongſt us, whom knowledge has made nice, and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requiſite to ſecure tranquillity; and yet if we obſerve the manner in which thoſe converſe, who have

ſingled out each other for marriage, we ſhall, perhaps, not think that the Ruſſians loſt much by their reſtraint. For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtſhip, is to hinder themſelves from being known, and to diſguiſe their natural temper, and real deſires, in hypocritical imitation, ſtudied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither ſees the other but in a maſk, and the cheat is managed often on both ſides with ſo much art, and diſcovered afterwards with ſo much abruptneſs, that each has reaſon to ſuſpect that ſome transformation has happened on the wedding-night, and that by a ſtrange impoſture one has been courted, and another married.

I deſire you, therefore, Mr. RAMBLER, to queſtion all who ſhall hereafter come to you with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behaviour in the time of courtſhip, and inform them that they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in diſappointment.

I am, &c.

Numb. 46. Saturday, *August* 25, 1750.

——Genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco. Ovid.

Nought from my birth or ancestors I claim;
All is my own, my honour and my shame.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

SINCE I find that you have paid so much regard to my complaints as to publish them, I am inclined by vanity, or gratitude, to continue our correspondence; and indeed, without either of these motives, am glad of an opportunity to write, for I am not accustomed to keep in any thing that swells my heart, and have here none with whom I can freely converse. While I am thus employed, some tedious hours will slip away, and when I return to watch the clock, I shall find that I have disburdened myself of part of the day.

You perceive that I do not pretend to write with much consideration of any thing but my own convenience; and, not to conceal from you my real sentiments, the little time which I have spent, against my will, in solitary meditation, has not much contributed to my veneration for authors. I have now sufficient reason to suspect that, with all your splendid professions of wisdom, and seeming regard for truth, you have very little sincerity; that you either write what you do not think, and willingly impose upon

mankind, or that you take no care to think right, but while you ſet up yourſelves as guides, miſlead your followers by credulity, or negligence; that you produce to the publick whatever notions you can ſpeciouſly maintain, or elegantly expreſs, without enquiring whether they are juſt; and tranſcribe hereditary falſehoods from old authors perhaps as ignorant and careleſs as yourſelves.

You may perhaps wonder that I expreſs myſelf with ſo much acrimony on a queſtion in which women are ſuppoſed to have very little intereſt; and you are likely enough, for I have ſeen many inſtances of the saucineſs of ſcholars, to tell me, that I am more properly employed in playing with my kittens, than in giving myſelf airs of criticiſm, and cenſuring the learned. But you are miſtaken, if you imagine that I am to be intimidated by your contempt, or ſilenced by your reproofs. As I read, I have a right to judge; as I am injured, I have a right to complain; and theſe privileges, which I have purchaſed at ſo dear a rate, I ſhall not eaſily be perſuaded to reſign.

To read has, indeed, never been my buſineſs, but as there are hours of leiſure in the moſt active life, I have paſſed the ſuperfluities of time, which the diverſions of the town left upon my hands, in turning over a large collection of tragedies and romances, where, amongſt other ſentiments, common to all authors of this claſs, I have found almoſt every page filled with the charms and happineſs of a country life; that life to which every ſtateſman in the higheſt elevation of his proſperity is contriving to retire; that life to which every tragick heroine in ſome ſcene

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or other wiſhes to have been born, and which is repreſented as a certain refuge from folly, from anxiety, from paſſion, and from guilt.

It was impoſſible to read ſo many paſſionate exclamations, and ſoothing deſcriptions, without feeling ſome deſire to enjoy the ſtate in which all this felicity was to be enjoyed; and therefore I received with raptures the invitation of my good aunt, and expected that by ſome unknown influence I ſhould find all hopes and fears, jealouſies and competitions, vaniſh from my heart upon my firſt arrival at the ſeats of innocence and tranquillity; that I ſhould ſleep in halcyon bowers, and wander in elyſian gardens, where I ſhould meet with nothing but the ſoftneſs of benevolence, the candour of ſimplicity, and the cheerfulneſs of content; where I ſhould ſee reaſon exerting her ſovereignty over life, without any interruption from envy, avarice, or ambition, and every day paſſing in ſuch a manner as the ſevereſt wiſdom ſhould approve.

This, Mr. Rambler, I tell you I expected, and this I had by an hundred authors been taught to expect. By this expectation I was led hither, and here I live in perpetual uneaſineſs, without any other comfort than that of hoping to return to London.

Having, ſince I wrote my former letter, been driven, by the mere neceſſity of eſcaping from abſolute inactivity, to make myſelf more acquainted with the affairs and inhabitants of this place, I am now no longer an abſolute ſtranger to rural converſation and employments, but am far from diſcovering in them more innocence or wiſdom, than in the ſentiments

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or conduct of thofe with whom I have paffed more cheerful and more fafhionable hours.

It is common to reproach the tea-table, and the park, with giving opportunities and encouragement to fcandal. I cannot wholly clear them from the charge; but muft, however, obferve in favour of the modifh prattlers, that, if not by principle, we are at leaft by accident, lefs guilty of defamation than the country ladies. For having greater numbers to obferve and cenfure, we are commonly content to charge them only with their own faults or follies, and feldom give way to malevolence, but fuch as arifes from fome injury or affront, real or imaginary, offered to ourfelves. But in thefe diftant provinces, where the fame families inhabit the fame houfes from age to age, they tranfmit and recount the faults of a whole fucceffion. I have been informed how every eftate in the neighbourhood was originally got, and find, if I may credit the accounts given me, that there is not a fingle acre in the hands of the right owner. I have been told of intrigues between beaus and toafts that have been now three centuries in their quiet graves, and am often entertained with traditional fcandal on perfons of whofe names there would have been no remembrance, had they not committed fomewhat that might difgrace their defcendents.

In one of my vifits I happened to commend the air and dignity of a young lady, who had juft left the company; upon which two grave matrons looked with great flinefs at each other, and the elder afked me whether I had ever feen the picture of Henry the eighth. You may imagine that I did not

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immediately perceive the propriety of the queſtion; but after having waited a while for information, I was told that the lady's grandmother had a great great grandmother that was an attendant on Anna Bullen, and ſuppoſed to have been too much a favourite of the king.

If once there happens a quarrel between the principal perſons of two families, the malignity is continued without end, and it is common for old maids to fall out about ſome election, in which their grandfathers were competitors; the heart-burnings of the civil war are not yet extinguiſhed; there are two families in the neighbourhood who have deſtroyed each other's game from the time of Philip and Mary; and when an account came of an inundation, which had injured the plantations of a worthy gentleman, one of the hearers remarked, with exultation, that he might now have ſome notion of the ravages committed by his anceſtors in their retreat from Boſworth.

Thus malice and hatred deſcend here with an inheritance, and it is neceſſary to be well verſed in hiſtory, that the various factions of this county may be underſtood. You cannot expect to be on good terms with families who are reſolved to love nothing in common; and, in ſelecting your intimates, you are perhaps to conſider which party you moſt favour in the barons wars. I have often loſt the good opinion of my aunt's viſitants by confounding the intereſts of York and Lancaſter, and was once cenſured for ſitting ſilent when William Rufus was called a tyrant. I have, however, now thrown

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aſide all pretences to circumſpection, for I find it impoſſible in leſs than ſeven years to learn all the requiſite cautions. At London, if you know your company, and their parents, you are ſafe; but you are here ſuſpected of alluding to the ſlips of great-grandmothers, and of reviving conteſts which were decided in armour by the redoubted knights of ancient times. I hope therefore that you will not condemn my impatience, if I am weary of attending where nothing can be learned, and of quarrelling where there is nothing to conteſt, and that you will contribute to divert me while I ſtay here by ſome facetious performance.

I am, SIR,

EUPHELIA.

NUMB. 47. TUESDAY, *August* 28, 1750.

Quanquam his ſolatiis acquieſcam, debilitor & frangor eadem illa humanitate quæ me, ut hoc ipſum permitterem, induxit, non ideo tamen velim durior fieri: nec ignoro alios hujuſmodi caſus nihil amplius vocare quam damnum; eoque ſibi magnos homines & ſapientes videri. Qui an magni ſapienteſque ſint, neſcio: homines non ſunt. Hominis eſt enim affici dolore, ſentire: reſiſtere tamen, & ſolatia admittere; non ſolatiis non egere. PLIN.

These proceedings have afforded me ſome comfort in my diſtreſs; notwithſtanding which, I am ſtill diſpirited, and unhinged by the ſame motives of humanity that induced me to grant ſuch indulgences. However, I by no means wiſh to become leſs ſuſceptible of tenderneſs. I know theſe kind of misfortunes would be eſtimated by other perſons only as common loſſes, and from ſuch ſenſations they would conceive themſelves great and wiſe men. I ſhall not determine either their greatneſs or their wiſdom; but I am certain they have no humanity. It is the part of a man to be affected with grief; to feel ſorrow, at the ſame time that he is to reſiſt it, and to admit of comfort. Earl of ORRERY.

OF the paſſions with which the mind of man is agitated, it may be obſerved, that they naturally haſten towards their own extinction, by inciting and quickening the attainment of their objects. Thus fear urges our flight, and deſire animates our progreſs; and if there are ſome which perhaps may be indulged till they outgrow the good appropriated to their ſatisfaction, as it is frequently obſerved of avarice and ambition, yet their immediate tendency is to ſome means of happineſs really exiſting, and generally within the proſpect. The miſer always imagines

imagines that there is a certain ſum that will fill his heart to the brim; and every ambitious man, like king Pyrrhus, has an acquiſition in his thoughts that is to terminate his labours, after which he ſhall paſs the reſt of his life in eaſe or gaiety, in repoſe or devotion.

Sorrow is perhaps the only affection of the breaſt that can be excepted from this general remark, and it therefore deſerves the particular attention of thoſe who have aſſumed the arduous province of preſerving the balance of the mental conſtitution. The other paſſions are diſeaſes indeed, but they neceſſarily direct us to their proper cure. A man at once feels the pain, and knows the medicine, to which he is carried with greater haſte as the evil which requires it is more excruciating, and cures himſelf by unerring inſtinct, as the wounded ſtags of Crete are related by Ælian to have recourſe to vulnerary herbs. But for ſorrow there is no remedy provided by nature; it is often occaſioned by accidents irreparable, and dwells upon objects that have loſt or changed their exiſtence; it requires what it cannot hope, that the laws of the univerſe ſhould be repealed; that the dead ſhould return, or the paſt ſhould be recalled.

Sorrow is not that regret for negligence or error which may animate us to future care or activity, or that repentance of crimes for which, however irrevocable, our Creator has promiſed to accept it as an atonement; the pain which ariſes from theſe cauſes has very ſalutary effects, and is every hour extenuating itſelf by the reparation of thoſe miſcarriages that produce it. Sorrow is properly that ſtate of the

mind in which our defires are fixed upon the paft, without looking forward to the future, an inceffant wifh that fomething were otherwife than it has been, a tormenting and haraffing want of fome enjoyment or poffeffion which we have loft, and which no endeavours can poffibly regain. Into fuch anguifh many have funk upon fome fudden diminution of their fortune, an unexpected blaft of their reputation, or the lofs of children or of friends. They have fuffered all fenfibility of pleafure to be deftroyed by a fingle blow, have given up for ever the hopes of fubftituting any other object in the room of that which they lament, refigned their lives to gloom and defpondency, and worn themfelves out in unavailing mifery.

Yet fo much is this paffion the natural confequence of tendernefs and endearment, that, however painful and however ufelefs, it is juftly reproachful not to feel it on fome occafions; and fo widely and conftantly has it always prevailed, that the laws of fome nations, and the cuftoms of others, have limited a time for the external appearances of grief caufed by the diffolution of clofe alliances, and the breach of domeftick union.

It feems determined, by the general fuffrage of mankind, that forrow is to a certain point laudable, as the offspring of love, or at leaft pardonable as the effect of weaknefs; but that it ought not to be fuffered to increafe by indulgence, but muft give way, after a ftated time, to focial duties, and the common avocations of life. It is at firft unavoidable, and therefore muft be allowed, whether with or without our choice; it may afterwards be admitted as a

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decent and affectionate teſtimony of kindneſs and eſteem; ſomething will be extorted by nature, and ſomething may be given to the world. But all beyond the burſts of paſſion, or the forms of ſolemnity, is not only uſeleſs, but culpable; for we have no right to ſacrifice, to the vain longings of affection, that time which providence allows us for the taſk of our ſtation.

Yet it too often happens that ſorrow, thus lawfully entering, gains ſuch a firm poſſeſſion of the mind, that it is not afterwards to be ejected; the mournful ideas, firſt violently impreſſed, and afterwards willingly received, ſo much engroſs the attention, as to predominate in every thought, to darken gaiety, and perplex ratiocination. An habitual ſadneſs ſeizes upon the ſoul, and the faculties are chained to a ſingle object, which can never be contemplated but with hopeleſs uneaſineſs.

From this ſtate of dejection it is very difficult to riſe to cheerfulneſs and alacrity, and therefore many who have laid down rules of intellectual health, think preſervatives eaſier than remedies, and teach us not to truſt ourſelves with favourite enjoyments, not to indulge the luxury of fondneſs, but to keep our minds always ſuſpended in ſuch indifference, that we may change the objects about us without emotion.

An exact compliance with this rule might, perhaps, contribute to tranquillity, but ſurely it would never produce happineſs. He that regards none ſo much as to be afraid of loſing them, muſt live for ever without the gentle pleaſures of ſympathy and confidence; he muſt feel no melting fondneſs, no warmth of benevolence, nor any of thoſe honeſt joys which

which nature annexes to the power of pleaſing. And as no man can juſtly claim more tenderneſs than he pays, he muſt forfeit his ſhare in that officious and watchful kindneſs which love only can dictate, and thoſe lenient endearments by which love only can ſoften life. He may juſtly be overlooked and neglected by ſuch as have more warmth in their heart; for who would be the friend of him, whom, with whatever aſſiduity he may be courted, and with whatever ſervices obliged, his principles will not ſuffer to make equal returns, and who, when you have exhauſted all the inſtances of good will, can only be prevailed on not to be an enemy?

An attempt to preſerve life in a ſtate of neutrality and indifference, is unreaſonable and vain. If by excluding joy we could ſhut our grief, the ſcheme would deſerve very ſerious attention; but ſince, however we may debar ourſelves from happineſs, miſery will find its way at many inlets, and the aſſaults of pain will force our regard, though we may withhold it from the invitations of pleaſure, we may ſurely endeavour to raiſe life above the middle point of apathy at one time, ſince it will neceſſarily ſink below it at another.

But though it cannot be reaſonable not to gain happineſs for fear of loſing it, yet it muſt be confeſſed, that in proportion to the pleaſure of poſſeſſion, will be for ſome time our ſorrow for the loſs; it is therefore the province of the moraliſt to enquire whether ſuch pains may not quickly give way to mitigation. Some have thought that the moſt certain way to clear the heart from its embarraſſment is to drag it by

 force

force into ſcenes of merriment. Others imagine, that ſuch a tranſition is too violent, and recommend rather to ſooth it into tranquillity, by making it acquainted with miſeries more dreadful and afflictive, and diverting to the calamities of others the regard which we are inclined to fix too cloſely upon our own misfortunes.

It may be doubted whether either of thoſe remedies will be ſufficiently powerful. The efficacy of mirth it is not always eaſy to try, and the indulgence of melancholy may be ſuſpected to be one of thoſe medicines, which will deſtroy, if it happens not to cure.

The ſafe and general antidote againſt ſorrow, is employment. It is commonly obſerved, that among ſoldiers and ſeamen, though there is much kindneſs, there is little grief; they ſee their friend fall without any of that lamentation which is indulged in ſecurity and idleneſs, becauſe they have no leiſure to ſpare from the care of themſelves; and whoever ſhall keep his thoughts equally buſy, will find himſelf equally unaffected with irretrievable loſſes.

Time is obſerved generally to wear out ſorrow, and its effects might doubtleſs be accelerated by quickening the ſucceſſion, and enlarging the variety of objects.

Si tempore longo
Leniri poterit luctus, tu ſperne morari,
Qui ſapiet ſibi tempus erit.—— GROTIUS.

'Tis long ere time can mitigate your grief;
To wiſdom fly, ſhe quickly brings relief. F. LEWIS.

Sorrow

Sorrow is a kind of ruſt of the ſoul, which every new idea contributes in its paſſage to ſcour away. It is the putrefaction of ſtagnant life, and is remedied by exerciſe and motion.

NUMB. 48. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 1, 1750.

Non eſt vivere, ſed valere, vita. MART.

For life is not to live, but to be well. ELPHINSTON.

AMONG the innumerable follies, by which we lay up in our youth repentance and remorſe for the ſucceeding part of our lives, there is ſcarce any againſt which warnings are of leſs efficacy, than the neglect of health. When the ſprings of motion are yet elaſtick, when the heart bounds with vigour, and the eye ſparkles with ſpirit, it is with difficulty that we are taught to conceive the imbecility that every hour is bringing upon us, or to imagine that the nerves which are now braced with ſo much ſtrength, and the limbs which play with ſo much activity, will loſe all their power under the gripe of time, relax with numbneſs, and totter with debility.

To the arguments which have been uſed againſt complaints under the miſeries of life, the philoſophers have, I think, forgot to add the incredulity of thoſe to whom we recount our ſufferings. But if the purpoſe of lamentation be to excite pity, it is ſurely ſuperfluous for age and weakneſs to tell their plaintive ſtories; for pity preſuppoſes ſympathy, and a little attention will ſhew them, that thoſe

who do not feel pain, ſeldom think that it is felt; and a ſhort recollection will inform almoſt every man, that he is only repaid the inſult which he has given, ſince he may remember how often he has mocked infirmity, laughed at its cautions, and cenſured its impatience.

The valetudinarian race have made the care of health ridiculous by ſuffering it to prevail over all other conſiderations, as the miſer has brought frugality into contempt, by permitting the love of money not to ſhare, but to engroſs his mind: they both err alike, by confounding the means with the end; they graſp at health only to be well, as at money only to be rich; and forget that every terreſtrial advantage is chiefly valuable, as it furniſhes abilities for the exerciſe of virtue.

Health is indeed ſo neceſſary to all the duties, as well as pleaſures of life, that the crime of ſquandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a ſhort gratification brings weakneſs and diſeaſes upon himſelf, and for the pleaſure of a few years paſſed in the tumults of diverſion, and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be juſtly reproached, not only as a ſpendthrift of his own happineſs, but as a robber of the publick; as a wretch that has voluntarily diſqualified himſelf for the buſineſs of his ſtation, and refuſed that part which providence aſſigns him in the general taſk of human nature.

There are perhaps very few conditions more to be pitied than that of an active and elevated mind, labouring under the weight of a diſtempered body; the

the time of ſuch a man is always ſpent in forming ſchemes, which a change of wind hinders him from executing, his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleaſes his ambition with the fame he ſhall acquire, or his benevolence with the good he ſhall confer. But in the night the ſkies are overcaſt, the temper of the air is changed, he wakes in languor, impatience, and diſtraction, and has no longer any wiſh but for eaſe, nor any attention but to miſery. It may be ſaid that diſeaſe generally begins that equality which death completes; the diſtinctions which ſet one man ſo much above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a ſick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or inſtruction from the wiſe; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reaſoner perplexed, and the hero ſubdued; where the higheſt and brighteſt of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the conſciouſneſs of innocence.

There is among the fragments of the Greek poets a ſhort hymn to Health, in which her power of exalting the happineſs of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to poſſeſſion, is inculcated with ſo much force and beauty, that no one, who has ever languiſhed under the diſcomforts and infirmities of a lingering diſeaſe, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wiſh, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture. The particular occaſion of this little compoſition is not known, but it is probable that

the author had been ſick, and in the firſt raptures of returning vigour addreſſed Health in the following manner:

Ὑγίεια πρεσβίστα Μακάρων,
Μετὰ σοῦ ναίοιμι
Τὸ λειπόμενον βιοτᾶς·
Σὺ δέ μοι πρόφρων σύνοικος εἴης
Ἐι γάρ τις ἢ πλούτου χάρις ἢ τεκέων,
Τᾶς εὐδαίμονός τ' ἀνθρώποις
Βασιληΐδος ἀρχᾶς, ἢ πόθων,
Ὁὺς κρυφίοις Αφροδιτης ἄρκυσιν θηρεύομεν,
Ἢ εἴ τις ἄλλα θεόθεν ἀνθρώποις τέρψις,
Ἢ πόνων ἀμπνοὰ πέφανται·
Μετὰ σεῖο μακαρία Ὑγίεια,
Τέθηλε πάντα, καὶ λάμπει χαρίτων ἔαρ·
Σέθεν δὲ χωρὶς, οὐδεὶς ἐυδαίμων πέλει.

Health, moſt venerable of the powers of heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be paſſed, nor do thou refuſe to bleſs me with thy reſidence. For whatever there is of beauty or of pleaſure in wealth, in deſcendants, or in ſovereign command, the higheſt ſummit of human enjoyment, or in thoſe objects of deſire which we endeavour to chaſe into the toils of love; whatever delight, or whatever ſolace is granted by the celeſtials, to ſoften our fatigues, in thy preſence, thou parent of happineſs, all thoſe joys ſpread out and flouriſh; in thy preſence blooms the ſpring of pleaſure, and without thee no man is happy.

Such is the power of health, that without its co-operation every other comfort is torpid and lifeleſs, as the powers of vegetation without the ſun. And yet this bliſs is commonly thrown away in thoughtleſs negligence, or in fooliſh experiments on our own ſtrength; we let it periſh without remembering its value,

value, or waſte it to ſhow how much we have to ſpare; it is ſometimes given up to the management of levity and chance, and ſometimes ſold for the applauſe of jollity and debauchery.

Health is equally neglected, and with equal impropriety, by the votaries of buſineſs and the followers of pleaſure. Some men ruin the fabrick of their bodies by inceſſant revels, and others by intemperate ſtudies; ſome batter it by exceſs, and others ſap it by inactivity. To the noiſy route of bacchanalian rioters, it will be to little purpoſe that advice is offered, though it requires no great abilities to prove, that he loſes pleaſure who loſes health; their clamours are too loud for the whiſpers of caution, and they run the courſe of life with too much precipitance to ſtop at the call of wiſdom. Nor perhaps will they that are buſied in adding thouſands to thouſands, pay much regard to him that ſhall direct them to haſten more ſlowly to their wiſhes. Yet ſince lovers of money are generally cool, deliberate, and thoughtful, they might ſurely conſider, that the greater good ought not to be ſacrificed to the leſs. Health is certainly more valuable than money, becauſe it is by health that money is procured; but thouſands and millions are of ſmall avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of ſenſe, or reſuſcitate the powers of digeſtion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take ſhelter in the arms of ſickneſs.

—— *Projecere animam! quàm vellent æthere in alto*
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros tolerare labores!

For healthful indigence in vain they pray,
In queſt of wealth who throw their lives away.

Thoſe who loſe their health in an irregular and impetuous purſuit of literary accompliſhments are yet leſs to be excuſed; for they ought to know that the body is not forced beyond its ſtrength, but with the loſs of more vigour than is proportionate to the effect produced. Whoever takes up life beforehand, by depriving himſelf of reſt and refreſhment, muſt not only pay back the hours, but pay them back with uſury; and for the gain of a few months but half enjoyed, muſt give up years to the liſtleſſneſs of languor, and the implacability of pain. They whoſe endeavour is mental excellence, will learn perhaps too late, how much it is endangered by diſeaſes of the body, and find that knowledge may eaſily be loſt in the ſtarts of melancholy, the flights of impatience, and the peeviſhneſs of decrepitude.

NUMB. 49. TUESDAY, *September* 4, 1750.

Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam, uſque ego poſterâ
Creſcam laude recens. HOR.

Whole *Horace* ſhall not die; his ſongs ſhall ſave
The greateſt portion from the greedy grave. CREECH.

THE firſt motives of human actions are thoſe appetites which providence has given to man in common with the reſt of the inhabitants of the earth. Immediately after our birth, thirſt and hunger incline us to the breaſt, which we draw by inſtinct, like other young creatures, and when we are ſatisfied, we expreſs our uneaſineſs by importunate and inceſſant cries, till we have obtained a place or poſture proper for repoſe.

The next call that rouſes us from a ſtate of inactivity, is that of our paſſions; we quickly begin to be ſenſible of hope and fear, love and hatred, deſire and averſion; theſe ariſing from the power of compariſon and reflection, extend their range wider, as our reaſon ſtrengthens, and our knowledge enlarges. At firſt we have no thought of pain, but when we actually feel it; we afterwards begin to fear it, yet not before it approaches us very nearly; but by degrees we diſcover it at a greater diſtance, and find it lurking in remote conſequences. Our terror in time improves into caution, and we learn to look round with vigilance and ſolicitude,

ſolicitude, to ſtop all the avenues at which miſery can enter, and to perform or endure many things in themſelves toilſome and unpleaſing, becauſe we know by reaſon, or by experience, that our labour will be overbalanced by the reward, that it will either procure ſome poſitive good, or avert ſome evil greater than itſelf.

But as the ſoul advances to a fuller exerciſe of its powers, the animal appetites, and the paſſions immediately ariſing from them, are not ſufficient to find it employment; the wants of nature are ſoon ſupplied, the fear of their return is eaſily precluded, and ſomething more is neceſſary to relieve the long intervals of inactivity, and to give thoſe faculties, which cannot lie wholly quieſcent, ſome particular direction. For this reaſon, new deſires and artificial paſſions are by degrees produced; and, from having wiſhes only in conſequence of our wants, we begin to feel wants in conſequence of our wiſhes; we perſuade ourſelves to ſet a value upon things, which are of no uſe, but becauſe we have agreed to value them; things which can neither ſatisfy hunger, nor mitigate pain, nor ſecure us from any real calamity, and which, therefore, we find of no eſteem among thoſe nations whoſe artleſs and barbarous manners keep them always anxious for the neceſſaries of life.

This is the original of avarice, vanity, ambition, and generally of all thoſe deſires which ariſe from the compariſon of our condition with that of others. He that thinks himſelf poor becauſe his neighbour is richer; he that, like Cæſar, would rather be the firſt man of a village, than the ſecond in the capital

pital of the world, has apparently kindled in himſelf deſires which he never received from nature, and acts upon principles eſtabliſhed only by the authority of cuſtom.

Of thoſe adſcititious paſſions, ſome, as avarice and envy, are univerſally condemned; ſome, as friendſhip and curioſity, generally praiſed; but there are others about which the ſuffrages of the wiſe are divided, and of which it is doubted, whether they tend moſt to promote the happineſs, or increaſe the miſeries of mankind.

Of this ambiguous and diſputable kind is the love of fame, a deſire of filling the minds of others with admiration, and of being celebrated by generations to come with praiſes which we ſhall not hear. This ardour has been conſidered by ſome, as nothing better than ſplendid madneſs, as a flame kindled by pride, and fanned by folly; for what, ſay they, can be more remote from wiſdom, than to direct all our actions by the hope of that which is not to exiſt till we ourſelves are in the grave? To pant after that which can never be poſſeſſed, and of which the value thus wildly put upon it, ariſes from this particular condition, that, during life, it is not to be obtained? To gain the favour, and hear the applauſes of our contemporaries, is indeed equally deſirable with any other prerogative of ſuperiority, becauſe fame may be of uſe to ſmooth the paths of life, to terrify oppoſition, and fortify tranquillity; but to what end ſhall we be the darlings of mankind, when we can no longer receive any benefits from their favour? It is more reaſonable to wiſh for reputation, while it

it may yet be enjoyed, as Anacreon calls upon his companions to give him for prefent ufe the wine and garlands which they purpofe to beftow upon his tomb.

The advocates for the love of fame allege in its vindication, that it is a paffion natural and univerfal; a flame lighted by heaven, and always burning with greateft vigour in the moft enlarged and elevated minds. That the defire of being praifed by pofterity implies a refolution to deferve their praifes, and that the folly charged upon it, is only a noble and difinterefted generofity, which is not felt, and therefore not underftood, by thofe who have been always accuftomed to refer every thing to themfelves, and whofe felfifhnefs has contracted their underftandings. That the foul of man, formed for eternal life, naturally fprings forward beyond the limits of corporeal exiftence, and rejoices to confider herfelf as co-operating with future ages, and as co-extended with endlefs duration. That the reproach urged with fo much petulance, the reproach of labouring for what cannot be enjoyed, is founded on an opinion which may with great probability be doubted; for fince we fuppofe the powers of the foul to be enlarged by its feparation, why fhould we conclude that its knowledge of fublunary tranfactions is contracted or extinguifhed?

Upon an attentive and impartial review of the argument, it will appear that the love of fame is to be regulated rather than extinguifhed; and that men fhould be taught not to be wholly carelefs about their memory, but to endeavour that they may be remembered chiefly for their virtues, fince no other

repu-

reputation will be able to tranſmit any pleaſure beyond the grave.

It is evident that fame, conſidered merely as the immortality of a name, is not leſs likely to be the reward of bad actions than of good; he therefore has no certain principle for the regulation of his conduct, whoſe ſingle aim is not to be forgotten. And hiſtory will inform us, that this blind and undiſtinguiſhing appetite of renown has always been uncertain in its effects, and directed by accident or opportunity, indifferently to the benefit or devaſtation of the world. When Themiſtocles complained that the trophies of Miltiades hindered him from ſleep, he was animated by them to perform the ſame ſervices in the ſame cauſe. But Cæſar, when he wept at the ſight of Alexander's picture, having no honeſt opportunities of action, let his ambition break out to the ruin of his country.

If, therefore, the love of fame is ſo far indulged by the mind as to become independent and predominant, it is dangerous and irregular; but it may be uſefully employed as an inferior and ſecondary motive, and will ſerve ſometimes to revive our activity, when we begin to languiſh and loſe ſight of that more certain, more valuable, and more durable reward, which ought always to be our firſt hope and our laſt. But it muſt be ſtrongly impreſſed upon our minds, that virtue is not to be purſued as one of the means to fame, but fame to be accepted as the only recompence which mortals can beſtow on virtue; to be accepted with complacence, but not ſought with eagerneſs. Simply to be remembered is no advantage; it is a privilege

vilege

vilege which ſatire as well as panegyrick can confer, and is not more enjoyed by Titus or Conſtantine, than by Timocreon of Rhodes, of whom we only know from his epitaph, *that he had eaten many a meal, drank many a flaggon, and uttered many a reproach.*

> Πολλὰ φαγὼν, καὶ πολλὰ πιὼν, καὶ πολλὰ κακ' εἰπὼν
> Ἀνθρώπους, κεῖμαι Τιμοκρέων Ῥόδιος.

The true ſatisfaction which is to be drawn from the conſciouſneſs that we ſhall ſhare the attention of future times, muſt ariſe from the hope, that, with our name, our virtues will be propagated; and that thoſe whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive inſtruction from our examples, and incitement from our renown.

NUMB. 50. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 8, 1750.

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat, atque
Barbato cuicunque puer, licet ipse videret
Plura domi fraga, et majores glandis acervos. JUV.

And had not men the hoary head rever'd,
And boys paid rev'rence when a man appear'd,
Both muſt have died, though richer ſkins they wore,
And ſaw more heaps of acorns in their ſtore. CREECH.

I HAVE always thought it the buſineſs of thoſe who turn their ſpeculations upon the living world, to commend the virtues, as well as to expoſe the faults of their contemporaries, and to confute a falſe as well as to ſupport a juſt accuſation; not only becauſe it is peculiarly the buſineſs of a monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, leſt thoſe who can once charge him with partiality, ſhould indulge themſelves afterwards in diſbelieving him at pleaſure; but becauſe he may find real crimes ſufficient to give full employment to caution or repentance, without diſtracting the mind by needleſs ſcruples and vain ſolicitudes.

There are certain fixed and ſtated reproaches that one part of mankind has in all ages thrown upon another, which are regularly tranſmitted through continued ſucceſſions, and which he that has once ſuffered them is certain to uſe with the ſame undiſtinguiſhing vehemence, when he has changed his ſtation, and gained the preſcriptive right of inflicting on others, what he had formerly endured himſelf.

To these hereditary imputations, of which no man sees the justice, till it becomes his interest to see it, very little regard is to be shewn; since it does not appear that they are produced by ratiocination or enquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of instantaneous contagion, and supported rather by willingness to credit than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of those who are desirous to believe themselves made venerable by length of time, to censure the new comers into life, for want of respect to grey hairs and sage experience, for heady confidence in their own understandings, for hasty conclusions upon partial views, for disregard of counsels, which their fathers and grandsires are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that subordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as necessary to its security from evils into which it would be otherwise precipitated, by the rashness of passion, and the blindness of ignorance.

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and insolence of the rising generation. He recounts the decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the discipline and sobriety of the age in which his youth was passed; a happy age which is now no more to be expected, since confusion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

It is not sufficiently considered how much he assumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining: for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full share of the miseries of life, he is inclined to

consider

consider all clamorous uneasiness, as a proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to ask, What merit has this man to show, by which he has acquired a right to repine at the distributions of nature? Or, why does he imagine that exemptions should be granted him from the general condition of man? We find ourselves excited rather to captiousness than pity, and instead of being in haste to sooth his complaints by sympathy and tenderness, we enquire, whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation; and whether, supposing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly, rather than calamity.

The querulousness and indignation which is observed so often to disfigure the last scene of life, naturally leads us to enquiries like these. For surely it will be thought at the first view of things, that if age be thus contemned and ridiculed, insulted and neglected, the crime must at least be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of establishing their authority over minds ductile and unresisting, they who have been the protectors of helplessness, and the instructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth, and the dignity of command, must defeat their influence by their own misconduct, and make use of all these advantages with very little skill, if they cannot secure to themselves an appearance of respect, and ward off open mockery, and declared contempt.

The general story of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption, or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of

that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, on thoſe whom they ſee ſurrounded by ſplendour, and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their paſſions into forgetfulneſs of inviſible rewards and puniſhments, yet they are eaſily kept obedient to thoſe who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is diſſipated by ſuch wickedneſs and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It may, therefore, very reaſonably be ſuſpected that the old draw upon themſelves the greateſt part of thoſe inſults, which they ſo much lament, and that age is rarely deſpiſed but when it is contemptible. If men imagine that exceſs of debauchery can be made reverend by time, that knowledge is the conſequence of long life however idly and thoughtleſsly employed, that priority of birth will ſupply the want of ſteadineſs or honeſty, can it raiſe much wonder that their hopes are diſappointed, and that they ſee their poſterity rather willing to truſt their own eyes in their progreſs into life, than enliſt themſelves under guides who have loſt their way?

There are, indeed, many truths which time neceſſarily and certainly teaches, and which might, by thoſe who have learned them from experience, be communicated to their ſucceſſors at a cheaper rate: but dictates, though liberally enough beſtowed, are generally without effect, the teacher gains few proſelytes by inſtruction which his own behaviour contradicts; and young men miſs the benefit of counſel, becauſe they are not very ready to believe that thoſe who fall below them in practice, can much excel them in theory. Thus the progreſs of knowledge is retarded, the

the world is kept long in the ſame ſtate, and every new race is to gain the prudence of their predeceſſors by committing and redreſſing the ſame miſcarriages.

To ſecure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might ſo much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is abſolutely neceſſary that they give themſelves up to the duties of declining years; and contentedly reſign to youth its levity, its pleaſures, its frolicks, and its fopperies. It is a hopeleſs endeavour to unite the contrarieties of ſpring and winter; it is unjuſt to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wiſdom and gravity of men, whom they conſider as placed at a diſtance from them in the ranks of exiſtence, and naturally look on thoſe whom they find trifling with long beards, with contempt and indignation, like that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If dotards will contend with boys in thoſe performances in which boys muſt always excel them; if they will dreſs crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavour at gaiety with faultering voices; and darken aſſemblies of pleaſure with the ghaſtlineſs of diſeaſe, they may well expect thoſe who find their diverſions obſtructed will hoot them away; and that if they deſcend to competition with youth, they muſt bear the inſolence of ſuceſsful rivals.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt.

You've had your ſhare of mirth, of meat and drink:
'Tis time to quit the ſcene—'tis time to think.

ELPHINSTON.

Another vice of age, by which the riſing generation may be alienated from it, is ſeverity and cenſoriouſneſs, that gives no allowance to the failings of early life, that expects artfulneſs from childhood, and conſtancy from youth, that is peremptory in every command, and inexorable to every failure. There are many who live merely to hinder happineſs, and whoſe deſcendants can only tell of long life, that it produces ſuſpicion, malignity, peeviſhneſs, and perſecution: and yet even theſe tyrants can talk of the ingratitude of the age, curſe their heirs for impatience, and wonder that young men cannot take pleaſure in their father's company.

He that would paſs the latter part of life with honour and decency, muſt, when he is young, conſider that he ſhall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he muſt lay up knowledge for his ſupport, when his powers of acting ſhall forſake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience only can correct.

NUMB. 51. TUESDAY, *Sept.* 10, 1750.

——— *Stultus labor eſt ineptiarum.* MART.

How fooliſh is the toil of trifling cares! ELPHINSTON.

To the RAMBLER,

SIR,

AS you have allowed a place in your paper to Euphelia's letters from the country, and appear to think no form of human life unworthy of your attention, I have reſolved, after many ſtruggles with idleneſs and diffidence, to give you ſome account of my entertainment in this ſober ſeaſon of univerſal retreat, and to deſcribe to you the employments of thoſe who look with contempt on the pleaſures and diverſions of polite life, and employ all their powers of cenſure and invective upon the uſeleſſneſs, vanity, and folly, of dreſs, viſits, and converſation.

When a tireſome and vexatious journey of four days had brought me to the houſe, where invitation, regularly ſent for ſeven years together, had at laſt induced me to paſs the ſummer, I was ſurpriſed, after the civilities of my firſt reception, to find, inſtead of the leiſure and tranquillity, which a rural life always promiſes, and, if well conducted, might always afford, a confuſed wildneſs of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded, and every motion agitated. The old lady, who was my father's relation, was, indeed, very

full of the happineſs which ſhe received from my viſit, and, according to the forms of obſolete breeding, inſiſted that I ſhould recompence the long delay of my company with a promiſe not to leave her till winter. But, amidſt all her kindneſs and careſſes, ſhe very frequently turned her head aſide, and whiſpered, with anxious earneſtneſs, ſome order to her daughters, which never failed to ſend them out with unpolite precipitation. Sometimes her impatience would not ſuffer her to ſtay behind; ſhe begged my pardon, ſhe muſt leave me for a moment; ſhe went, and returned and ſat down again, but was again diſturbed by ſome new care, diſmiſſed her daughters with the ſame trepidation, and followed them with the ſame countenance of buſineſs and ſolicitude.

However I was alarmed at this ſhow of eagerneſs and diſturbance, and however my curioſity was excited by ſuch buſy preparations as naturally promiſed ſome great event, I was yet too much a ſtranger to gratify myſelf with enquiries; but finding none of the family in mourning, I pleaſed myſelf with imagining that I ſhould rather ſee a wedding than a funeral.

At laſt we ſat down to ſupper, when I was informed that one of the young ladies, after whom I thought myſelf obliged to enquire, was under a neceſſity of attending ſome affair that could not be neglected: Soon afterward my relation began to talk of the regularity of her family, and the inconvenience of London hours; and at laſt let me know that they had purpoſed that night to go to bed ſooner than was uſual, becauſe they were to riſe early in the

morning

morning to make cheeſecakes. This hint ſent me to my chamber, to which I was accompanied by all the ladies, who begged me to excuſe ſome large ſieves of leaves and flowers that covered two thirds of the floor, for they intended to diſtil them when they were dry, and they had no other room that ſo conveniently received the riſing ſun.

The ſcent of the plants hindered me from reſt, and therefore I roſe early in the morning with a reſolution to explore my new habitation. I ſtole unperceived by my buſy couſins into the garden, where I found nothing either more great or elegant, than in the ſame number of acres cultivated for the market. Of the gardener I ſoon learned that his lady was the greateſt manager in that part of the country, and that I was come hither at the time in which I might learn to make more pickles and conſerves, than could be ſeen at any other houſe a hundred miles round.

It was not long before her ladyſhip gave me ſufficient opportunities of knowing her character, for ſhe was too much pleaſed with her own accompliſhments to conceal them, and took occaſion, from ſome ſweetmeats which ſhe ſet next day upon the table, to diſcourſe for two long hours upon robs and gellies; laid down the beſt methods of conſerving, reſerving, and preſerving all ſorts of fruit; told us with great contempt of the London lady in the neighbourhood, by whom theſe terms were very often confounded; and hinted how much ſhe ſhould be aſhamed to ſet before company, at her own houſe, ſweetmeats of ſo dark a colour as ſhe had often ſeen at miſtreſs Sprightly's.

It is, indeed, the great bufinefs of her life, to watch the fkillet on the fire, to fee it fimmer with the due degree of heat, and to fnatch it off at the moment of projection; and the employments to which fhe has bred her daughters, are to turn rofe-leaves in the fhade, to pick out the feeds of currants with a quill, to gather fruit without bruifing it, and to extract bean-flower water for the fkin. Such are the tafks with which every day, fince I came hither, has begun and ended, to which the early hours of life are facrificed, and in which that time is paffing away which never fhall return.

But to reafon or expoftulate are hopelefs attempts. The lady has fettled her opinions, and maintains the dignity of her own performances with all the firmnefs of ftupidity accuftomed to be flattered. Her daughters having never feen any houfe but their own, believe their mother's excellence on her own word. Her hufband is a mere fportfman, who is pleafed to fee his table well furnifhed, and thinks the day fufficiently fuccefsful, in which he brings home a leafh of hares to be potted by his wife.

After a few days I pretended to want books, but my lady foon told me that none of her books would fuit my tafte; for her part fhe never loved to fee young women give their minds to fuch follies, by which they would only learn to ufe hard words; fhe bred up her daughters to underftand a houfe, and whoever fhould marry them, if they knew any thing of good cookery, would never repent it.

There are, however, fome things in the culinary fciences too fublime for youthful intellects, myfteries into which they muft not be initiated till the years of

of ſerious maturity, and which are referred to the day of marriage, as the ſupreme qualification for connubial life. She makes an orange pudding, which is the envy of all the neighbourhood, and which ſhe has hitherto found means of mixing and baking with ſuch ſecrecy, that the ingredient to which it owes its flavour has never been diſcovered. She, indeed, conducts this great affair with all the caution that human policy can ſuggeſt. It is never known before-hand when this pudding will be produced; ſhe takes the ingredients privately into her own cloſet, employs her maids and daughters in different parts of the houſe, orders the oven to be heated for a pie, and places the pudding in it with her own hands, the mouth of the oven is then ſtopped, and all enquiries are vain.

The compoſition of the pudding ſhe has, however, promiſed Clarinda, that if ſhe pleaſes her in marriage, ſhe ſhall be told without reſerve. But the art of making Engliſh capers ſhe has not yet perſuaded herſelf to diſcover, but ſeems reſolved that ſecret ſhall periſh with her, as ſome alchymiſts have obſtinately ſuppreſſed the art of tranſmuting metals.

I once ventured to lay my fingers on her book of receipts, which ſhe left upon the table, having intelligence that a veſſel of gooſeberry wine had burſt the hoops. But though the importance of the event ſufficiently engroſſed her care, to prevent any recollection of the danger to which her ſecrets were expoſed, I was not able to make uſe of the golden moments; for this treaſure of hereditary knowledge was ſo well concealed by the manner of ſpelling uſed by her grandmother, her mother, and herſelf, that I

was

was totally unable to underſtand it, and loſt the opportunity of conſulting the oracle, for want of knowing the language in which its anſwers were returned.

It is, indeed, neceſſary, if I have any regard to her ladyſhip's eſteem, that I ſhould apply myſelf to ſome of theſe economical accompliſhments; for I overheard her, two days ago, warning her daughters, by my mournful example, againſt negligence of paſtry, and ignorance in carving: for you ſaw, ſaid ſhe, that, with all her pretenſions to knowledge, ſhe turned the partridge the wrong way when ſhe attempted to cut it, and, I believe, ſcarcely knows the difference between paſte raiſed, and paſte in a diſh.

The reaſon, Mr. Rambler, why I have laid Lady Buſtle's character before you, is a deſire to be informed whether, in your opinion, it is worthy of imitation, and whether I ſhall throw away the books which I have hitherto thought it my duty to read, for *the lady's cloſet opened*, *the complete ſervant maid*, and *the court cook*, and reſign all curioſity after right and wrong, for the art of ſcalding damaſcenes without burſting them, and preſerving the whiteneſs of pickled muſhrooms.

Lady Buſtle has, indeed, by this inceſſant application to fruits and flowers, contracted her cares into a narrow ſpace, and ſet herſelf free from many perplexities with which other minds are diſturbed. She has no curioſity after the events of a war, or the fate of heroes in diſtreſs; ſhe can hear, without the leaſt emotion, the ravage of a fire, or devaſtations of a ſtorm; her neighbours grow rich or poor, come into the world or go out of it, without regard, while ſhe

is preſſing the gelly-bag, or airing the ſtore-room; but I cannot perceive that ſhe is more free from diſquiets than thoſe whoſe underſtandings take a wider range. Her marigolds, when they are almoſt cured, are often ſcattered by the wind, the rain ſometimes falls upon fruit when it ought to be gathered dry. While her artificial wines are fermenting, her whole life is reſtleſſneſs and anxiety. Her ſweetmeats are not always bright, and the maid ſometimes forgets the juſt proportions of ſalt and pepper, when veniſon is to be baked. Her conſerves mould, her wines ſour, and pickles mother; and, like all the reſt of mankind, ſhe is every day mortified with the defeat of her ſchemes, and the diſappointment of her hopes.

With regard to vice and virtue ſhe ſeems a kind of neutral being. She has no crime but luxury, nor any virtue but chaſtity; ſhe has no deſire to be praiſed but for her cookery, nor wiſhes any ill to the reſt of mankind, but that whenever they aſpire to a feaſt, their cuſtards may be wheyiſh, and their pie-cruſts tough.

I am now very impatient to know whether I am to look on theſe ladies as the great patterns of our ſex, and to conſider conſerves and pickles as the buſineſs of my life; whether the cenſures which I now ſuffer be juſt, and whether the brewers of wines, and the diſtillers of waſhes, have a right to look with inſolence on the weakneſs of

Cornelia.

NUMB. 52. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 15, 1750.

——*Quoties flenti* Theseius *heros*
Siste modum, dixit, neque enim fortuna querenda
Sola tua est, similes aliorum respice casus,
Mitius ista feres. OVID.

How oft in vain the son of *Theseus* said,
The stormy sorrows be with patience laid;
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone;
Weigh other's woes, and learn to bear thy own.
CATCOTT.

AMONG the various methods of consolation, to which the miseries inseparable from our present state have given occasion, it has been, as I have already remarked, recommended by some writers to put the sufferer in mind of heavier pressures, and more excruciating calamities, than those of which he has himself reason to complain.

This has, in all ages, been directed and practised; and, in conformity to this custom, Lipsius, the great modern master of the Stoick philosophy, has, in his celebrated treatise on *steadiness of mind*, endeavoured to fortify the breast against too much sensibility of misfortune, by enumerating the evils which have in former ages fallen upon the world, the devastation of wide-extended regions, the sack of cities, and massacre of nations. And the common voice of the multitude uninstructed by precept, and unprejudiced by authority, which, in questions that relate to the heart of man, is, in my opinion, more

more decifive than the learning of Lipfius, feems to juftify the efficacy of this procedure; for one of the firft comforts which one neighbour adminifters to another, is a relation of the like infelicity, combined with circumftances of greater bitternefs.

But this medicine of the mind is like many remedies applied to the body, of which, though we fee the effects, we are unacquainted with the manner of operation, and of which, therefore, fome, who are unwilling to fuppofe any thing out of the reach of their own fagacity, have been inclined to doubt whether they have really thofe virtues for which they are celebrated, and whether their reputation is not the mere gift of fancy, prejudice, and credulity.

Confolation, or comfort, are words which, in their proper acceptation, fignify fome alleviation of that pain to which it is not in our power to afford the proper and adequate remedy; they imply rather an augmentation of the power of bearing, than a diminution of the burthen. A prifoner is relieved by him that fets him at liberty, but receives comfort from fuch as fuggeft confiderations by which he is made patient under the inconvenience of confinement. To that grief which arifes from a great lofs, he only brings the true remedy, who makes his friend's condition the fame as before; but he may be properly termed a comforter, who by perfuafion extenuates the pain of poverty, and fhews, in the ftyle of *Hefiod*, that *half is more than the whole.*

It is, perhaps, not immediately obvious, how it can lull the memory of misfortune, or appeafe the

throbbings of anguiſh, to hear that others are more miſerable; others, perhaps, unknown or wholly indifferent, whoſe proſperity raiſes no envy, and whoſe fall can gratify no reſentment. Some topicks of comfort ariſing, like that which gave hope and ſpirit to the captive of Seſoſtris, from the perpetual viciſſitudes of life, and mutability of human affairs, may as properly raiſe the dejected as depreſs the proud, and have an immediate tendency to exhilarate and revive. But how can it avail the man who languiſhes in the gloom of ſorrow, without proſpect of emerging into the ſunſhine of cheerfulneſs, to hear that others are ſunk yet deeper in the dungeon of miſery, ſhackled with heavier chains, and ſurrounded with darker deſperation?

The ſolace ariſing from this conſideration ſeems indeed the weakeſt of all others, and is perhaps never properly applied, but in caſes where there is no place for reflections of more ſpeedy and pleaſing efficacy. But even from ſuch calamities life is by no means free; a thouſand ills incurable, a thouſand loſſes irreparable, a thouſand difficulties inſurmountable, are known, or will be known, by all the ſons of men. Native deformity cannot be rectified, a dead friend cannot return, and the hours of youth trifled away in folly, or loſt in ſickneſs, cannot be reſtored.

Under the oppreſſion of ſuch melancholy, it has been found uſeful to take a ſurvey of the world, to contemplate the various ſcenes of diſtreſs in which mankind are ſtruggling round us, and acquaint ourſelves with the *terribilis viſu formæ*, the various ſhapes of miſery, which make havock of terreſtrial happi-

happineſs, range all corners almoſt without reſtraint, trample down our hopes at the hour of harveſt, and, when we have built our ſchemes to the top, ruin their foundations.

The firſt effect of this meditation is, that it furniſhes a new employment for the mind, and engages the paſſions on remoter objects; as kings have ſometimes freed themſelves from a ſubject too haughty to be governed and too powerful to be cruſhed, by poſting him in a diſtant province, till his popularity has ſubſided, or his pride been repreſſed. The attention is diſſipated by variety, and acts more weakly upon any ſingle part, as that torrent may be drawn off to different channels, which, pouring down in one collected body, cannot be reſiſted. This ſpecies of comfort is, therefore, unavailing in ſevere paroxyſms of corporal pain, when the mind is every inſtant called back to miſery, and in the firſt ſhock of any ſudden evil; but will certainly be of uſe againſt encroaching melancholy, and a ſettled habit of gloomy thoughts.

It is further advantageous, as it ſupplies us with opportunities of making compariſons in our own favour. We know that very little of the pain, or pleaſure, which does not begin and end in our ſenſes, is otherwiſe than relative; we are rich or poor, great or little, in proportion to the number that excel us, or fall beneath us, in any of theſe reſpects; and therefore, a man, whoſe uneaſineſs ariſes from reflexion on any misfortune that throws him below thoſe with whom he was once equal, is comforted by finding that he is not yet loweſt.

There

There is another kind of comparifon, lefs tending towards the vice of envy, very well illuftrated by an old poet, whofe fyftem will not afford many reafonable motives to content. 'It is,' fays he, 'pleafing to look from fhore upon the tumults of 'a ftorm, and to fee a fhip ftruggling with the 'billows; it is pleafing, not becaufe the pain of 'another can give us delight, but becaufe we have 'a ftronger impreffion of the happinefs of fafety.' Thus, when we look abroad, and behold the multitudes that are groaning under evils heavier than thofe which we have experienced, we fhrink back to our own ftate, and inftead of repining that fo much muft be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this obfervation of the miferies of others, fortitude is ftrengthened, and the mind brought to a more extenfive knowledge of her own powers. As the heroes of action catch the flame from one another, fo they to whom providence has allotted the harder tafk of fuffering with calmnefs and dignity, may animate themfelves by the remembrance of thofe evils which have been laid on others, perhaps naturally as weak as themfelves, and bear up with vigour and refolution againft their own oppreffions, when they fee it poffible that more fevere afflictions may be borne.

There is ftill another reafon why, to many minds, the relation of other men's infelicity may give a lafting and continual relief. Some, not well inftructed in the meafures by which providence diftributes happinefs, are perhaps mifled by divines,

who, as Bellarmine makes temporal profperity one of the characters of the true church, have reprefented wealth and eafe as the certain concomitants of virtue, and the unfailing refult of the divine approbation. Such fufferers are dejected in their misfortunes, not fo much for what they feel, as for what they dread; not becaufe they cannot fupport the forrows, or endure the wants, of their prefent condition, but becaufe they confider them as only the beginnings of more fharp and more lafting pains. To thefe mourners it is an act of the higheft charity to reprefent the calamities which not only virtue has fuffered, but virtue has incurred; to inform them that one evidence of a future ftate is the uncertainty of any prefent reward for goodnefs; and to remind them, from the higheft authority, of the diftreffes and penury of men *of whom the world was not worthy*.

NUMB. 53. TUESDAY, *Sept.* 18, 1750.

Φείδεο τῶν κτεάνων. *Epigram. Vet.*

Hufband thy poffeffions.

THERE is fcarcely among the evils of human life, any fo generally dreaded as poverty. Every other fpecies of mifery, thofe, who are not much accuftomed to difturb the prefent moment with reflection, can eafily forget, becaufe it is not always forced upon their regard: but it is impoffible to pafs a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without feeing how much indigence is expofed to contumely, neglect, and infult; and, in its loweft ftate, to hunger and nakednefs; to injuries againft which every paffion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot fuftain.

Againft other evils the heart is often hardened by true or by falfe notions of dignity and reputation: thus we fee dangers of every kind faced with willingnefs, becaufe bravery, in a good or bad caufe, is never without its encomiafts and admirers. But in the profpect of poverty, there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body fuffer together; its miferies bring no alleviations; it is a ftate in which every virtue is obfcured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach: a ftate in which cheerfulnefs is infenfibility, and dejection fullennefs, of which the hardfhips are without honour, and the labours without reward.

Of

Of theſe calamities there ſeems not to be wanting a general conviction; we hear on every ſide the noiſe of trade, and ſee the ſtreets thronged with numberleſs multitudes, whoſe faces are clouded with anxiety, and whoſe ſteps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain; and the whole world is put in motion, by the deſire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued, as it ſecures us from poverty; for it is more uſeful for defence than acquiſition, and is not ſo much able to procure good as to exclude evil.

Yet there are always ſome whoſe paſſions or follies lead them to a conduct oppoſite to the general maxims and practice of mankind; ſome who ſeem to ruſh upon poverty, with the ſame eagerneſs with which others avoid it; who ſee their revenues hourly leſſened, and the eſtates which they inherit from their anceſtors mouldering away, without reſolution to change their courſe of life; who perſevere againſt all remonſtrances, and go forward with full career, though they ſee before them the precipice of deſtruction.

It is not my purpoſe, in this paper, to expoſtulate with ſuch as ruin their fortunes by expenſive ſchemes of buildings and gardens, which they carry on with the ſame vanity that prompted them to begin, chuſing, as it happens in a thouſand other caſes, the remote evil before the lighter, and deferring the ſhame of repentance till they incur the miſeries of diſtreſs. Thoſe for whom I intend my preſent admonitions, are the thoughtleſs, the negligent, and the diſſolute; who having, by the viciouſneſs of their own inclinations, or the ſeducements of allur-

ing companions, been engaged in habits of expence, and accuſtomed to move in a certain round of pleaſures diſproportioned to their condition, are without power to extricate themſelves from the inchantments of cuſtom, avoid thought becauſe they know it will be painful, and continue, from day to day, and from month to month, to anticipate their revenues, and ſink every hour deeper into the gulphs of uſury and extortion.

This folly has leſs claim to pity, becauſe it cannot be imputed to the vehemence of ſudden paſſion; nor can the miſchief which it produces be extenuated as the effect of any ſingle act, which rage, or deſire, might execute before there could be time for an appeal to reaſon. Theſe men are advancing towards miſery by ſoft approaches, and deſtroying themſelves, not by the violence of a blow, which, when once given, can never be recalled, but by a ſlow poiſon, hourly repeated, and obſtinately continued.

This conduct is ſo abſurd when it is examined by the unprejudiced eye of rational judgment, that nothing but experience could evince its poſſibility; yet, abſurd as it is, the ſudden fall of ſome families, and the ſudden riſe of others, prove it to be common; and every year ſees many wretches reduced to contempt and want, by their coſtly ſacrifices to pleaſure and vanity.

It is the fate of almoſt every paſſion, when it has paſſed the bounds which nature preſcribes, to counteract its own purpoſe. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumſpection, too much eagerneſs of profit hurts the credit of the trader, too

much

much ardor takes away from the lover that eaſineſs of addreſs with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuouſneſs, ſeldom procures ultimately either applauſe or pleaſure.

If praiſe be juſtly eſtimated by the character of thoſe from whom it is received, little ſatisfaction will be given to the ſpendthrift by the encomiums which he purchaſes. For who are they that animate him in his purſuits, but young men, thoughtleſs and abandoned like himſelf, unacquainted with all on which the wiſdom of nations has impreſſed the ſtamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profuſion praiſed, but by wretches who conſider him as ſubſervient to their purpoſes, Sirens that entice him to ſhipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whoſe knowledge, or whoſe virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with ſcorn, or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the pandars of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he ſees parcelled out among the different miniſters of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockeys, vintners and attornies, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are ſecretly triumphing over his weakneſs, when they preſent new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his deſires by counterfeited applauſe.

Such is the praiſe that is purchaſed by prodigality. Even when it is yet not diſcovered to be falſe, it is the praiſe only of thoſe whom it is reproachful to pleaſe, and whoſe ſincerity is corrupted by their intereſt;

tereſt; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wiſe, they ſhall loſe their power. Yet with ſuch flatteries, if they could laſt, might the cravings of vanity, which is ſeldom very delicate, be ſatisfied; but the time is always haſtening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, ſhall vaniſh, and when thoſe who now ſurround them with obſequiouſneſs and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, ſhall turn upon him with inſolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themſelves.

And as little pretenſions has the man, who ſquanders his eſtate, by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleaſure than are obtained by others. To make any happineſs ſincere it is neceſſary that we believe it to be laſting; ſince whatever we ſuppoſe ourſelves in danger of loſing, muſt be enjoyed with ſolicitude and uneaſineſs, and the more value we ſet upon it, the more muſt the preſent poſſeſſion be imbittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conſcious that a very ſhort time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more exceſſes, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuſeneſs?

It appears evident that frugality is neceſſary even to complete the pleaſure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of thoſe who ſquander what they know their fortune not ſufficient to allow, that in their moſt jovial expence, there always breaks out ſome proof of diſcontent and impatience; they either ſcatter with a kind of wild deſperation, and affected laviſh-

laviſhneſs, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot eſcape it, or pay their money with a peeviſh anxiety, and endeavour at once to ſpend idly, and to ſave meanly: having neither firmneſs to deny their paſſions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poiſon the bowl of pleaſure by reflection on the coſt.

Among theſe men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very ſeldom the tranquillity of cheerfulneſs; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and conſider it as the firſt buſineſs of the night to ſtupify recollection, and lay that reaſon aſleep which diſturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken ſatisfaction is of ſhort continuance, and muſt be expiated by a long ſeries of miſery and regret. In a ſhort time the creditor grows impatient, the laſt acre is ſold, the paſſions and appetites ſtill continue their tyranny, with inceſſant calls for their uſual gratifications, and the remainder of life paſſes away in vain repentance, or impotent deſire.

NUMB. 54. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 22, 1750.

Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ;
Tu ſecanda marmora
Locas ſub ipſum funus, et ſepulchri
Immemor ſtruis domos. HOR.

Day preſſes on the heels of day,
And moons increaſe to their decay;
But you, with thoughtleſs pride elate,
Unconſcious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to riſe,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies. FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I HAVE lately been called, from a mingled life of buſineſs and amuſement, to attend the laſt hours of an old friend; an office which has filled me, if not with melancholy, at leaſt with ſerious reflections, and turned my thoughts towards the contemplation of thoſe ſubjects, which, though of the utmoſt importance, and of indubitable certainty, are generally ſecluded from our regard, by the jollity of health, the hurry of employment, and even by the calmer diverſions of ſtudy and ſpeculation; or if they become accidental topicks of converſation and argument, yet rarely ſink deep into the heart, but give occaſion only to ſome ſubtilties of reaſoning,

or

or elegancies of declamation, which are heard, applauded, and forgotten.

It is, indeed, not hard to conceive how a man accuſtomed to extend his views through a long concatenation of cauſes and effects, to trace things from their origin to their period, and compare means with ends, may diſcover the weakneſs of human ſchemes; detect the fallacies by which mortals are deluded; ſhew the inſufficiency of wealth, honours, and power, to real happineſs; and pleaſe himſelf, and his auditors, with learned lectures on the vanity of life.

But though the ſpeculatiſt may ſee and ſhew the folly of terreſtrial hopes, fears, and deſires, every hour will give proofs that he never felt it. Trace him through the day or year, and you will find him acting upon principles which he has in common with the illiterate and unenlightened, angry and pleaſed like the loweſt of the vulgar, purſuing, with the ſame ardour, the ſame deſigns, graſping, with all the eagerneſs of tranſport, thoſe riches which he knows he cannot keep, and ſwelling with the applauſe which he has gained by proving that applauſe is of no value.

The only conviction that ruſhes upon the ſoul, and takes away from our appetites and paſſions the power of reſiſtance, is to be found, where I have received it, at the bed of a dying friend. To enter this ſchool of wiſdom is not the peculiar privilege of geometricians; the moſt ſublime and important precepts require no uncommon opportunities, nor laborious preparations, they are enforced without the aid of eloquence, and underſtood without ſkill in analytick ſcience. Every tongue can utter them,

and every underſtanding can conceive them. He that wiſhes in earneſt to obtain juſt ſentiments concerning his condition, and would be intimately acquainted with the world, may find inſtructions on every ſide. He that deſires to enter behind the ſcene, which every art has been employed to decorate, and every paſſion labours to illuminate, and wiſhes to ſee life ſtripped of thoſe ornaments which make it glitter on the ſtage, and expoſed in its natural meanneſs, impotence, and nakedneſs, may find all the deluſion laid open in the chamber of diſeaſe: he will there find vanity diveſted of her robes, power deprived of her ſceptre, and hypocriſy without her maſk.

The friend whom I have loſt was a man eminent for genius, and, like others of the ſame claſs, ſufficiently pleaſed with acceptance and applauſe. Being careſſed by thoſe who have preferments and riches in their diſpoſal, he conſidered himſelf as in the direct road of advancement, and had caught the flame of ambition by approaches to its object. But in the midſt of his hopes, his projects, and his gaieties, he was ſeized by a lingering diſeaſe, which, from its firſt ſtage, he knew to be incurable. Here was an end of all his viſions of greatneſs and happineſs; from the firſt hour that his health declined, all his former pleaſures grew taſteleſs. His friends expected to pleaſe him by thoſe accounts of the growth of his reputation, which were formerly certain of being well received; but they ſoon found how little he was now affected by compliments, and how vainly they attempted, by flattery, to exhilarate the languor of weakneſs, and relieve the ſolicitude

tude of approaching death. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue ſurpaſs all external goods, might here have ſeen them weighed againſt each other, where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that ſparkles in the eye of hope, and pants in the boſom of ſuſpicion, at once became duſt in the balance, without weight and without regard. Riches, authority, and praiſe, loſe all their influence when they are conſidered as riches which to-morrow ſhall be beſtowed upon another, authority which ſhall this night expire for ever, and praiſe which, however merited, or however ſincere, ſhall, after a few moments, be heard no more.

In thoſe hours of ſerioufneſs and wiſdom, nothing appeared to raiſe his ſpirits, or gladden his heart, but the recollection of acts of goodneſs, nor to excite his attention but ſome opportunity for the exerciſe of the duties of religion. Every thing that terminated on this ſide of the grave was received with coldneſs and indifference, and regarded rather in conſequence of the habit of valuing it, than from any opinion that it deſerved value; it had little more prevalence over his mind than a bubble that was now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His whole powers were engroſſed by the conſideration of another ſtate, and all converſation was tedious, that had not ſome tendency to diſengage him from human affairs, and open his proſpects into futurity.

It is now paſt, we have cloſed his eyes, and heard him breathe the groan of expiration. At the ſight of this laſt conflict, I felt a ſenſation never known

known to me before; a confusion of passions, an awful stilness of sorrow, a gloomy terrour without a name. The thoughts that entered my soul were too strong to be diverted, and too piercing to be endured; but such violence cannot be lasting, the storm subsided in a short time, I wept, retired, and grew calm.

I have from that time frequently revolved in my mind, the effects which the observation of death produces, in those who are not wholly without the power and use of reflection; for by far the greater part it is wholly unregarded, their friends and their enemies sink into the grave without raising any uncommon emotion, or reminding them that they are themselves on the edge of the precipice, and that they must soon plunge into the gulph of eternity.

It seems to me remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. Those virtues which once we envied, as Horace observes, because they eclipsed our own, can now no longer obstruct our reputation, and we have therefore no interest to suppress their praise. That wickedness, which we feared for its malignity, is now become impotent, and the man whose name filled us with alarm, and rage, and indignation, can at last be considered only with pity, or contempt.

When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid,

a thou-

a thoufand duties unperformed, and wifh, vainly wifh for his return, not fo much that we may receive, as that we may beftow happinefs, and recompenfe that kindnefs which before we never underftood.

There is not, perhaps, to a mind well inftructed, a more painful occurrence, than the death of one whom we have injured without reparation. Our crime feems now irretrievable, it is indelibly recorded, and the ftamp of fate is fixed upon it. We confider, with the moft afflictive anguifh, the pain which we have given, and now cannot alleviate, and the loffes which we have caufed, and now cannot repair.

Of the fame kind are the emotions which the death of an emulator or competitor produces. Whoever had qualities to alarm our jealoufy, had excellence to deferve our fondnefs, and to whatever ardour of oppofition intereft may inflame us, no man ever outlived an enemy, whom he did not then wifh to have made a friend. Thofe who are verfed in literary hiftory know that the elder Scaliger was the redoubted antagonift of Cardan and Erafmus; yet at the death of each of his great rivals he relented, and complained that they were fnatched away from him before their reconciliation was completed.

Tu-ne etiam moreris? Ah! quid me linguis, Erafme,
Ante meus quam fit conciliatus amor?

Art thou too fall'n? ere anger could fubfide
And love return, has great *Erafmus* died?

Such

Such are the ſentiments with which we finally review the effects of paſſion, but which we ſometimes delay till we can no longer rectify our errors. Let us therefore make haſte to do what we ſhall certainly at laſt wiſh to have done; let us return the careſſes of our friends, and endeavour by mutual endearments to heighten that tenderneſs which is the balm of life. Let us be quick to repent of injuries while repentance may not be a barren anguiſh, and let us open our eyes to every rival excellence, and pay early and willingly thoſe honours which juſtice will compel us to pay at laſt.

ATHANATUS.

NUMB. 55. TUESDAY, *Sept.* 25, 1750.

Maturo propior desine funeri
Inter ludere virgines,
Et stellis maculam spargere candidis:
Non siquid Pholoen satis
Et te, Chlori, decet.—— HOR.

Now near to death that comes but slow,
Now thou art stepping down below;
Sport not amongst the blooming maids,
But think on ghosts and empty shades:
What suits with *Pholoe* in her bloom,
Gray *Chloris* will not thee become;
A bed is different from a tomb. CREECH.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I HAVE been but a little time conversant in the world, yet I have already had frequent opportunities of observing the little efficacy of remonstrance and complaint, which, however extorted by oppression, or supported by reason, are detested by one part of the world as rebellion, censured by another as peevishness, by some heard with an appearance of compassion, only to betray any of those sallies of vehemence and resentment, which are apt to break out upon encouragement, and by others passed over with indifference and neglect, as matters in which they have no concern, and which if they should endeavour to examine or regulate, they might draw mischief upon themselves.

Yet ſince it is no leſs natural for thoſe who think themſelves injured to complain, than for others to neglect their complaints, I ſhall venture to lay my caſe before you, in hopes that you will enforce my opinion, if you think it juſt, or endeavour to rectify my ſentiments, if I am miſtaken. I expect at leaſt, that you will diveſt yourſelf of partiality, and that whatever your age or ſolemnity may be, you will not, with the dotard's inſolence, pronounce me ignorant and fooliſh, perverſe and refractory, only becauſe you perceive that I am young.

My father dying when I was but ten years old, left me, and a brother two years younger than myſelf, to the care of my mother, a woman of birth and education, whoſe prudence or virtue he had no reaſon to diſtruſt. She felt, for ſome time, all the ſorrow which nature calls forth, upon the final ſeparation of perſons dear to one another; and as her grief was exhauſted by its own violence, it ſubſided into tenderneſs for me and my brother, and the year of mourning was ſpent in careſſes, conſolations, and inſtruction, in celebration of my father's virtues, in profeſſions of perpetual regard to his memory, and hourly inſtances of ſuch fondneſs as gratitude will not eaſily ſuffer me to forget.

But when the term of this mournful felicity was expired, and my mother appeared again without the enſigns of ſorrow, the ladies of her acquaintance began to tell her, upon whatever motives, that it was time to live like the reſt of the world; a powerful argument, which is ſeldom uſed to a woman without effect. Lady Giddy was inceſſantly relating the occurrences of the town, and Mrs. Gravely told

told her privately, with great tendernefs, that it began to be publickly obferved how much fhe overacted her part, and that moft of her acquaintance fufpected her hope of procuring another hufband to be the true ground of all that appearance of tendernefs and piety.

All the officioufnefs of kindnefs and folly was bufied to change her conduct. She was at one time alarmed with cenfure, and at another fired with praife. She was told of balls, where others fhone only becaufe fhe was abfent; of new comedies to which all the town was crouding; and of many ingenious ironies, by which domeftick diligence was made contemptible.

It is difficult for virtue to ftand alone againft fear on one fide, and pleafure on the other; efpecially when no actual crime is propofed, and prudence itfelf can fuggeft many reafons for relaxation and indulgence. My mamma was at laft perfuaded to accompany Mifs Giddy to a play. She was received with a boundlefs profufion of compliments, and attended home by a very fine gentleman. Next day fhe was with lefs difficulty prevailed on to play at Mrs. Gravely's, and came home gay and lively; for the diftinctions that had been paid her awakened her vanity, and good luck had kept her principles of frugality from giving her difturbance. She now made her fecond entrance into the world, and her friends were fufficiently induftrious to prevent any return to her former life; every morning brought meffages of invitation, and every evening was paffed in places of diverfion, from which fhe for fome time complained that fhe had rather be abfent. In a

ſhort time ſhe began to feel the happineſs of acting without controul, of being unaccountable for her hours, her expences, and her company; and learned, by degrees, to drop an expreſſion of contempt, or pity, at the mention of ladies whoſe huſbands were ſuſpected of reſtraining their pleaſures, or their play, and confeſſed that ſhe loved to go and come as ſhe pleaſed.

I was ſtill favoured with ſome incidental precepts and tranſient endearments, and was now and then fondly kiſſed for ſmiling like my papa: but moſt part of her morning was ſpent in comparing the opinion of her maid and milliner, contriving ſome variation in her dreſs, viſiting ſhops, and ſending compliments; and the reſt of the day was too ſhort for viſits, cards, plays, and concerts.

She now began to diſcover that it was impoſſible to educate children properly at home. Parents could not have them always in their ſight; the ſociety of ſervants was contagious; company produced boldneſs and ſpirit; emulation excited induſtry; and a large ſchool was naturally the firſt ſtep into the open world. A thouſand other reaſons ſhe alleged, ſome of little force in themſelves, but ſo well ſeconded by pleaſure, vanity, and idleneſs, that they ſoon overcame all the remaining principles of kindneſs and piety, and both I and my brother were diſpatched to boarding ſchools.

How my mamma ſpent her time when ſhe was thus diſburthened I am not able to inform you, but I have reaſon to believe that trifles and amuſements took ſtill faſter hold of her heart. At firſt, ſhe viſited me at ſchool, and afterwards wrote to me; but

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in a ſhort time, both her viſits and her letters were at an end, and no other notice was taken of me than to remit money for my ſupport.

When I came home, at the vacation, I found myſelf coldly received, with an obſervation, "that this girl will preſently be a woman." I was, after the uſual ſtay, ſent to ſchool again, and overheard my mother ſay, as I was a going, "Well, now I ſhall recover."

In ſix months more I came again, and with the uſual childiſh alacrity, was running to my mother's embrace, when ſhe ſtopt me with exclamations at the ſuddenneſs and enormity of my growth, having, ſhe ſaid, never ſeen any body ſhoot up ſo much at my age. She was ſure no other girls ſpread at that rate, and ſhe hated to have children look like women before their time. I was diſconcerted, and retired without hearing any thing more than, "Nay, "if you are angry, madam Steeple, you may walk "off."

When once the forms of civility are violated, there remains little hope of return to kindneſs or decency. My mamma made this appearance of reſentment a reaſon for continuing her malignity, and poor Miſs Maypole, for that was my appellation, was never mentioned or ſpoken to but with ſome expreſſion of anger or diſlike.

She had yet the pleaſure of dreſſing me like a child, and I know not when I ſhould have been thought fit to change my habit, had I not been reſcued by a maiden ſiſter of my father, who could not bear to ſee women in hanging-ſleeves, and therefore preſented me with brocade for a gown, for which I

ſhould have thought myſelf under great obligations, had ſhe not accompanied her favour with ſome hints that my mamma might now conſider her age, and give me her ear-rings, which ſhe had ſhewn long enough in publick places.

I now left the ſchool and came to live with my mamma, who conſidered me as an uſurper that had ſeized the rights of a woman before they were due, and was puſhing her down the precipice of age, that I might reign without a ſuperior. While I am thus beheld with jealouſy and ſuſpicion, you will readily believe that it is difficult to pleaſe. Every word and look is an offence. I never ſpeak, but I pretend to ſome qualities and excellencies, which it is criminal to poſſeſs; if I am gay, ſhe thinks it early enough to coquette; if I am grave, ſhe hates a prude in bibs; if I venture into company, I am in haſte for a huſband; if I retire to my chamber, ſuch matron-like ladies are lovers of contemplation. I am on one pretence or other generally excluded from her aſſemblies, nor am I ever ſuffered to viſit at the ſame place with my mamma. Every one wonders why ſhe does not bring Miſs more into the world, and when ſhe comes home in vapours I am certain that ſhe has heard either of my beauty or my wit, and expect nothing for the enſuing week but taunts and menaces, contradiction and reproaches.

Thus I live in a ſtate of continual perſecution, only becauſe I was born ten years too ſoon, and cannot ſtop the courſe of nature or of time, but am unhappily a woman before my mother can willingly ceaſe to be a girl. I believe you would contribute to the happineſs of many families, if, by

any arguments or perſuaſions, you could make mothers aſhamed of rivalling their children; if you could ſhew them, that though they may refuſe to grow wiſe, they muſt inevitably grow old; and that the proper ſolaces of age are not muſick and compliments, but wiſdom and devotion; that thoſe who are ſo unwilling to quit the world will ſoon be driven from it; and that it is therefore their intereſt to retire while there yet remains a few hours for nobler employments.

I am, &c.

Numb. 56. Saturday, *Sept.* 29, 1750.

—— Valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum. Hor.

Farewel the ſtage; for humbly I diſclaim
Such fond purſuits of pleaſure, or of fame,
If I muſt ſink in ſhame, or ſwell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or denied. Francis.

Nothing is more unpleaſing than to find that offence has been received when none was intended, and that pain has been given to thoſe who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of ſociety is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneaſy when he finds himſelf acting in oppoſition to the purpoſes of life; becauſe though his conſcience may eaſily acquit him of *malice prepenſe*, of ſettled hatred or contrivances of miſchief, yet he

ſeldom can be certain, that he has not failed by negligence, or indolence; that he has not been hindered from conſulting the common intereſt by too much regard to his own eaſe, or too much indifference to the happineſs of others.

Nor is it neceſſary, that, to feel this uneaſineſs, the mind ſhould be extended to any great diffuſion of generoſity, or melted by uncommon warmth of benevolence; for that prudence which the world teaches, and a quick ſenſibility of private intereſt, will direct us to ſhun needleſs enmities; ſince there is no man whoſe kindneſs we may not ſome time want, or by whoſe malice we may not ſome time ſuffer.

I have therefore frequently looked with wonder, and now and then with pity, at the thoughtleſſneſs with which ſome alienate from themſelves the affections of all whom chance, buſineſs, or inclination, brings in their way. When we ſee a man purſuing ſome darling intereſt, without much regard to the opinion of the world, we juſtly conſider him as corrupt and dangerous, but are not long in diſcovering his motives; we ſee him actuated by paſſions which are hard to be reſiſted, and deluded by appearances which have dazzled ſtronger eyes. But the greater part of thoſe who ſet mankind at defiance by hourly irritation, and who live but to infuſe malignity, and multiply enemies, have no hopes to foſter, no deſigns to promote, nor any expectations of attaining power by inſolence, or of climbing to greatneſs by trampling on others. They give up all the ſweets of kindneſs, for the ſake of peeviſhneſs, petulance, or gloom; and alienate the world by neglect

gleſt of the common forms of civility, and breach of the eſtabliſhed laws of converſation.

Every one muſt, in the walks of life, have met with men of whom all ſpeak with cenſure, though they are not chargeable with any crime, and whom none can be perſuaded to love, though a reaſon can ſcarcely be aſſigned why they ſhould be hated; and who, if their good qualities and actions ſometimes force a commendation, have their panegyrick always concluded with confeſſions of diſguſt; "he is a good "man, but I cannot like him." Surely ſuch perſons have ſold the eſteem of the world at too low a price, ſince they have loſt one of the rewards of virtue, without gaining the profits of wickedneſs.

This ill economy of fame is ſometimes the effect of ſtupidity. Men whoſe perceptions are languid and ſluggiſh, who lament nothing but loſs of money, and feel nothing but a blow, are often at a difficulty to gueſs why they are encompaſſed with enemies, though they neglect all thoſe arts by which men are endeared to one another. They comfort themſelves that they have lived irreproachably; that none can charge them with having endangered his life, or diminiſhed his poſſeſſions; and therefore conclude that they ſuffer by ſome invincible fatality, or impute the malice of their neighbours to ignorance or envy. They wrap themſelves up in their innocence, and enjoy the congratulations of their own hearts, without knowing or ſuſpecting that they are every day deſervedly incurring reſentments, by withholding from thoſe with whom they converſe, that regard, or appearance of regard, to which every one is entitled by the cuſtoms of the world.

 There

There are many injuries which almoſt every man feels, though he does not complain, and which, upon thoſe whom virtue, elegance, or vanity, have made delicate and tender, fix deep and laſting impreſſions; as there are many arts of gracioufneſs and conciliation, which are to be practiſed without expence, and by which thoſe may be made our friends, who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanneſs, it is ſurely reaſonable to learn, for who would want that love which is ſo eaſily to be gained? And ſuch injuries are to be avoided; for who would be hated without profit?

Some, indeed, there are, for whom the excuſe of ignorance or negligence cannot be alleged, becauſe it is apparent that they are not only careleſs of pleaſing, but ſtudious to offend; that they contrive to make all approaches to them difficult and vexatious, and imagine that they aggrandize themſelves by waſting the time of others in uſeleſs attendance, by mortifying them with ſlights, and teazing them with affronts.

Men of this kind are generally to be found among thoſe that have not mingled much in general converſation, but ſpent their lives amidſt the obſequiouſneſs of dependants, and the flattery of paraſites; and by long conſulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the ſame deference.

Tyranny thus avowed, is indeed an exuberance of pride, by which all mankind is ſo much enraged, that it is never quietly endured, except in thoſe who can reward the patience which they exact; and in-

ſolence

ſolence is generally ſurrounded only by ſuch whoſe baſeneſs inclines them to think nothing inſupportable that produces gain, and who can laugh at ſcurrility and rudeneſs with a luxurious table and an open purſe.

But though all wanton provocations and contemptuous inſolence are to be diligently avoided, there is no leſs danger in timid compliance and tame reſignation. It is common, for ſoft and fearful tempers, to give themſelves up implicitly to the direction of the bold, the turbulent, and the overbearing; of thoſe whom they do not believe wiſer or better than themſelves; to recede from the beſt deſigns where oppoſition muſt be encountered, and to fall off from virtue for fear of cenſure.

Some firmneſs and reſolution is neceſſary to the diſcharge of duty; but it is a very unhappy ſtate of life in which the neceſſity of ſuch ſtruggles frequently occurs; for no man is defeated without ſome reſentment, which will be continued with obſtinacy while he believes himſelf in the right, and exerted with bitterneſs, if even to his own conviction he is detected in the wrong.

Even though no regard be had to the external conſequences of contrariety and diſpute, it muſt be painful to a worthy mind to put others in pain, and there will be danger leſt the kindeſt nature may be vitiated by too long a cuſtom of debate and conteſt.

I am afraid that I may be taxed with inſenſibility by many of my correſpondents, who believe their contributions unjuſtly neglected. And indeed when I ſit before a pile of papers, of which each is the production of laborious ſtudy, and the offspring of a fond

a fond parent, I, who know the paſſions of an author, cannot remember how long they have lain in my boxes unregarded, without imagining to myſelf the various changes of ſorrow, impatience, and reſentment, which the writers muſt have felt in this tedious interval.

Theſe reflections are ſtill more awakened, when, upon peruſal, I find ſome of them calling for a place in the next paper, a place which they have never yet obtained; others writing in a ſtyle of ſuperiority and haughtineſs, as ſecure of deference, and above fear of criticiſm; others humbly offering their weak aſſiſtance with ſoftneſs and ſubmiſſion, which they believe impoſſible to be reſiſted; ſome introducing their compoſitions with a menace of the contempt, which he that refuſes them will incur; others applying privately to the bookſellers for their intereſt and ſolicitation; every one by different ways endeavouring to ſecure the bliſs of publication. I cannot but conſider myſelf, as placed in a very incommodious ſituation, where I am forced to repreſs confidence, which it is pleaſing to indulge, to repay civilities with appearances of neglect, and ſo frequently to offend thoſe by whom I never was offended.

I know well how rarely an author, fired with the beauties of his new compoſition, contains his raptures in his own boſom, and how naturally he imparts to his friends his expectations of renown; and as I can eaſily conceive the eagerneſs with which a new paper is ſnatched up, by one who expects to find it filled with his own production, and perhaps has called his companions to ſhare the pleaſure of a

ſecond

ſecond peruſal, I grieve for the diſappointment which he is to feel at the fatal inſpection. His hopes however do not yet forſake him; he is certain of giving luſtre the next day. The next day comes, and again he pants with expectation, and having dreamed of laurels and Parnaſſus, caſts his eyes upon the barren page with which he is doomed never more to be delighted.

For ſuch cruelty what atonement can be made? For ſuch calamities what alleviation can be found? I am afraid that the miſchief already done muſt be without reparation, and all that deſerves my care is prevention for the future. Let therefore the next friendly contributor, whoever he be, obſerve the cautions of *Swift*, and write ſecretly in his own chamber, without communicating his deſign to his neareſt friend, for the neareſt friend will be pleaſed with an opportunity of laughing. Let him carry it to the poſt himſelf, and wait in ſilence for the event. If it is publiſhed and praiſed, he may then declare himſelf the author; if it be ſuppreſſed, he may wonder in private without much vexation; and if it be cenſured, he may join in the cry, and lament the dulneſs of the writing generation.

NUMB. 57. TUESDAY, *October* 2, 1750.

Non intelligunt homines quam magnum vectigal sit parsimonia.
TULL.

The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM always pleased when I see literature made useful, and scholars descending from that elevation, which, as it raises them above common life, must likewise hinder them from beholding the ways of men otherwise than in a cloud of bustle and confusion. Having lived a life of business, and remarked how seldom any occurrences emerge for which great qualities are required, I have learned the necessity of regarding little things, and though I do not pretend to give laws to the legislators of mankind, or to limit the range of those powerful minds that carry light and heat through all the regions of knowledge, yet I have long thought, that the greatest part of those who lose themselves in studies, by which I have not found that they grow much wiser, might, with more advantage both to the publick and themselves, apply their understandings to domestick arts, and store their minds with axioms of humble prudence, and private economy.

Your late paper on frugality was very elegant and pleasing, but, in my opinion, not sufficiently adapted to common readers, who pay little regard

to the mufick of periods, the artifice of connection, or the arrangement of the flowers of rhetorick; but require a few plain and cogent inftructions, which may fink into the mind by their own weight.

Frugality is fo neceffary to the happinefs of the world, fo beneficial in its various forms to every rank of men, from the higheft of human potentates, to the loweft labourer or artificer; and the miferies which the neglect of it produces are fo numerous and fo grievous, that it ought to be recommended with every variation of addrefs, and adapted to every clafs of underftanding.

Whether thofe who treat morals as a fcience will allow frugality to be numbered among the virtues, I have not thought it neceffary to enquire. For I, who draw my opinions from a careful obfervation of the world, am fatisfied with knowing, what is abundantly fufficient for practice, that if it be not a virtue, it is, at leaft, a quality which can feldom exift without fome virtues, and without which few virtues can exift. Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the fifter of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption; it will almoft always produce a paffive compliance with the wickednefs of others; and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practife thofe crimes which they ceafe to cenfure.

If there are any who do not dread poverty as dangerous to virtue, yet mankind feem unanimous enough in abhorring it as deftructive to happinefs;

and

and all to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themſelves obliged to learn the ſage maxims of our parſimonious anceſtors, and attain the ſalutary arts of contracting expence; for without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.

To moſt other acts of virtue or exertions of wiſdom, a concurrence of many circumſtances is neceſſary, ſome previous knowledge muſt be attained, ſome uncommon gifts of nature poſſeſſed, or ſome opportunity produced by an extraordinary combination of things; but the mere power of ſaving what is already in our hands, muſt be eaſy of acquiſition to every mind; and as the example of Bacon may ſhew, that the higheſt intellect cannot ſafely neglect it, a thouſand inſtances will every day prove, that the meaneſt may practiſe it with ſucceſs.

Riches cannot be within the reach of great numbers, becauſe to be rich is to poſſeſs more than is commonly placed in a ſingle hand; and, if many could obtain the ſum which now makes a man wealthy, the name of wealth muſt then be transferred to ſtill greater accumulations. But I am not certain that it is equally impoſſible to exempt the lower claſſes of mankind from poverty; becauſe, though whatever be the wealth of the community, ſome will always have leaſt, and he that has leſs than any other is comparatively poor; yet I do not ſee any coactive neceſſity that many ſhould be without the indiſpenſable conveniencies of life; but am ſometimes inclined to imagine, that, caſual calamities excepted, there might, by univerſal prudence, be procured

cured an univerſal exemption from want; and that he who ſhould happen to have leaſt, might notwithſtanding have enough.

But without entering too far into ſpeculations which I do not remember that any political calculator has attempted, and in which the moſt perſpicacious reaſoner may be eaſily bewildered, it is evident that they to whom providence has allotted no other care but of their own fortune and their own virtue, which make far the greater part of mankind, have ſufficient incitements to perſonal frugality; ſince, whatever might be its general effect upon provinces or nations, by which it is never likely to be tried, we know with certainty that there is ſcarcely any individual entering the world, who, by prudent parſimony, may not reaſonably promiſe himſelf a cheerful competence in the decline of life.

The proſpect of penury in age is ſo gloomy and terrifying, that every man who looks before him muſt reſolve to avoid it; and it muſt be avoided generally by the ſcience of ſparing. For, though in every age there are ſome, who by bold adventures, or by favourable accidents, riſe ſuddenly to riches, yet it is dangerous to indulge hopes of ſuch rare events: And the bulk of mankind muſt owe their affluence to ſmall and gradual profits, below which their expence muſt be reſolutely reduced.

You muſt not therefore think me ſinking below the dignity of a practical philoſopher, when I recommend to the conſideration of your readers, from the ſtateſman to the apprentice, a poſition replete with mercantile wiſdom, *A penny ſaved is two-pence got;*

got; which may, I think, be accommodated to all conditions, by obferving not only that they who purfue any lucrative employment will fave time when they forbear expence, and that the time may be employed to the increafe of profit; but that they who are above fuch minute confiderations, will find, by every victory over appetite or paffion, new ftrength added to the mind, will gain the power of refufing thofe folicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly affaulted, and in time fet themfelves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

It may, perhaps, be enquired by thofe who are willing rather to cavil than to learn, what is the juft meafure of frugality? and when expence, not abfolutely neceffary, degenerates into profufion? To fuch queftions no general anfwer can be returned; fince the liberty of fpending, or neceffity of parfimony, may be varied without end by different circumftances. It may, however, be laid down as a rule never to be broken, that *a man's voluntary expence fhould not exceed his revenue.* A maxim fo obvious and incontrovertible, that the civil law ranks the prodigal with the madman, and debars them equally from the conduct of their own affairs. Another precept arifing from the former, and indeed included in it, is yet neceffary to be diftinctly impreffed upon the warm, the fanciful, and the brave; *Let no man anticipate uncertain profits.* Let no man prefume to fpend upon hopes, to truft his own abilities for means of deliverance from penury, to give a loofe to his prefent defires, and leave the reckoning to fortune or to virtue.

To

To theſe cautions, which, I ſuppoſe, are, at leaſt among the graver part of mankind, undiſputed, I will add another, *Let no man ſquander againſt his inclination*. With this precept it may be, perhaps, imagined eaſy to comply; yet if thoſe whom profuſion has buried in priſons, or driven into baniſhment, were examined, it would be found that very few were ruined by their own choice, or purchaſed pleaſure with the loſs of their eſtates; but that they ſuffered themſelves to be born away by the violence of thoſe with whom they converſed, and yielded reluctantly to a thouſand prodigalities, either from a trivial emulation of wealth and ſpirit, or a mean fear of contempt and ridicule; an emulation for the prize of folly, or the dread of the laugh of fools.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

SOPHRON.

NUMB. 58. SATURDAY, *October* 6, 1750.

——Improbæ
Crescunt divitiæ, tamen
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei. HOR.

But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possess'd;
There's something wanting still to make him bless'd.
FRANCIS.

AS the love of money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topick more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches incite pity, contempt, or reproach, whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavours to eradicate a desire, which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which, perhaps, had not lost its power, even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken out in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been, indeed, ſo unſucceſsful, that I know not whether it can be ſhown, that by all the wit and reaſon which this favourite cauſe has called forth, a ſingle convert was ever made; that even one man has refuſed to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happineſs of a narrow fortune; or diſburthened himſelf of wealth, when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leiſure and ſecurity of a mean and unenvied ſtate.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raiſing themſelves to honours and to wealth, and rejected the kindeſt offers of fortune: but, however their moderation may be boaſted by themſelves, or admired by ſuch as only view them at a diſtance, it will be, perhaps, ſeldom found that they value riches leſs, but that they dread labour or danger more than others; they are unable to rouſe themſelves to action, to ſtrain in the race of competition, or to ſtand the ſhock of conteſt; but though they, therefore, decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheleſs wiſh themſelves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not ſeize.

Others have retired from high ſtations, and voluntarily condemned themſelves to privacy and obſcurity. But, even theſe will not afford many occaſions of triumph to the philoſopher; for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themſelves unable to hold, and prevented diſgrace by reſignation; or they have been induced to try new meaſures by general inconſtancy, which always dreams of happineſs in novelty, or by a gloomy diſpoſition, which is diſguſted in the ſame

degree with every ſtate, and wiſhes every ſcene of life to change as ſoon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low ſtations equally unable to ſatisfy the wiſhes of a diſtempered mind, and were unable to ſhelter themſelves in the cloſeſt retreat from diſappointment, ſolicitude, and miſery.

Yet though theſe admonitions have been thus neglected by thoſe, who either enjoyed riches, or were able to procure them, it is not raſhly to be determined that they are altogether without uſe; for ſince far the greateſt part of mankind muſt be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in ſituations, from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences before them, thoſe writers cannot be thought ill employed that have adminiſtered remedies to diſcontent almoſt univerſal, by ſhowing, that what we cannot reach may very well be forborn, that the inequality of diſtribution, at which we murmur, is for the moſt part leſs than it ſeems, and that the greatneſs, which we admire at a diſtance, has much fewer advantages, and much leſs ſplendor, when we are ſuffered to approach it.

It is the buſineſs of moraliſts to detect the frauds of fortune, and to ſhow that ſhe impoſes upon the careleſs eye, by a quick ſucceſſion of ſhadows, which will ſhrink to nothing in the gripe; that ſhe diſguiſes life in extrinſick ornaments, which ſerve only for ſhow, and are laid aſide in the hours of ſolitude, and of pleaſure; and that when greatneſs aſpires either to felicity or to wiſdom, it ſhakes off thoſe diſtinctions which dazzle the gazer, and awe the ſupplicant.

It may be remarked, that they whofe condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious inftruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes, and digeft them by their own underftandings, feem to confider thofe who are placed in ranks of remote fuperiority, as almoft another and higher fpecies of beings. As themfelves have known little other mifery than the confequences of want, they are with difficulty perfuaded that where there is wealth there can be forrow, or that thofe who glitter in dignity, and glide along in affluence, can be acquainted with pains and cares like thofe which lie heavy upon the reft of mankind.

This prejudice is, indeed, confined to the loweft meannefs, and the darkeft ignorance; but it is fo confined only becaufe others have been fhown its folly, and its falfehood, becaufe it has been oppofed in its progrefs by hiftory and philofophy, and hindered from fpreading its infection by powerful prefervatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguifh avarice or ambition, or fupprefs that reluctance with which a man paffes his days in a ftate of inferiority, muft, at leaft, have made the lower conditions lefs grating and wearifome, and has confequently contributed to the general fecurity of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention, which muft have been produced by an unbounded eagernefs of wealth, arifing from an unfhaken conviction that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himſelf incited, by ſome violent impulſe of paſſion, to purſue riches as the chief end of being, muſt ſurely be ſo much alarmed by the ſucceſſive admonitions of thoſe, whoſe experience and ſagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to ſtop and conſider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine, before he ruſhes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will ſeldom fail to repreſs his ardour, and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itſelf, it is not uſeful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchaſe, which, if we ſuppoſe it put to its beſt uſe by thoſe that poſſeſs it, ſeems not much to deſerve the deſire or envy of a wiſe man. It is certain that, with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleaſure, nor block up the paſſages of anguiſh. Diſeaſe and infirmity ſtill continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exaſperated by luxury, or promoted by ſoftneſs. With reſpect to the mind, it has rarely been obſerved, that wealth contributes much to quicken the diſcernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence aſleep, confirm error, and harden ſtupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatneſs, for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itſelf is not able to give that dignity which

it

it happens not to find, but oppreſſes feeble minds, though it may elevate the ſtrong. The world has been governed in the name of kings, whoſe exiſtence has ſcarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the deſire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and ſee how it operates upon thoſe whoſe induſtry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppreſſed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleaſure, idle without eaſe, impatient and querulous in themſelves, and deſpiſed or hated by the reſt of mankind, we ſhall ſoon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are ſatisfied, there remains little to be ſought with ſolicitude, or deſired with eagerneſs.

NUMB. 59. TUESDAY, *October* 9, 1750.

Est aliquid fatale malum per verba levare,
Hoc querulam Halcyonenque Prognen facit:
Hoc erat in solo quare Pæantias antro
Vox fatigaret Lemnia saxa sua.
Strangulat inclusus dolor atque exæstuat intus,
Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas. OVID.

Complaining oft, gives respite to our grief;
From hence the wretched *Progne* sought relief,
Hence the *Pæantian* chief his fate deplores,
And vents his sorrow to the *Lemnian* shores:
In vain by secrecy we wou'd assuage
Our cares; conceal'd they gather tenfold rage.
F. LEWIS.

IT is common to distinguish men by the names of animals which they are supposed to resemble. Thus a hero is frequently termed a lion, and a statesman a fox, an extortioner gains the appellation of vulture, and a fop the title of monkey. There is also among the various anomalies of character, which a survey of the world exhibits, a species of beings in human form, which may be properly marked out as the screech-owls of mankind.

These screech-owls seem to be settled in an opinion that the great business of life is to complain, and that they were born for no other purpose than to disturb the happiness of others, to lessen the little comforts, and shorten the short pleasures of our condition, by painful remembrances of the past, or melancholy prognosticks of the future; their only

care is to cruſh the riſing hope, to damp the kindling tranſport, and allay the golden hours of gaiety with the hateful droſs of grief and ſuſpicion.

To thoſe, whoſe weakneſs of ſpirits, or timidity of temper, ſubjects them to impreſſions from others, and who are apt to ſuffer by faſcination, and catch the contagion of miſery, it is extremely unhappy to live within the compaſs of a ſcreech-owl's voice; for it will often fill their ears in the hour of dejection, terrify them with apprehenſions, which their own thoughts would never have produced, and ſadden, by intruded ſorrows, the day which might have been paſſed in amuſements or in buſineſs; it will burthen the heart with unneceſſary diſcontents, and weaken for a time that love of life, which is neceſſary to the vigorous proſecution of any undertaking.

Though I have, like the reſt of mankind, many failings and weakneſſes, I have not yet, by either friends or enemies, been charged with ſuperſtition; I never count the company which I enter, and I look at the new moon indifferently over either ſhoulder. I have, like moſt other philoſophers, often heard the cuckoo without money in my pocket, and have been ſometimes reproached as fool-hardy for not turning down my eyes when a raven flew over my head. I never go home abruptly becauſe a ſnake croſſes my way, nor have any particular dread of a climacterical year; yet I confeſs that, with all my ſcorn of old women, and their tales, I conſider it as an unhappy day when I happen to be greeted, in the morning, by Suſpirius the ſcreech-owl.

I have now known Suſpirius fifty-eight years and four months, and have never yet paſſed an hour

with

with him in which he has not made ſome attack upon my quiet. When we were firſt acquainted, his great topick was the miſery of youth without riches, and whenever we walked out together he ſolaced me with a long enumeration of pleaſures, which, as they were beyond the reach of my fortune, were without the verge of my deſires, and which I ſhould never have conſidered as the objects of a wiſh, had not his unſeaſonable repreſentations placed them in my ſight.

Another of his topicks is the neglect of merit, with which he never fails to amuſe every man whom he ſees not eminently fortunate. If he meets with a young officer, he always informs him of gentlemen whoſe perſonal courage is unqueſtioned, and whoſe military ſkill qualifies them to command armies, that have, notwithſtanding all their merit, grown old with ſubaltern commiſſions. For a genius in the church, he is always provided with a curacy for life. The lawyer he informs of many men of great parts and deep ſtudy, who have never had an opportunity to ſpeak in the courts: And meeting Serenus the phyſician, "Ah doctor, ſays he, what "a-foot ſtill, when ſo many blockheads are rattling "in their chariots? I told you ſeven years ago that "you would never meet with encouragement, and I "hope you will now take more notice, when I tell "you, that your *Greek*, and your diligence, and your "honeſty, will never enable you to live like yonder "apothecary, who preſcribes to his own ſhop, and "laughs at the phyſician."

Suſpirius has, in his time, intercepted fifteen authors in their way to the ſtage; perſuaded nine and thirty merchants to retire from a proſperous

trade

trade for fear of bankruptcy, broke off an hundred and thirteen matches by prognoſtications of unhappineſs, and enabled the ſmall-pox to kill nineteen ladies, by perpetual alarms of the loſs of beauty.

Whenever my evil ſtars bring us together, he never fails to repreſent to me the folly of my purſuits, and informs me that we are much older than when we began our acquaintance, that the infirmities of decrepitude are coming faſt upon me, that whatever I now get I ſhall enjoy but a little time, that fame is to a man tottering on the edge of the grave of very little importance, and that the time is at hand when I ought to look for no other pleaſures than a good dinner and an eaſy chair.

Thus he goes on in his unharmonious ſtrain, diſplaying preſent miſeries, and foreboding more, νυκτικόραξ ᾄδει θανατηφόρος, every ſyllable is loaded with misfortune, and death is always brought nearer to the view. Yet, what always raiſes my reſentment and indignation, I do not perceive that his mournful meditations have much effect upon himſelf. He talks, and has long talked of calamities, without diſcovering, otherwiſe than by the tone of his voice, that he feels any of the evils which he bewails or threatens, but has the ſame habit of uttering lamentations, as others of telling ſtories, and falls into expreſſions of condolence for paſt, or apprehenſion of future miſchiefs, as all men ſtudious of their eaſe have recourſe to thoſe ſubjects upon which they can moſt fluently or copiouſly diſcourſe.

It is reported of the Sybarites, that they deſtroyed all their cocks, that they might dream out their morning dreams without diſturbance. Though I

would

would not ſo far promote effeminacy as to propoſe the Sybarites for an example, yet ſince there is no man ſo corrupt or fooliſh, but ſomething uſeful may be learned from him, I could wiſh that, in imitation of a people not often to be copied, ſome regulations might be made to exclude ſcreech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind, and confine them to ſome proper receptacle, where they may mingle ſighs at leiſure, and thicken the gloom of one another.

Thou prophet of evil, ſays Homer's Agamemnon, *thou never foretelleſt me good, but the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes.* Whoever is of the ſame temper might there find the means of indulging his thoughts, and improving his vein of denunciation, and the flock of ſcreech-owls might hoot together without injury to the reſt of the world.

Yet, though I have ſo little kindneſs for this dark generation, I am very far from intending to debar the ſoft and tender mind from the privilege of complaining, when the ſigh riſes from the deſire not of giving pain, but of gaining eaſe. To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendſhip; and though it muſt be allowed that he ſuffers moſt like a hero that hides his grief in ſilence,

Spem vultu ſimulat, premit altum corde dolorem,

His outward ſmiles conceal'd his inward ſmart. DRYDEN.

yet, it cannot be denied that he who complains acts like a man, like a ſocial being, who looks for help from his fellow-creatures. Pity is to many of the unhappy a ſource of comfort in hopeleſs diſtreſſes,

as

as it contributes to recommend them to themſelves, by proving that they have not loſt the regard of others; and heaven ſeems to indicate the duty even of barren compaſſion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

NUMB. 60. SATURDAY, *October* 13, 1750.

Quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius et melius Chryſippo et Crantore dicit. HOR.

Whoſe works the beautiful and baſe contain,
Of vice and virtue more inſtructive rules,
Than all the ſober ſages of the ſchools. FRANCIS.

ALL joy or ſorrow for the happineſs or calamities of others is produced by an act of the imagination, that realiſes the event however fictitious, or approximates it however remote, by placing us, for a time, in the condition of him whoſe fortune we contemplate; ſo that we feel, while the deception laſts, whatever motions would be excited by the ſame good or evil happening to ourſelves.

Our paſſions are therefore more ſtrongly moved, in proportion as we can more readily adopt the pains or pleaſure propoſed to our minds, by recogniſing them as once our own, or conſidering them as naturally incident to our ſtate of life. It is not eaſy for the moſt artful writer to give us an intereſt in happineſs or miſery, which we think ourſelves never likely to feel, and with which we have never yet been made acquainted. Hiſtories of the downfal of kingdoms,

kingdoms, and revolutions of empires, are read with great tranquillity; the imperial tragedy pleafes common auditors only by its pomp of ornament, and grandeur of ideas; and the man whofe faculties have been engroffed by bufinefs, and whofe heart never fluttered but at the rife or fall of the ftocks, wonders how the attention can be feized, or the affection agitated, by a tale of love.

Thofe parallel circumftances and kindred images, to which we readily conform our minds, are, above all other writings, to be found in narratives of the lives of particular perfons; and therefore no fpecies of writing feems more worthy of cultivation than biography, fince none can be more delightful or more ufeful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irrefiftible intereft, or more widely diffufe inftruction to every diverfity of condition.

The general and rapid narratives of hiftory, which involve a thoufand fortunes in the bufinefs of a day, and complicate innumerable incidents in one great tranfaction, afford few leffons applicable to private life, which derives its comforts and its wretchednefs from the right or wrong management of things, which nothing but their frequency makes confiderable, *Parva fi non fiunt quotidie*, fays Pliny, and which can have no place in thofe relations which never defcend below the confultation of fenates, the motions of armies, and the fchemes of confpirators.

I have often thought that there has rarely paffed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be ufeful. For, not only every man has, in the mighty mafs of the world, great numbers in the fame condition with himfelf, to whom his miftakes and mifcarriages,

miſcarriages, eſcapes and expedients, would be of immediate and apparent uſe; but there is ſuch an uniformity in the ſtate of man, conſidered apart from adventitious and ſeparable decorations and diſguiſes, that there is ſcarce any poſſibility of good or ill, but is common to human kind. A great part of the time of thoſe who are placed at the greateſt diſtance by fortune, or by temper, muſt unavoidably paſs in the ſame manner, and though, when the claims of nature are ſatisfied, caprice, and vanity, and accident, begin to produce diſcriminations and peculiarities, yet the eye is not very heedful or quick, which cannot diſcover the ſame cauſes ſtill terminating their influence in the ſame effects, though ſometimes accelerated, ſometimes retarded, or perplexed by multiplied combinations. We are all prompted by the ſame motives, all deceived by the ſame fallacies, all animated by hope, obſtructed by danger, entangled by deſire, and ſeduced by pleaſure.

It is frequently objected to relations of particular lives, that they are not diſtinguiſhed by any ſtriking or wonderful viciſſitudes. The ſcholar who paſſed his life among his books, the merchant who conducted only his own affairs, the prieſt, whoſe ſphere of action was not extended beyond that of his duty, are conſidered as no proper objects of publick regard, however they might have excelled in their ſeveral ſtations, whatever might have been their learning, integrity, and piety. But this notion ariſes from falſe meaſures of excellence and dignity, and muſt be eradicated by conſidering, that in the eſteem of uncorrupted reaſon, what is of moſt uſe is of moſt value.

It

It is, indeed, not improper to take honeſt advantages of prejudice, and to gain attention by a celebrated name; but the buſineſs of the biographer is often to paſs ſlightly over thoſe performances and incidents, which produce vulgar greatneſs, to lead the thoughts into domeſtick privacies, and diſplay the minute details of daily life, where exterior appendages are caſt aſide, and men excel each other only by prudence and by virtue. The account of Thuanus is, with great propriety, ſaid by its author to have been written, that it might lay open to poſterity the private and familiar character of that man, *cujus ingenium et candorem ex ipſius ſcriptis ſunt olim ſemper miraturi*, whoſe candour and genius will to the end of time be by his writings preſerved in admiration.

There are many inviſible circumſtances which, whether we read as enquirers after natural or moral knowledge, whether we intend to enlarge our ſcience, or encreaſe our virtue, are more important than publick occurrences. Thus Salluſt, the great maſter of nature, has not forgot, in his account of Catiline, to remark that *his walk was now quick, and again ſlow*, as an indication of a mind revolving ſomething with violent commotion. Thus the ſtory of Melancthon affords a ſtriking lecture on the value of time, by informing us, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleneſs of ſuſpenſe; and all the plans and enterprizes of De Wit are now of leſs importance to the world, than that part of his perſonal character which repreſents him as *careful of his health, and negligent of his life*.

But biography has often been allotted to writers who ſeem very little acquainted with the nature of their taſk, or very negligent about the performance. They rarely afford any other account than might be collected from publick papers, but imagine themſelves writing a life when they exhibit a chronological ſeries of actions or preferments; and ſo little regard the manners or behaviour of their heroes, that more knowledge may be gained of a man's real character, by a ſhort converſation with one of his ſervants, than from a formal and ſtudied narrative, begun with his pedigree, and ended with his funeral.

If now and then they condeſcend to inform the world of particular facts, they are not always ſo happy as to ſelect the moſt important. I know not well what advantage poſterity can receive from the only circumſtance by which Tickell has diſtinguiſhed Addiſon from the reſt of mankind, *the irregularity of his pulſe*: nor can I think myſelf overpaid for the time ſpent in reading the life of Malherb, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherb had two predominant opinions; one, that the looſeneſs of a ſingle woman might deſtroy all her boaſt of ancient deſcent; the other, that the French beggars made uſe very improperly and barbarouſly of the phraſe *noble Gentleman*, becauſe either word included the ſenſe of both.

There are, indeed, ſome natural reaſons why theſe narratives are often written by ſuch as were not likely to give much inſtruction or delight, and why moſt accounts of particular perſons are barren and uſeleſs. If a life be delayed till intereſt and envy are at an end, we may hope for impartiality, but muſt expect

little intelligence; for the incidents which give excellence to biography are of a volatile and evanescent kind, such as soon escape the memory, and are rarely transmitted by tradition. We know how few can pourtray a living acquaintance, except by his most prominent and observable particularities, and the grosser features of his mind; and it may be easily imagined how much of this little knowledge may be lost in imparting it, and how soon a succession of copies will lose all resemblance of the original.

If the biographer writes from personal knowledge, and makes haste to gratify the publick curiosity, there is danger lest his interest, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderness, overpower his fidelity, and tempt him to conceal, if not to invent. There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can no longer suffer by their detection; we therefore see whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyrick, and not to be known from one another, but by extrinsick and casual circumstances. "Let me remember," says Hale, "when I find myself inclined to pity a "criminal, that there is likewise a pity due to the "country." If we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth.

NUMB. 61. TUESDAY, *October* 16, 1750.

Falſus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem niſi mendoſum et mendacem? HOR.

Falſe praiſe can charm, unreal ſhame controul——
Whom but a vicious or a ſickly ſoul? FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT is extremely vexatious to a man of eager and thirſty curioſity to be placed at a great diſtance from the fountain of intelligence, and not only never to receive the current of report till it has ſatiated the greateſt part of the nation, but at laſt to find it mudded in its courſe, and corrupted with taints or mixtures from every channel through which it flowed.

One of the chief pleaſures of my life is to hear what paſſes in the world, to know what are the ſchemes of the politick, the aims of the buſy, and the hopes of the ambitious; what changes of publick meaſures are approaching; who is likely to be cruſhed in the colliſion of parties; who is climbing to the top of power, and who is tottering on the precipice of diſgrace. But as it is very common for us to deſire moſt what we are leaſt qualified to obtain, I have ſuffered this appetite of news to outgrow all the gratifications which my preſent ſituation can afford it; for being placed in a remote country, I am condemned always to confound the future with the paſt,

to form prognoftications of events no longer doubtful, and to confider the expediency of fchemes already executed or defeated. I am perplexed with a perpetual deception in my profpects, like a man pointing his telefcope at a remote ftar, which before the light reaches his eye has forfaken the place from which it was emitted.

The mortification of being thus always behind the active world in my reflections and difcoveries, is exceedingly aggravated by the petulance of thofe whofe health, or bufinefs, or pleafure, brings them hither from London. For, without confidering the infuperable difadvantages of my condition, and the unavoidable ignorance which abfence muft produce, they often treat me with the utmoft fuperciliousnefs of contempt, for not knowing what no human fagacity can difcover; and fometimes feem to confider me as a wretch fcarcely worthy of human converfe, when I happen to talk of the fortune of a bankrupt, or propofe the healths of the dead, when I warn them of mifchiefs already incurred, or wifh for meafures that have been lately taken. They feem to attribute to the fuperiority of their intellects what they only owe to the accident of their condition, and think themfelves indifputably intitled to airs of infolence and authority, when they find another ignorant of facts, which becaufe they echoed in the ftreets of London, they fuppofe equally publick in all other places, and known where they could neither be feen, related, nor conjectured.

To this haughtinefs they are indeed too much encouraged by the refpect which they receive amongft us, for no other reafon than that they come from

London.

London. For no ſooner is the arrival of one of theſe diſſeminators of knowledge known in the country, than we crowd about him from every quarter, and by innumerable enquiries flatter him into an opinion of his own importance. He ſees himſelf ſurrounded by multitudes, who propoſe their doubts, and refer their controverſies, to him, as to a being deſcended from ſome nobler region, and he grows on a ſudden oraculous and infallible, ſolves all difficulties, and ſets all objections at defiance.

There is, in my opinion, great reaſon for ſuſpecting, that they ſometimes take advantage of this reverential modeſty, and impoſe upon ruſtick underſtandings with a falſe ſhow of univerſal intelligence; for I do not find that they are willing to own themſelves ignorant of any thing, or that they diſmiſs any enquirer with a poſitive and deciſive anſwer. The court, the city, the park, and exchange, are to thoſe men of unbounded obſervation equally familiar, and they are alike ready to tell the hour at which ſtocks will riſe, or the miniſtry be changed.

A ſhort reſidence at London entitles a man to knowledge, to wit, to politeneſs, and to a deſpotick and dictatorial power of preſcribing to the rude multitude, whom he condeſcends to honour with a biennial viſit; yet, I know not well upon what motives, I have lately found myſelf inclined to cavil at this preſcription, and to doubt whether it be not, on ſome occaſions, proper to withhold our veneration, till we are more authentically convinced of the merits of the claimant.

It is well remembered here, that, about ſeven years ago, one Frolick, a tall boy, with lank hair, remark-

able for ſtealing eggs, and ſucking them, was taken from the ſchool in this pariſh, and ſent up to London to ſtudy the law. As he had given amongſt us no proofs of a genius deſigned by nature for extraordinary performances, he was, from the time of his departure, totally forgotten, nor was there any talk of his vices or virtues, his good or his ill fortune, till laſt ſummer a report burſt upon us, that Mr. Frolick was come down in the firſt poſt-chaiſe which this village had ſeen, having travelled with ſuch rapidity that one of his poſtillions had broke his leg, and another narrowly eſcaped ſuffocation in a quickſand. But that Mr. Frolick ſeemed totally unconcerned, for ſuch things were never heeded at London.

Mr. Frolick next day appeared among the gentlemen at their weekly meeting on the bowling-green, and now were ſeen the effects of a London education. His dreſs, his language, his ideas, were all new, and he did not much endeavour to conceal his contempt of every thing that differed from the opinions, or practice, of the modiſh world. He ſhewed us the deformity of our ſkirts and ſleeves, informed us where hats of the proper ſize were to be ſold, and recommended to us the reformation of a thouſand abſurdities in our clothes, our cookery, and our converſation. When any of his phraſes were unintelligible, he could not ſuppreſs the joy of confeſſed ſuperiority, but frequently delayed the explanation, that he might enjoy his triumph over our barbarity.

When he is pleaſed to entertain us with a ſtory, he takes care to crowd into it names of ſtreets, ſquares, and buildings, with which he knows we are unacquainted. The favourite topicks of his

discourse are the pranks of drunkards, and the tricks put upon country gentlemen by porters and link-boys. When he is with ladies he tells them of the innumerable pleasures to which he can introduce them; but never fails to hint, how much they will be deficient, at their first arrival, in the knowledge of the town. What it is *to know the town* he has not indeed hitherto informed us, though there is no phrase so frequent in his mouth, nor any science which he appears to think of so great a value, or so difficult attainment.

But my curiosity has been most engaged by the recital of his own adventures and atchievements. I have heard of the union of various characters in single persons, but never met with such a constellation of great qualities as this man's narrative affords. Whatever has distinguished the hero; whatever has elevated the wit; whatever has endeared the lover, are all concentered in Mr. Frolick, whose life has, for seven years, been a regular interchange of intrigues, dangers, and waggeries, and who has distinguished himself in every character that can be feared, envied, or admired.

I question whether all the officers of the royal navy can bring together from all their journals, a collection of so many wonderful escapes as this man has known upon the Thames, on which he has been a thousand and a thousand times on the point of perishing, sometimes by the terrors of foolish women in the same boat, sometimes by his own acknowledged imprudence in passing the river in the dark, and sometimes by shooting the bridge, under

which he has rencountered mountainous waves, and dreadful cataracts.

Nor lefs has been his temerity by land, nor fewer his hazards. He has reeled with giddinefs on the top of the monument; he has croffed the ftreet amidft the rufh of coaches; he has been furrounded by robbers without number; he has headed parties at the playhoufe; he has fcaled the windows of every toaft of whatever condition; he has been hunted for whole winters by his rivals; he has flept upon bulks, he has cut chairs, he has bilked coachmen; he has refcued his friends from the bailiffs, has knocked down the conftable, has bullied the juftice, and performed many other exploits, that have filled the town with wonder and with merriment.

But yet greater is the fame of his underftanding than his bravery; for he informs us, that he is, at London, the eftablifhed arbitrator of all points of honour, and the decifive judge of all performances of genius; that no mufical performer is in reputation till the opinion of Frolick has ratified his pretenfions; that the theatres fufpend their fentence till he begins the clap or hifs, in which all are proud to concur: that no publick entertainment has failed or fucceeded, but becaufe he oppofed or favoured it; that all controverfies at the gaming-table are referred to his determination; that he adjufts the ceremonial at every affembly, and prefcribes every fafhion of pleafure or of drefs.

With every man whofe name occurs in the papers of the day, he is intimately acquainted; and there are very few pofts, either in the ftate or army, of

which

which he has not more or lefs influenced the difpofal. He has been very frequently confulted both upon war and peace; but the time is not yet come when the nation fhall know how much it is indebted to the genius of Frolick.

Yet, notwithftanding all thefe declarations, I cannot hitherto perfuade myfelf to fee that Mr. Frolick has more wit, or knowledge, or courage, than the reft of mankind, or that any uncommon enlargement of his faculties has happened in the time of his abfence. For when he talks on fubjects known to the reft of the company, he has no advantage over us, but by catches of interruption, brifknefs of interrogation, and pertnefs of contempt; and therefore if he has ftunned the world with his name, and gained a place in the firft ranks of humanity, I cannot but conclude, that either a little underftanding confers eminence at London, or that Mr. Frolick thinks us unworthy of the exertion of his powers, or that his faculties are benumbed by rural ftupidity, as the magnetick needle lofes its animation in the polar climes.

I would not, however, like many hafty philofophers, fearch after the caufe till I am certain of the effect; and, therefore, I defire to be informed, whether you have yet heard the great name of Mr. Frolick. If he is celebrated by other tongues than his own, I fhall willingly propagate his praife; but if he has fwelled among us with empty boafts, and honours conferred only by himfelf, I fhall treat him with ruftick fincerity, and drive him as an impoftor from this part of the kingdom to fome region of more credulity.

I am, &c.

RURICOLA.

NUMB. 62. SATURDAY, *October* 20, 1750.

Nunc ego Triptolemi cuperem conſcendere currus,
Miſit in ignotam qui rude ſemen humum:
Nunc ego Medeæ vellem frænare dracones,
Quos habuit fugiens arva, Corinthe, tua;
Nunc ego jactandas optarem ſumere pennas,
Sive tuas, Perſeu; Dædale, ſive tuas. OVID.

Now would I mount his car, whoſe bounteous hand
Firſt ſow'd with teeming ſeed the furrow'd land:
Now to *Medæa*'s dragons fix my reins,
That ſwiftly bore her from *Corinthian* plains;
Now on *Dædalian* waxen pinions ſtray,
Or thoſe which wafted *Perſeus* on his way. F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM a young woman of a very large fortune, which, if my parents would have been perſuaded to comply with the rules and cuſtoms of the polite part of mankind, might long ſince have raiſed me to the higheſt honours of the female world; but ſo ſtrangely have they hitherto contrived to waſte my life, that I am now on the borders of twenty, without having ever danced but at our monthly aſſembly, or been toaſted but among a few gentlemen of the neighbourhood, or ſeen any company in which it was worth a wiſh to be diſtinguiſhed.

My father having impaired his patrimony in ſoliciting a place at court, at laſt grew wiſe enough to ceaſe his purſuit, and, to repair the conſequences of expenſive

expenſive attendance and negligence of his affairs, married a lady much older than himſelf, who had lived in the faſhionable world till ſhe was conſidered as an encumbrance upon parties of pleaſure, and as I can collect from incidental informations, retired from gay aſſemblies juſt time enough to eſcape the mortification of univerſal neglect.

She was, however, ſtill rich, and not yet wrinkled; my father was too diſtreſsfully embarraſſed to think much on any thing but the means of extrication, and though it is not likely that he wanted the delicacy which polite converſation will always produce in underſtandings not remarkably defective, yet he was contented with a match, by which he might be ſet free from inconveniencies, that would have deſtroyed all the pleaſures of imagination, and taken from ſoftneſs and beauty the power of delighting.

As they were both ſomewhat diſguſted with their treatment in the world, and married, though without any diſlike of each other, yet principally for the ſake of ſetting themſelves free from dependence on caprice or faſhion, they ſoon retired into the country, and devoted their lives to rural buſineſs and diverſions.

They had not much reaſon to regret the change of their ſituation; for their vanity, which had ſo long been tormented by neglect and diſappointment, was here gratified with every honour that could be paid them. Their long familiarity with publick life made them the oracles of all thoſe who aſpired to intelligence, or politeneſs. My father dictated politicks, my mother preſcribed the mode, and it was ſuf-

ficient to entitle any family to ſome conſideration, that they were known to viſit at Mrs. Courtly's.

In this ſtate they were, to ſpeak in the ſtyle of novelliſts, made happy by the birth of your correſpondent. My parents had no other child, I was therefore not brow-beaten by a ſaucy brother, or loſt in a multitude of coheireſſes, whoſe fortunes being equal, would probably have conferred equal merit, and procured equal regard; and as my mother was now old, my underſtanding and my perſon had fair play, my enquiries were not checked, my advances towards importance were not repreſſed, and I was ſoon ſuffered to tell my own opinions, and early accuſtomed to hear my own praiſes.

By theſe accidental advantages I was much exalted above the young ladies with whom I converſed, and was treated by them with great deference. I ſaw none who did not ſeem to confeſs my ſuperiority, and to be held in awe by the ſplendour of my appearance; for the fondneſs of my father made himſelf pleaſed to ſee me dreſſed, and my mother had no vanity nor expences to hinder her from concurring with his inclinations.

Thus, Mr. Rambler, I lived without much deſire after any thing beyond the circle of our viſits; and here I ſhould have quietly continued to portion out my time among my books, and my needle, and my company, had not my curioſity been every moment excited by the converſation of my parents, who, whenever they ſit down to familiar prattle, and endeavour the entertainment of each other, immediately tranſport themſelves to London, and relate ſome adventure in a hackney-coach, ſome frolick at a maſquerade,

rade, ſome converſation in the Park, or ſome quarrel at an aſſembly, diſplay the magnificence of a birth-night, relate the conqueſts of maids of honour, or give a hiſtory of diverſions, ſhows, and entertainments, which I had never known but from their accounts.

I am ſo well verſed in the hiſtory of the gay world, that I can relate, with great punctuality, the lives of all the laſt race of wits and beauties; can enumerate, with exact chronology, the whole ſucceſſion of celebrated ſingers, muſicians, tragedians, comedians, and harlequins; can tell to the laſt twenty years all the changes of faſhions; and am, indeed, a complete antiquary with reſpect to head-dreſſes, dances, and operas.

You will eaſily imagine, Mr. Rambler, that I could not hear theſe narratives, for ſixteen years together, without ſuffering ſome impreſſion, and wiſhing myſelf nearer to thoſe places where every hour brings ſome new pleaſure, and life is diverſified with an unexhauſted ſucceſſion of felicity.

I indeed often aſked my mother why ſhe left a place which ſhe recollected with ſo much delight, and why ſhe did not viſit London once a year, like ſome other ladies, and initiate me in the world by ſhowing me its amuſements, its grandeur, and its variety. But ſhe always told me that the days which ſhe had ſeen were ſuch as will never come again; that all diverſion is now degenerated, that the converſation of the preſent age is inſipid, that their faſhions are unbecoming, their cuſtoms abſurd, and their morals corrupt; that there is no ray left of the genius which enlightened the times that ſhe remembers;

that

that no one who had ſeen, or heard, the ancient performers, would be able to bear the bunglers of this deſpicable age; and that there is now neither politeneſs, nor pleaſure, nor virtue, in the world. She therefore aſſures me that ſhe conſults my happineſs by keeping me at home, for I ſhould now find nothing but vexation and diſguſt, and ſhe ſhould be aſhamed to ſee me pleaſed with ſuch fopperies and trifles, as take up the thoughts of the preſent ſet of young people.

With this anſwer I was kept quiet for ſeveral years, and thought it no great inconvenience to be confined to the country, till laſt ſummer a young gentleman and his ſiſter came down to paſs a few months with one of our neighbours. They had generally no great regard for the country ladies, but diſtinguiſhed me by a particular complaiſance, and, as we grew intimate, gave me ſuch a detail of the elegance, the ſplendour, the mirth, the happineſs of the town, that I am reſolved to be no longer buried in ignorance and obſcurity, but to ſhare with other wits the joy of being admired, and divide with other beauties the empire of the world.

I do not find, Mr. Rambler, upon a deliberate and impartial compariſon, that I am excelled by Belinda in beauty, in wit, in judgment, in knowledge, or in any thing, but a kind of gay, lively familiarity, which ſhe mingles with ſtrangers as with perſons long acquainted, and which enables her to diſplay her powers without any obſtruction, heſitation, or confuſion. Yet ſhe can relate a thouſand civilities paid to her in publick, can produce, from a hundred lovers, letters filled with praiſes, proteſta-

tions,

tions, extaſies, and deſpair; has been handed by dukes to her chair; has been the occaſion of innumerable quarrels; has paid twenty viſits in an afternoon; been invited to ſix balls in an evening, and been forced to retire to lodgings in the country from the importunity of courtſhip, and the fatigue of pleaſure.

I tell you, Mr. Rambler, I will ſtay here no longer. I have at laſt prevailed upon my mother to ſend me to town, and ſhall ſet out in three weeks on the grand expedition. I intend to live in publick, and to crowd into the winter every pleaſure which money can purchaſe, and every honour which beauty can obtain.

But this tedious interval how ſhall I endure? Cannot you alleviate the miſery of delay by ſome pleaſing deſcription of the entertainments of the town? I can read, I can talk, I can think of nothing elſe; and if you will not ſooth my impatience, heighten my ideas, and animate my hopes, you may write for thoſe who have more leiſure, but are not to expect any longer the honour of being read by thoſe eyes which are now intent only on conqueſt and deſtruction.

RHODOCLIA.

NUMB. 63. TUESDAY, *October* 22, 1750.

——— *Habebat sæpe ducentos,*
Sæpe decem servos; modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: modò, sit mihi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat. HOR.

Now with two hundred slaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty strain
At morn, of kings and governors he prates;
At night,—" A frugal table, O ye fates,
" A little shell the sacred salt to hold,
" And clothes, tho' coarse, to keep me from the cold."
FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, perhaps, by every writer, who has left behind him observations upon life, that no man is pleased with his present state, which proves equally unsatisfactory, says Horace, whether fallen upon by chance, or chosen with deliberation; we are always disgusted with some circumstance or other of our situation, and imagine the condition of others more abundant in blessings, or less exposed to calamities.

This universal discontent has been generally mentioned with great severity of censure, as unreasonable in itself, since of two, equally envious of each other, both cannot have the larger share of happiness, and as tending to darken life with unnecessary gloom, by withdrawing our minds from the contemplation and enjoyment of that happiness which our state affords us, and fixing our attention upon foreign objects, which we only behold to depress

prefs ourfelves, and increafe our mifery by injurious comparifons.

When this opinion of the felicity of others predominates in the heart, fo as to excite refolutions of obtaining, at whatever price, the condition to which fuch tranfcendent privileges are fuppofed to be annexed; when it burfts into action, and produces fraud, violence, and injuftice, it is to be purfued with all the rigour of legal punifhments. But while operating only upon the thoughts, it difturbs none but him who has happened to admit it, and, however it may interrupt content, makes no attack on piety or virtue, I cannot think it fo far criminal or ridiculous, but that it may deferve fome pity, and admit fome excufe.

That all are equally happy, or miferable, I fuppofe none is fufficiently enthufiaftical to maintain; becaufe though we cannot judge of the condition of others, yet every man has found frequent viciffitudes in his own ftate, and muft therefore be convinced that life is fufceptible of more or lefs felicity. What then fhall forbid us to endeavour the alteration of that which is capable of being improved, and to grafp at augmentations of good, when we know it poffible to be increafed, and believe that any particular change of fituation will increafe it?

If he that finds himfelf uneafy may reafonably make efforts to rid himfelf from vexation, all mankind have a fufficient plea for fome degree of reftleffnefs, and the fault feems to be little more than too much temerity of conclufion, in favour of fomething not yet experienced, and too much readinefs to believe, that the mifery which our own paffions

and appetites produce, is brought upon us by accidental causes, and external efficients.

It is, indeed, frequently discovered by us, that we complained too hastily of peculiar hardships, and imagined ourselves distinguished by embarrassments, in which other classes of men are equally entangled. We often change a lighter for a greater evil, and wish ourselves restored again to the state from which we thought it desirable to be delivered. But this knowledge, though it is easily gained by the trial, is not always attainable any other way; and that error cannot justly be reproached, which reason could not obviate, nor prudence avoid.

To take a view at once distinct and comprehensive of human life, with all its intricacies of combination, and varieties of connexion, is beyond the power of mortal intelligences. Of the state with which practice has not acquainted us, we snatch a glimpse, we discern a point, and regulate the rest by passion, and by fancy. In this enquiry every favourite prejudice, every innate desire, is busy to deceive us. We are unhappy, at least less happy than our nature seems to admit; we necessarily desire the melioration of our lot; what we desire, we very reasonably seek, and what we seek we are naturally eager to believe that we have found. Our confidence is often disappointed, but our reason is not convinced, and there is no man who does not hope for something which he has not, though perhaps his wishes lie unactive, because he foresees the difficulty of attainment. As among the numerous students of Hermetick philosophy, not one appears to have desisted from the task of transmutation, from conviction

of its impoſſibility, but from wearineſs of toil, or impatience of delay, a broken body, or exhauſted fortune.

Irreſolution and mutability are often the faults of men, whoſe views are wide, and whoſe imagination is vigorous and excurſive, becauſe they cannot confine their thoughts within their own boundaries of action, but are continually ranging over all the ſcenes of human exiſtence, and conſequently are often apt to conceive that they fall upon new regions of pleaſure, and ſtart new impoſſibilities of happineſs. Thus they are buſied with a perpetual ſucceſſion of ſchemes, and paſs their lives in alternate elation and ſorrow, for want of that calm and immoveable acquieſcence in their condition, by which men of ſlower underſtandings are fixed for ever to a certain point, or led on in the plain beaten track, which their fathers and grand-ſires have trod before them.

Of two conditions of life equally inviting to the proſpect, that will always have the diſadvantage which we have already tried; becauſe the evils which we have felt we cannot extenuate; and though we have, perhaps from nature, the power as well of aggravating the calamity which we fear, as of heightening the bleſſing we expect, yet in thoſe meditations which we indulge by choice, and which are not forced upon the mind by neceſſity, we have always the art of fixing our regard upon the more pleaſing images, and ſuffer hope to diſpoſe the lights by which we look upon futurity.

The good and ill of different modes of life are ſometimes ſo equally oppoſed, that perhaps no man ever yet made his choice between them upon a full

conviction, and adequate knowledge; and therefore fluctuation of will is not more wonderful, when they are proposed to the election, than oscillations of a beam charged with equal weights. The mind no sooner imagines itself determined by some prevalent advantage, than some convenience of equal weight is discovered on the other side, and the resolutions which are suggested by the nicest examination, are often repented as soon as they are taken.

Eumenes, a young man of great abilities, inherited a large estate from a father, long eminent in conspicuous employments. His father, harassed with competitions, and perplexed with multiplicity of business, recommended the quiet of a private station with so much force, that Eumenes for some years resisted every motion of ambitious wishes; but being once provoked by the sight of oppression, which he could not redress, he began to think it the duty of an honest man to enable himself to protect others, and gradually felt a desire of greatness, excited by a thousand projects of advantage to his country. His fortune placed him in the senate, his knowledge and eloquence advanced him at court, and he possessed that authority and influence which he had resolved to exert for the happiness of mankind.

He now became acquainted with greatness, and was in a short time convinced, that in proportion as the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptations to do ill are multiplied and enforced. He felt himself every moment in danger of being either seduced or driven from his honest purposes. Sometimes a friend was to be gratified, and sometimes a rival to be crushed, by means which his conscience could

not

not approve. Sometimes he was forced to comply with the prejudices of the publick, and ſometimes with the ſchemes of the miniſtry. He was by degrees wearied with perpetual ſtruggles to unite policy and virtue, and went back to retirement as the ſhelter of innocence, perſuaded that he could only hope to benefit mankind by a blameleſs example of private virtue. Here he ſpent ſome years in tranquillity and beneficence; but finding that corruption increaſed, and falſe opinions in government prevailed, he thought himſelf again ſummoned to poſts of publick truſt, from which new evidence of his own weakneſs again determined him to retire.

Thus men may be made inconſtant by virtue and by vice, by too much or too little thought; yet inconſtancy, however dignified by its motives, is always to be avoided, becauſe life allows us but a ſmall time for enquiry and experiment, and he that ſteadily endeavours at excellence, in whatever employment, will more benefit mankind than he that heſitates in chuſing his part till he is called to the performance. The traveller that reſolutely follows a rough and winding path, will ſooner reach the end of his journey, than he that is always changing his direction, and waſtes the hours of daylight in looking for ſmoother ground, and ſhorter paſſages.

NUMB. 64. SATURDAY, *October* 27, 1750.

Idem velle, et idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia eſt. SALLUST.

To live in friendſhip is to have the ſame deſires and the ſame averſions.

WHEN Socrates was building himſelf a houſe at Athens, being aſked by one that obſerved the littleneſs of the deſign, why a man ſo eminent would not have an abode more ſuitable to his dignity? he replied, that he ſhould think himſelf ſufficiently accommodated, if he could ſee that narrow habitation filled with real friends. Such was the opinion of this great maſter of human life, concerning the infrequency of ſuch an union of minds as might deſerve the name of friendſhip, that among the multitudes whom vanity or curioſity, civility or veneration, crouded about him, he did not expect, that very ſpacious apartments would be neceſſary to contain all that ſhould regard him with ſincere kindneſs, or adhere to him with ſteady fidelity.

So many qualities are indeed requiſite to the poſſibility of friendſhip, and ſo many accidents muſt concur to its riſe and its continuance, that the greateſt part of mankind content themſelves without it, and ſupply its place as they can, with intereſt and dependance.

Multitudes are unqualified for a conſtant and warm reciprocation of benevolence, as they are incapacitated for any other elevated excellence, by perpetual attention to their intereſt, and unreſiſting ſubjection to their paſſions. Long habits may ſuperinduce inability

inability to deny any desire, or repress, by superior motives, the importunities of any immediate gratification, and an inveterate selfishness will imagine all advantages diminished in proportion as they are communicated.

But not only this hateful and confirmed corruption, but many varieties of disposition, not inconsistent with common degrees of virtue, may exclude friendship from the heart. Some ardent enough in their benevolence, and defective neither in officiousness nor liberality, are mutable and uncertain, soon attracted by new objects, disgusted without offence, and alienated without enmity. Others are soft and flexible, easily influenced by reports or whispers, ready to catch alarms from every dubious circumstance, and to listen to every suspicion which envy and flattery shall suggest, to follow the opinion of every confident adviser, and move by the impulse of the last breath. Some are impatient of contradiction, more willing to go wrong by their own judgment, than to be indebted for a better or a safer way to the sagacity of another, inclined to consider counsel as insult, and enquiry as want of confidence, and to confer their regard on no other terms than unreserved submission, and implicit compliance. Some are dark and involved, equally careful to conceal good and bad purposes; and pleased with producing effects by invisible means, and shewing their design only in its execution. Others are universally communicative, alike open to every eye, and equally profuse of their own secrets and those of others, without the necessary vigilance of caution, or the honest arts of prudent integrity, ready to accuse

without malice, and to betray without treachery. Any of theſe may be uſeful to the community, and paſs through the world with the reputation of good purpoſes and uncorrupted morals, but they are unfit for cloſe and tender intimacies. He cannot properly be choſen for a friend, whoſe kindneſs is exhaled by its own warmth, or frozen by the firſt blaſt of ſlander; he cannot be a uſeful counſellor, who will hear no opinion but his own; he will not much invite confidence whoſe principal maxim is to ſuſpect; nor can the candour and frankneſs of that man be much eſteemed, who ſpreads his arms to humankind, and makes every man, without diſtinction, a denizen of his boſom.

That friendſhip may be at once fond and laſting, there muſt not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the ſame kind; not only the ſame end muſt be propoſed, but the ſame means muſt be approved by both. We are often, by ſuperficial accompliſhments and accidental endearments, induced to love thoſe whom we cannot eſteem; we are ſometimes, by great abilities, and inconteſtable evidences of virtue, compelled to eſteem thoſe whom we cannot love. But friendſhip, compounded of eſteem and love, derives from one its tenderneſs, and its permanence from the other; and therefore requires not only that its candidates ſhould gain the judgment, but that they ſhould attract the affections; that they ſhould not only be firm in the day of diſtreſs, but gay in the hour of jollity; not only uſeful in exigencies, but pleaſing in familiar life; their preſence ſhould give cheerfulneſs as well as courage, and diſpel alike the gloom of fear and of melancholy.

To this mutual complacency is generally requiſite an uniformity of opinions, at leaſt of thoſe active and conſpicuous principles which diſcriminate parties in government, and ſects in religion, and which every day operate more or leſs on the common buſineſs of life. For though great tenderneſs has, perhaps, been ſometimes known to continue between men eminent in contrary factions; yet ſuch friends are to be ſhewn rather as prodigies than examples, and it is no more proper to regulate our conduct by ſuch inſtances, than to leap a precipice, becauſe ſome have fallen from it and eſcaped with life.

It cannot but be extremely difficult to preſerve private kindneſs in the midſt of publick oppoſition, in which will neceſſarily be involved a thouſand incidents, extending their influence to converſation and privacy. Men engaged, by moral or religious motives, in contrary parties, will generally look with different eyes upon every man, and decide almoſt every queſtion upon different principles. When ſuch occaſions of diſpute happen, to comply is to betray our cauſe, and to maintain friendſhip by ceaſing to deſerve it; to be ſilent, is to loſe the happineſs and dignity of independence, to live in perpetual conſtraint, and to deſert, if not to betray: and who ſhall determine which of two friends ſhall yield, where neither believes himſelf miſtaken, and both confeſs the importance of the queſtion? What then remains but contradiction and debate? and from thoſe what can be expected, but acrimony and vehemence, the inſolence of triumph, the vexation of defeat, and, in time, a wearineſs of conteſt, and an extinction

tinction of benevolence? Exchange of endearments and intercourſe of civility may continue, indeed, as boughs may for a while be verdant, when the root is wounded; but the poiſon of diſcord is infuſed, and though the countenance may preſerve its ſmile, the heart is hardening and contracting.

That man will not be long agreeable, whom we ſee only in times of ſeriouſneſs and ſeverity; and therefore to maintain the ſoftneſs and ſerenity of benevolence, it is neceſſary that friends partake each others pleaſures as well as cares, and be led to the ſame diverſions by ſimilitude of taſte. This is, however, not to be conſidered as equally indiſpenſable with conformity of principles, becauſe any man may honeſtly, according to the precepts of Horace, reſign the gratifications of taſte to the humour of another, and friendſhip may well deſerve the ſacrifice of pleaſure, though not of conſcience.

It was once confeſſed to me, by a painter, that no profeſſor of his art ever loved another. This declaration is ſo far juſtified by the knowledge of life, as to damp the hopes of warm and conſtant friendſhip, between men whom their ſtudies have made competitors, and whom every favourer and every cenſurer are hourly inciting againſt each other. The utmoſt expectation that experience can warrant, is, that they ſhould forbear open hoſtilities and ſecret machinations, and when the whole fraternity is attacked, be able to unite againſt a common foe. Some however, though few, may perhaps be found, in whom emulation has not been able to overpower generoſity, who are diſtinguiſhed from lower beings by

nobler motives than the love of fame, and can preserve the facred flame of friendfhip from the gufts of pride, and the rubbifh of intereft.

Friendfhip is feldom lafting but between equals, or where the fuperiority on one fide is reduced by fome equivalent advantage on the other. Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be difcharged, are not commonly found to increafe affection; they excite gratitude indeed, and heighten veneration, but commonly take away that eafy freedom, and familiarity of intercourfe, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendfhip. Thus imperfect are all earthly bleffings; the great effect of friendfhip is beneficence, yet by the firft act of uncommon kindnefs it is endangered, like plants that bear their fruit and die. Yet this confideration ought not to reftrain bounty, or reprefs compaffion; for duty is to be preferred before convenience, and he that lofes part of the pleafures of friendfhip by his generofity, gains in its place the gratulation of his confcience.

NUMB. 65. TUESDAY, *October* 30, 1750.

——— *Garrit aniles*
Ex re fabellas. ——— HOR.

The cheerful ſage, when ſolemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counſel in a tale.

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but

found

found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſick of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect, he turned aſide

to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desart were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him: the winds roared

in

in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills,

——χείμαῤῥοι ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥέοντες
Ἐς μισγάγκειαν συμβάλλετον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ,
Τόνδε τε τηλόσε δοῦπον ἐν οὔρεσιν ἔκλυε ποιμήν.

Work'd into ſudden rage by wintry ſhow'rs,
Down the ſteep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain ſhepherd hears the diſtant noiſe.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, "Tell me," ſaid the hermit, "by what chance thou haſt been brought "hither; I have been now twenty years an in- "habitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw "a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," ſaid the hermit, "let the errors and "follies, the dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink

" deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, that " human life is the journey of a day. We riſe in " the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of " expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, " with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a " while in the ſtraight road of piety towards the " manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we remit our " fervor, and endeavour to find ſome mitigation of " our duty, and ſome more eaſy means of obtain- " ing the ſame end. We then relax our vigour, " and reſolve no longer to be terrified with crimes " at a diſtance, but rely upon our own conſtancy, " and venture to approach what we reſolve never to " touch. We thus enter the bowers of eaſe, and " repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity. Here the heart " ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides; we are then will- " ing to enquire whether another advance cannot be " made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn our " eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure. We approach " them with ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, " but enter timorous and trembling, and always " hope to paſs through them without loſing the road " of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our " ſight, and to which we propoſe to return. But " temptation ſucceeds temptation, and one com- " pliance prepares us for another; we in time loſe " the happineſs of innocence, and ſolace our diſ- " quiet with ſenſual gratifications. By degrees we " let fall the remembrance of our original inten- " tion, and quit the only adequate object of ra- " tional deſire. We entangle ourſelves in buſineſs, " immerge ourſelves in luxury, and rove through " the labyrinths of inconſtancy, till the darkneſs

"of old age begins to invade us, and diseafe and "anxiety obftruct our way. We then look back "upon our lives with horror, with forrow, with "repentance; and wifh, but too often vainly wifh, "that we had not forfaken the ways of virtue. "Happy are they, my fon, who fhall learn from "thy example not to defpair, but fhall remember, "that though the day is paft, and their ftrength is "wafted, there yet remains one effort to be made; "that reformation is never hopelefs, nor fincere en-"deavours ever unaffifted, that the wanderer may "at length return after all his errors, and that he "who implores ftrength and courage from above, "fhall find danger and difficulty give way before "him. Go now, my fon, to thy repofe, commit "thyfelf to the care of Omnipotence, and when the "morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy jour-"ney and thy life."

NUMB. 66. SATURDAY, *November* 3, 1750.

Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diverſa, remotâ
Erroris nebula. JUV

———How few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, purſue?
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears? DRYDEN.

THE folly of human wiſhes and purſuits has always been a ſtanding ſubject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented from age to age; till perhaps the fruitleſs repetition of complaints and cenſures may be juſtly numbered among the ſubjects of cenſure and complaint.

Some of theſe inſtructors of mankind have not contented themſelves with checking the overflows of paſſion, and lopping the exuberance of deſire, but have attempted to deſtroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to confine the mind within bounds, but to ſmooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reaſon and eloquence to perſuade us, that nothing is worth the wiſh of a wiſe man, have repreſented all earthly good and evil as indifferent, and counted among vulgar errors the dread of pain, and the love of life.

It is almoſt always the unhappineſs of a victorious diſputant, to deſtroy his own authority by claiming too many conſequences, or diffuſing his propoſition

to

to an indefenſible extent. When we have heated our zeal in a cauſe, and elated our confidence with ſucceſs, we are naturally inclined to purſue the ſame train of reaſoning, to eſtabliſh ſome collateral truth, to remove ſome adjacent difficulty, and to take in the whole comprehenſion of our ſyſtem. As a prince, in the ardour of acquiſition, is willing to ſecure his firſt conqueſt by the addition of another, add fortreſs to fortreſs, and city to city, till deſpair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loſes in a moment the glory of a reign.

The philoſophers having found an eaſy victory over thoſe deſires which we produce in ourſelves, and which terminate in ſome imaginary ſtate of happineſs unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at laſt our ſenſes and our inſtincts. They continue to war upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they therefore loſt the trophies of their former combats, and were conſidered no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with juſtice denied, that theſe men have been very uſeful monitors, and have left many proofs of ſtrong reaſon, deep penetration, and accurate attention to the affairs of life, which it is now our buſineſs to ſeparate from the foam of a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciouſly to our own uſe. They have ſhewn that moſt of the conditions of life, which raiſe the envy of the timorous, and rouſe the ambition of the daring, are empty ſhows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, loſe their power of delighting; and that the moſt proſperous and exalted have very few advantages over a

meaner and more obſcure fortune, when their dangers and ſolicitudes are balanced againſt their equipage, their banquets, and their palaces.

It is natural for every man uninſtructed to murmur at his condition, becauſe in the general infelicity of life, he feels his own miſeries, without knowing that they are common to all the reſt of the ſpecies; and therefore, though he will not be leſs ſenſible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at leaſt be freed from the temptation of ſeeking by perpetual changes that eaſe which is no where to be found, and though his diſeaſe ſtill continues, he eſcapes the hazard of exaſperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation confer, muſt be always, by their own nature, confined to a very ſmall number; and the life of the greater part of mankind muſt be loſt in empty wiſhes and painful compariſons, were not the balm of philoſophy ſhed upon us, and our diſcontent at the appearances of an unequal diſtribution ſoothed and appeaſed.

It ſeemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great maſters of moral learning, to deſcend to familiar life, and caution mankind againſt that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longeſt beard, and moſt ſolemn auſterity. For though the paſſions of little minds, acting in low ſtations, do not fill the world with bloodſhed and devaſtations, or mark, by great events, the periods of time, yet they torture the breaſt on which they

they ſeize, infeſt thoſe that are placed within the reach of their influence, deſtroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine inſenſibly the happineſs of the world.

The deſire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed. We fall, by chance, into ſome claſs of mankind, and, without conſulting nature or wiſdom, reſolve to gain their regard by thoſe qualities which they happen to eſteem. I once knew a man remarkably dim-ſighted, who, by converſing much with country gentlemen, found himſelf irreſiſtibly determined to ſylvan honours. His great ambition was to ſhoot flying, and he therefore ſpent whole days in the woods purſuing game; which, before he was near enough to ſee them, his approach frighted away.

When it happens that the deſire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with ſome indulgence, becauſe, however fruitleſs or abſurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But moſt of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of poſſeſſion, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occaſion to ſtratagems of malignity, and incite oppoſition, hatred, and defamation. The conteſt of two rural beauties for preference and diſtinction, is often ſufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breaſts with all thoſe paſſions, which are generally thought the curſe only of ſenates, of armies, and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obſcure aſſembly have their partiſans and abettors, often not leſs exaſperated againſt each other, than thoſe who are promoting the intereſts of rival monarchs.

It is common to conſider thoſe whom we find infected with an unreaſonable regard for trifling accompliſhments, as chargeable with all the conſequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappineſs: but, perhaps, thoſe whom we thus ſcorn or deteſt, have more claim to tenderneſs than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our ſeverity to break looſe upon any fault or error, we ought ſurely to conſider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We ſee multitudes buſy in the purſuit of riches, at the expence of wiſdom and of virtue; but we ſee the reſt of mankind approving their conduct, and inciting their eagerneſs, by paying that regard and deference to wealth, which wiſdom and virtue only can deſerve. We ſee women univerſally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they ſtudy their complexions, endeavour to preſerve or to ſupply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twiſt their hair into curls, and ſhade their faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their nobler part, and tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodneſs or knowledge was able to attract that officiouſneſs, or inſpire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to perſuade the ladies, that the time ſpent at the toilet is loſt in vanity, when they have every moment ſome new conviction, that their intereſt is more effectually promoted by a riband well diſpoſed, than by the brighteſt act of heroick virtue?

In

In every inſtance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be ſhared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praiſe, or inſtigate needleſs emulation by invidious incitements, are to be conſidered as perverters of reaſon, and corrupters of the world: and ſince every man is obliged to promote happineſs and virtue, he ſhould be careful not to miſlead unwary minds, by appearing to ſet too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

Numb. 67. Tuesday, *November* 6, 1750.

Αἱ δ' ἐλπίδες βόσκουσι φυγάδας, ὡς λόγος,
Καλῶς βλέπουσιν ὄμμασι, μέλλουσι δέ. EURIP.

Exiles, the proverb ſays, ſubſiſt on hope,
Deluſive hope ſtill points to diſtant good,
To good that mocks approach.

THERE is no temper ſo generally indulged as hope; other paſſions operate by ſtarts on particular occaſions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the firſt power of comparing our actual with our poſſible ſtate, and attends us through every ſtage and period, always urging us forward to new acquiſitions, and holding out ſome diſtant bleſſing to our view, promiſing us either relief from pain, or increaſe of happineſs.

Hope is neceſſary in every condition. The miſeries of poverty, of ſickneſs, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be inſupportable; nor does

it appear that the happieſt lot of terreſtrial exiſtence can ſet us above the want of this general bleſſing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not ſtill be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of ſome new poſſeſſion, of ſome enjoyment yet behind, by which the wiſh ſhall be at laſt ſatisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmoſt extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promiſes what it ſeldom gives; but its promiſes are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it ſeldom fruſtrates us without aſſuring us of recompenſing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was muſing on this ſtrange inclination which every man feels to deceive himſelf, and conſidering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay proſpect of futurity, when, falling aſleep, on a ſudden I found myſelf placed in a garden, of which my ſight could deſcry no limits. Every ſcene about me was gay and gladſome, light with ſunſhine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of ſpring, and all the choir of nature was ſinging in the groves. When I had recovered from the firſt raptures, with which the confuſion of pleaſure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a ſmall diſtance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with bloſſoms;

but

but I was tempted to leave them by the ſight of ripe fruits, which ſeemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked haſtily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew ſtill ſinging before me, and though I preſſed onward with great celerity, I was ſtill in ſight of pleaſures of which I could not yet gain the poſſeſſion, and which ſeemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with ſo many alternations of joy and grief, I yet perſiſted to go forward, in hopes that theſe fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I ſaw an innumerable multitude of every age and ſex, who ſeemed all to partake of ſome general felicity; for every cheek was fluſhed with confidence, and every eye ſparkled with eagerneſs: yet each appeared to have ſome particular and ſecret pleaſure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themſelves. Moſt of them ſeemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too buſy to gratify the curioſity of a ſtranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troubleſome enquiries. At laſt I obſerved one man worn with time, and unable to ſtruggle in the crowd; and, therefore, ſuppoſing him more at leiſure, I began to accoſt him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he muſt not be diſturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come, when Mercury ſhould loſe his wings, and ſlavery ſhould no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whose softness of mien, and easy movement, gave me reason to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of serving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years soliciting would be soon vacant. From him I had recourse to the next, who was departing in haste to take possession of the estate of an uncle, who by the course of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treasure in a new-invented bell; and another was on the point of discovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from enquiry, and try what my own observation would discover: but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Desire, and that all those whom I saw thus tumultuously bustling round me, were incited by the promises of Hope, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I turned my sight upward, and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth, sitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I then

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extenſive view of the whole place, and could with leſs perplexity conſider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this ſtation I obſerved, that the entrance into the garden of HOPE was by two gates, one of which was kept by REASON, and the other by FANCY. REASON was ſurly and ſcrupulous, and ſeldom turned the key without many interrogatories, and long heſitation; but FANCY was a kind and gentle portreſs, ſhe held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the diſtrict under her ſuperintendency; ſo that the paſſage was crowded by all thoſe who either feared the examination of REASON, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of REASON there was a way to the throne of HOPE, by a craggy, ſlippery, and winding path, called the *Streight of Difficulty*, which thoſe who entered with the permiſſion of the guard endeavoured to climb. But though they ſurveyed the way very cheerfully before they began to riſe, and marked out the ſeveral ſtages of their progreſs, they commonly found unexpected obſtacles, and were obliged frequently to ſtop on the ſudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thouſand intricacies embarraſſed them, a thouſand ſlips threw them back, and a thouſand pitfals impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and ſo frequent the miſcarriages, that many returned from the firſt attempt, and many fainted in the midſt of the way, and only a very ſmall number were led up to the ſummit of HOPE, by the hand of FORTITUDE. Of theſe few the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which HOPE had promiſed them, re-

gretted

gretted the labour which it coſt, and felt in their ſucceſs the regret of diſappointment; the reſt retired with their prize, and were led by WISDOM to the bowers of CONTENT.

Turning then towards the gate of FANCY, I could find no way to the ſeat of HOPE; but though ſhe ſat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that ſide, inacceſſibly ſteep, but ſo channelled and ſhaded, that none perceived the impoſſibility of aſcending it, but each imagined himſelf to have diſcovered a way to which the reſt were ſtrangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this induſtrious tribe, of whom ſome were making themſelves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never roſe above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of HOPE, but continued ſtill to gaze at a diſtance, and laughed at the ſlow progreſs of thoſe whom they ſaw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of FANCY, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the reſt, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of IDLENESS, a calm and undiſturbed retirement, from whence they could always have HOPE in proſpect, and to which they pleaſed themſelves with believing that ſhe intended ſpeedily to deſcend. Theſe were indeed ſcorned by all the reſt; but they ſeemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were reſolved to expect at eaſe the favour of the goddeſs.

Among

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to anſwer all my queſtions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round, I ſaw two dreadful monſters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be AGE, and the other WANT. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an univerſal ſhriek of affright and diſtreſs burſt out and awaked me.

NUMB. 68. SATURDAY, *November* 10, 1750.

Vivendum rectè, cum propter plurima, tunc his
Præcipue cauſis, ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas; nam lingua mali pars peſſima ſervi. JUV.

Let us live well: were it alone for this
The baneful tongues of ſervants to deſpiſe:
Slander, that worſt of poiſons, ever finds
An eaſy entrance to ignoble minds. HERVEY.

THE younger Pliny has very juſtly obſerved, that of actions that deſerve our attention, the moſt ſplendid are not always the greateſt. Fame, and wonder, and applauſe, are not excited but by external and adventitious circumſtances, often diſtinct and ſeparate from virtue and heroiſm. Eminence of ſtation, greatneſs of effect, and all the favours of fortune, muſt concur to place excellence in publick view; but fortitude, diligence, and patience, diveſted of their ſhow, glide unobſerved through the crowd of life, and ſuffer and act, though with the

ſame vigour and conſtancy, yet without pity and without praiſe.

This remark may be extended to all parts of life. Nothing is to be eſtimated by its effect upon common eyes and common ears. A thouſand miſeries make ſilent and inviſible inroads on mankind, and the heart feels innumerable throbs, which never break into complaint. Perhaps, likewiſe, our pleaſures are for the moſt part equally ſecret, and moſt are borne up by ſome private ſatisfaction, ſome internal conſciouſneſs, ſome latent hope, ſome peculiar proſpect, which they never communicate, but reſerve for ſolitary hours, and clandeſtine meditation.

The main of life is, indeed, compoſed of ſmall incidents, and petty occurrences; of wiſhes for objects not remote, and grief for diſappointments of no fatal conſequence; of inſect vexations which ſting us and fly away, impertinencies which buzz a while about us, and are heard no more; of meteorous pleaſures which dance before us and are diſſipated; of compliments which glide off the ſoul like other muſick, and are forgotten by him that gave and him that received them.

Such is the general heap out of which every man is to cull his own condition: for, as the chemiſts tell us, that all bodies are reſolvable into the ſame elements, and that the boundleſs variety of things ariſes from the different proportions of very few ingredients; ſo a few pains and a few pleaſures are all the materials of human life, and of theſe the proportions are partly allotted by providence and partly left to the arrangement of reaſon and of choice.

As theſe are well or ill diſpoſed, man is for the moſt part happy or miſerable. For very few are involved in great events, or have their thread of life entwiſted with the chain of cauſes on which armies or nations are ſuſpended; and even thoſe who ſeem wholly buſied in publick affairs, and elevated above low cares, or trivial pleaſures, paſs the chief part of their time in familiar and domeſtick ſcenes; from theſe they came into publick life, to theſe they are every hour recalled by paſſions not to be ſuppreſſed; in theſe they have the reward of their toils, and to theſe at laſt they retire.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulneſs to thoſe hours, which ſplendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate; thoſe ſoft intervals of unbended amuſement, in which a man ſhrinks to his natural dimenſions, and throws aſide the ornaments or diſguiſes, which he feels in privacy to be uſeleſs incumbrances, and to loſe all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate reſult of all ambition, the end to which every enterpriſe and labour tends, and of which every deſire prompts the proſecution.

It is, indeed, at home that every man muſt be known by thoſe who would make a juſt eſtimate either of his virtue or felicity; for ſmiles and embroidery are alike occaſional, and the mind is often dreſſed for ſhow in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

Every man muſt have found ſome whoſe lives, in every houſe but their own, was a continual ſeries of hypocriſy, and who concealed under fair appearances bad qualities, which, whenever they thought

themſelves

themſelves out of the reach of cenſure, broke out from their reſtraint, like winds impriſoned in their caverns, and whom every one had reaſon to love, but they whoſe love a wiſe man is chiefly ſolicitous to procure. And there are others who, without any ſhow of general goodneſs, and without the attractions by which popularity is conciliated, are received among their own families as beſtowers of happineſs, and reverenced as inſtructors, guardians, and benefactors.

The moſt authentick witneſſes of any man's character are thoſe who know him in his own family, and ſee him without any reſtraint, or rule of conduct, but ſuch as he voluntarily preſcribes to himſelf. If a man carries virtue with him into his private apartments, and takes no advantage of unlimited power or probable ſecrecy; if we trace him through the round of his time, and find that his character, with thoſe allowances which mortal frailty muſt always want, is uniform and regular, we have all the evidence of his ſincerity, that one man can have with regard to another: and, indeed, as hypocriſy cannot be its own reward, we may, without heſitation, determine that his heart is pure.

The higheſt panegyrick, therefore, that private virtue can receive, is the praiſe of ſervants. For, however vanity or inſolence may look down with contempt on the ſuffrage of men, undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very ſeldom happens that they commend or blame without juſtice. Vice and virtue are eaſily diſtinguiſhed. Oppreſſion, according to Harrington's aphoriſm, will be felt by thoſe that cannot ſee it; and, perhaps,

haps, it falls out very often that, in moral queſtions, the philoſophers in the gown, and in the livery, differ not ſo much in their ſentiments, as in their language, and have equal power of diſcerning right, though they cannot point it out to others with equal addreſs.

There are very few faults to be committed in ſolitude, or without ſome agents, partners, confederates, or witneſſes; and, therefore, the ſervant muſt commonly know the ſecrets of a maſter, who has any ſecrets to entruſt; and failings, merely perſonal, are ſo frequently expoſed by that ſecurity which pride and folly generally produce, and ſo inquiſitively watched by that deſire of reducing the inequalities of condition, which the lower orders of the world will always feel, that the teſtimony of a menial domeſtick can ſeldom be conſidered as defective for want of knowledge. And though its impartiality may be ſometimes ſuſpected, it is at leaſt as credible as that of equals, where rivalry inſtigates cenſure, or friendſhip dictates palliations.

The danger of betraying our weakneſs to our ſervants, and the impoſſibility of concealing it from them, may be juſtly conſidered as one motive to a regular and irreproachable life. For no condition is more hateful or deſpicable, than his who has put himſelf in the power of his ſervant; in the power of him whom, perhaps, he has firſt corrupted by making him ſubſervient to his vices, and whoſe fidelity he therefore cannot enforce by any precepts of honeſty or reaſon. It is ſeldom known that authority, thus acquired, is poſſeſſed without inſolence, or that the maſter is not forced to confeſs, by his tameneſs

or forbearance, that he has enflaved himfelf by fome foolifh confidence. And his crime is equally punifhed, whatever part he takes of the choice to which he is reduced; and he is from that fatal hour, in which he facrificed his dignity to his paffions, in perpetual dread of infolence or defamation; of a controuler at home, or an accufer abroad. He is condemned to purchafe, by continual bribes, that fecrecy which bribes never fecured, and which, after a long courfe of fubmiffion, promifes, and anxieties, he will find violated in a fit of rage, or in a frolick of drunkennefs.

To dread no eye, and to fufpect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and folicitudes; and to make it yet more fhameful and deteftable, it is doomed often to ftand in awe of thofe, to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.

NUMB. 69. TUESDAY, *November* 13, 1750.

Flet quoque, ut in ſpeculo rugas adſpexit aniles,
Tyndaris; *et ſecum, cur ſit bis rapta, requirit.*
Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidioſa vetuſtas
Omnia deſtruitis: vitiataqae dentibus ævi
Paulatim lentâ conſumitis omnia morte. OVID.

The dreadful wrinkles when poor *Helen* ſpy'd,
Ah! why this ſecond rape?—with tears ſhe cry'd.
Time, thou devourer, and thou envious age,
Who all deſtroy with keen corroding rage,
Beneath your jaws, whate'er have pleas'd or pleaſe,
Muſt ſink, conſum'd by ſwift or ſlow degrees.
ELPHINSTON.

AN old Greek epigrammatiſt, intending to ſhew the miſeries that attend the laſt ſtage of man, imprecates upon thoſe who are ſo fooliſh as to wiſh for long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious or foreign pain was requiſite, that decrepitude itſelf was an epitome of whatever is dreadful, and nothing could be added to the curſe of age, but that it ſhould be extended beyond its natural limits.

The moſt indifferent or negligent ſpectator can indeed ſcarcely retire without heavineſs of heart, from a view of the laſt ſcenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds thoſe who in the former parts of the drama were diſtinguiſhed by oppoſition of conduct,

contrariety of deſigns, and diſſimilitude of perſonal qualities, all involved in one common diſtreſs, and all ſtruggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miſeries, which waylay our paſſage through the world, wiſdom may eſcape, and fortitude may conquer: by caution and circumſpection we may ſteal along with very little to obſtruct or incommode us; by ſpirit and vigour we may force a way, and reward the vexation of conteſt by the pleaſures of victory. But a time muſt come when our policy and bravery ſhall be equally uſeleſs; when we ſhall all ſink into helpleſſneſs and ſadneſs, without any power of receiving ſolace from the pleaſures that have formerly delighted us, or any proſpect of emerging into a ſecond poſſeſſion of the bleſſings that we have loſt.

The induſtry of man has, indeed, not been wanting in endeavours to procure comforts for theſe hours of dejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The moſt uſual ſupport of old age is wealth. He whoſe poſſeſſions are large, and whoſe cheſts are full, imagines himſelf always fortified againſt invaſions on his authority. If he has loſt all other means of government, if his ſtrength and his reaſon fail him, he can at laſt alter his will; and therefore all that have hopes muſt likewiſe have fears, and he may ſtill continue to give laws to ſuch as have not ceaſed to regard their own intereſt.

This is, indeed, too frequently the citadel of the dotard, the laſt fortreſs to which age retires, and

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in which he makes the ſtand againſt the upſtart race that ſeizes his domains, diſputes his commands, and cancels his preſcriptions. But here, though there may be ſafety, there is no pleaſure; and what remains is but a proof that more was once poſſeſſed.

Nothing ſeems to have been more univerſally dreaded by the ancients than orbity, or want of children; and indeed, to a man who has ſurvived all the companions of his youth, all who have participated his pleaſures and his cares, have been engaged in the ſame events, and filled their minds with the ſame conceptions, this full peopled world is a diſmal ſolitude. He ſtands forlorn and ſilent, neglected or inſulted, in the midſt of multitudes, animated with hopes which he cannot ſhare, and employed in buſineſs which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unleſs he has ſecured ſome domeſtick gratifications, ſome tender employments, and endeared himſelf to ſome whoſe intereſt and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colours of life, as we look forward to the future, or backward to the paſt; and ſo different the opinions and ſentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the converſation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or pity on either ſide. To a young man entering the world, with fulneſs of hope, and ardour of purſuit, nothing is ſo unpleaſing as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the ſcrupulous diffidence which experience and diſappointments certainly infuſe; and the old man wonders in

his turn that the world never can grow wiſer, that neither precepts, nor teſtimonies, can cure boys of their credulity and ſufficiency: and that not one can be convinced that ſnares are laid for him, till he finds himſelf entangled.

Thus one generation is always the ſcorn and wonder of the other, and the notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture which never can unite. The ſpirits of youth ſublimed by health, and volatiliſed by paſſion, ſoon leave behind them the phlegmatick ſediment of wearineſs and deliberation, and burſt out in temerity and enterpriſe. The tenderneſs therefore which nature infuſes, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is neceſſary to reconcile ſuch oppoſition; and an old man muſt be a father to bear with patience thoſe follies and abſurdities which he will perpetually imagine himſelf to find in the ſchemes and expectations, the pleaſures and the ſorrows, of thoſe who have not yet been hardened by time, and chilled by fruſtration.

Yet it may be doubted, whether the pleaſure of ſeeing children ripening into ſtrength, be not overbalanced by the pain of ſeeing ſome fall in the bloſſom, and others blaſted in their growth; ſome ſhaken down by ſtorms, ſome tainted with cankers, and ſome ſhrivelled in the ſhade; and whether he that extends his care beyond himſelf, does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleaſures, and weary himſelf to no purpoſe, by ſuperintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings ſufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be

 dreaded

dreaded by fine ladies, who have had no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dreſs, diverſions, and flattery, and who having made no acquaintance with knowledge, or with buſineſs, have conſtantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happineſs to compliments and treats. With theſe ladies, age begins early, and very often laſts long; it begins when their beauty fades, when their mirth loſes its ſprightlineſs, and their motion its eaſe. From that time all which gave them joy vaniſhes from about them; they hear the praiſes beſtowed on others, which uſed to ſwell their boſoms with exultation. They viſit the ſeats of felicity, and endeavour to continue the habit of being delighted. But pleaſure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them that their power and their value are paſt; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortleſs uniformity of time, without any motion of the heart, or exerciſe of the reaſon?

Yet, however age may diſcourage us by its appearance from conſidering it in proſpect, we ſhall all by degrees certainly be old; and therefore we ought to enquire, what proviſion can be made againſt that time of diſtreſs? what happineſs can be ſtored up againſt the winter of life? and how we may paſs our latter years with ſerenity and cheerfulneſs?

If it has been found by the experience of mankind, that not even the beſt ſeaſons of life are able to ſupply ſufficient gratifications, without anticipating uncertain felicities, it cannot ſurely be ſuppoſed, that old age, worn with labours, haraſſed

with anxieties, and tortured with diseases, should have any gladness of its own, or feel any satisfaction from the contemplation of the present. All the comfort that can now be expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future; the past is very soon exhausted, all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleasure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulph of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish, and precipices of horrour.

NUMB. 70. SATURDAY, *November* 17, 1750.

——— Argentea proles,
Auro deterior, fulvo pretiosior ære. OVID.

Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold. DRYDEN.

HESIOD, in his celebrated distribution of mankind, divides them into three orders of intellect. "The first place," says he, "belongs "to him that can by his own powers discern what "is right and fit, and penetrate to the remoter mo- "tives of action. The second is claimed by him "that is willing to hear instruction, and can perceive "right and wrong when they are shewn him by "another; but he that has neither acuteness nor "docility, who can neither find the way by himself, "nor will be led by others, is a wretch without use "or value."

If we survey the moral world, it will be found, that the same division may be made of men, with regard to their virtue. There are some whose principles are so firmly fixed, whose conviction is so constantly present to their minds, and who have raised in themselves such ardent wishes for the approbation of God, and the happiness with which he has promised to reward obedience and perseverance, that they rise above all other cares and considerations, and uniformly examine every action and desire, by

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comparing it with the divine commands. There are others in a kind of equipoiſe between good and ill; who are moved on the one part by riches or pleaſure, by the gratifications of paſſion and the delights of ſenſe; and, on the other, by laws of which they own the obligation, and rewards of which they believe the reality, and whom a very ſmall addition of weight turns either way. The third claſs conſiſts of beings immerſed in pleaſure, or abandoned to paſſion, without any deſire of higher good, or any effort to extend their thoughts beyond immediate and groſs ſatisfactions.

The ſecond claſs is ſo much the moſt numerous, that it may be conſidered as compriſing the whole body of mankind. Thoſe of the laſt are not very many, and thoſe of the firſt are very few; and neither the one nor the other fall much under the conſideration of the moraliſt, whoſe precepts are intended chiefly for thoſe who are endeavouring to go forward up the ſteeps of virtue, not for thoſe who have already reached the ſummit, or thoſe who are reſolved to ſtay for ever in their preſent ſituation.

To a man not verſed in the living world, but accuſtomed to judge only by ſpeculative reaſon, it is ſcarcely credible that any one ſhould be in this ſtate of indifference, or ſtand undetermined and unengaged, ready to follow the firſt call to either ſide. It ſeems certain, that either a man muſt believe that virtue will make him happy, and reſolve therefore to be virtuous, or think that he may be happy without virtue, and therefore caſt off all

care but for his preſent intereſt. It ſeems impoſſible that conviction ſhould be on one ſide, and practice on the other; and that he who has ſeen the right way, ſhould voluntarily ſhut his eyes, that he may quit it with more tranquillity. Yet all theſe abſurdities are every hour to be found; the wiſeſt and beſt men deviate from known and acknowledged duties, by inadvertency or ſurpriſe; and moſt are good no longer than while temptation is away, than while their paſſions are without excitements, and their opinions are free from the counteraction of any other motive.

Among the ſentiments which almoſt every man changes as he advances into years, is the expectation of uniformity of character. He that without acquaintance with the power of deſire, the cogency of diſtreſs, the complications of affairs, or the force of partial influence, has filled his mind with the excellence of virtue, and having never tried his reſolution in any encounters with hope or fear, believes it able to ſtand firm whatever ſhall oppoſe it, will be always clamorous againſt the ſmalleſt failure, ready to exact the utmoſt punctualities of right, and to conſider every man that fails in any part of his duty, as without conſcience and without merit; unworthy of truſt or love, of pity or regard; as an enemy whom all ſhould join to drive out of ſociety, as a peſt which all ſhould avoid, or as a weed which all ſhould trample.

It is not but by experience, that we are taught the poſſibility of retaining ſome virtues, and rejecting others, or of being good or bad to a particular degree.

gree. For it is very eaſy to the ſolitary reaſoner to prove that the ſame arguments by which the mind is fortified againſt one crime are of equal force againſt all, and the conſequence very naturally follows, that he whom they fail to move on any occaſion, has either never conſidered them, or has by ſome fallacy taught himſelf to evade their validity; and that, therefore, when a man is known to be guilty of one crime, no farther evidence is needful of his depravity and corruption.

Yet ſuch is the ſtate of all mortal virtue, that it is always uncertain and variable, ſometimes extending to the whole compaſs of duty, and ſometimes ſhrinking into a narrow ſpace, and fortifying only a few avenues of the heart, while all the reſt is left open to the incurſions of appetite, or given up to the dominion of wickedneſs. Nothing therefore is more unjuſt than to judge of man by too ſhort an acquaintance, and too ſlight inſpection; for it often happens, that in the looſe, and thoughtleſs, and diſſipated, there is a ſecret radical worth, which may ſhoot out by proper cultivation; that the ſpark of heaven, though dimmed and obſtructed, is yet not extinguiſhed, but may by the breath of counſel and exhortation be kindled into flame.

To imagine that every one who is not completely good is irrecoverably abandoned, is to ſuppoſe that all are capable of the ſame degrees of excellence; it is indeed to exact, from all, that perfection which none ever can attain. And ſince the pureſt virtue is conſiſtent with ſome vice, and the virtue of the greateſt number with almoſt an equal propor-

proportion of contrary qualities, let none too haſtily conclude, that all goodneſs is loſt, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for moſt minds are the ſlaves of external circumſtances, and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of cuſtom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard againſt them.

It may be particularly obſerved of women, that they are for the moſt part good or bad, as they fall among thoſe who practiſe vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reaſon gives them much ſecurity againſt the influence of example. Whether it be that they have leſs courage to ſtand againſt oppoſition, or that their deſire of admiration makes them ſacrifice their principles to the poor pleaſure of worthleſs praiſe, it is certain, whatever be the cauſe, that female goodneſs ſeldom keeps its ground againſt laughter, flattery, or faſhion.

For this reaſon, every one ſhould conſider himſelf as entruſted, not only with his own conduct, but with that of others; and as accountable, not only for the duties which he neglects, or the crimes that he commits, but for that negligence and irregularity which he may encourage or inculcate. Every man, in whatever ſtation, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, admirers, and imitators, and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care; he ought to avoid not only crimes but the appearance of crimes, and not only to practiſe virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and ſupport it. For it is poſſible that for want of attention we may teach

others

others faults from which ourſelves are free, or by a cowardly deſertion of a cauſe which we ourſelves approve, may pervert thoſe who fix their eyes upon us, and having no rule of their own to guide their courſe, are eaſily miſled by the aberrations of that example which they chuſe for their directions.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.